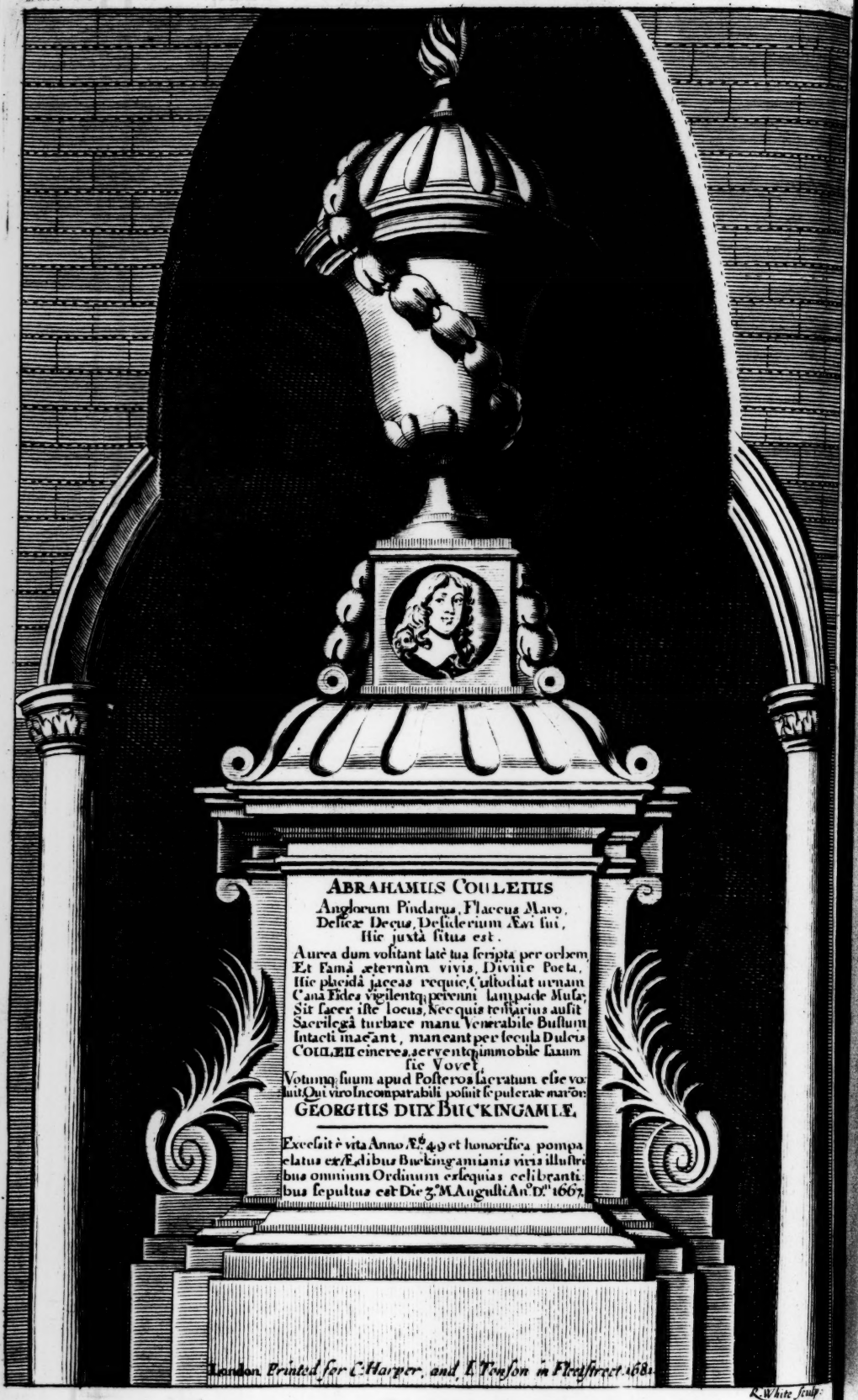
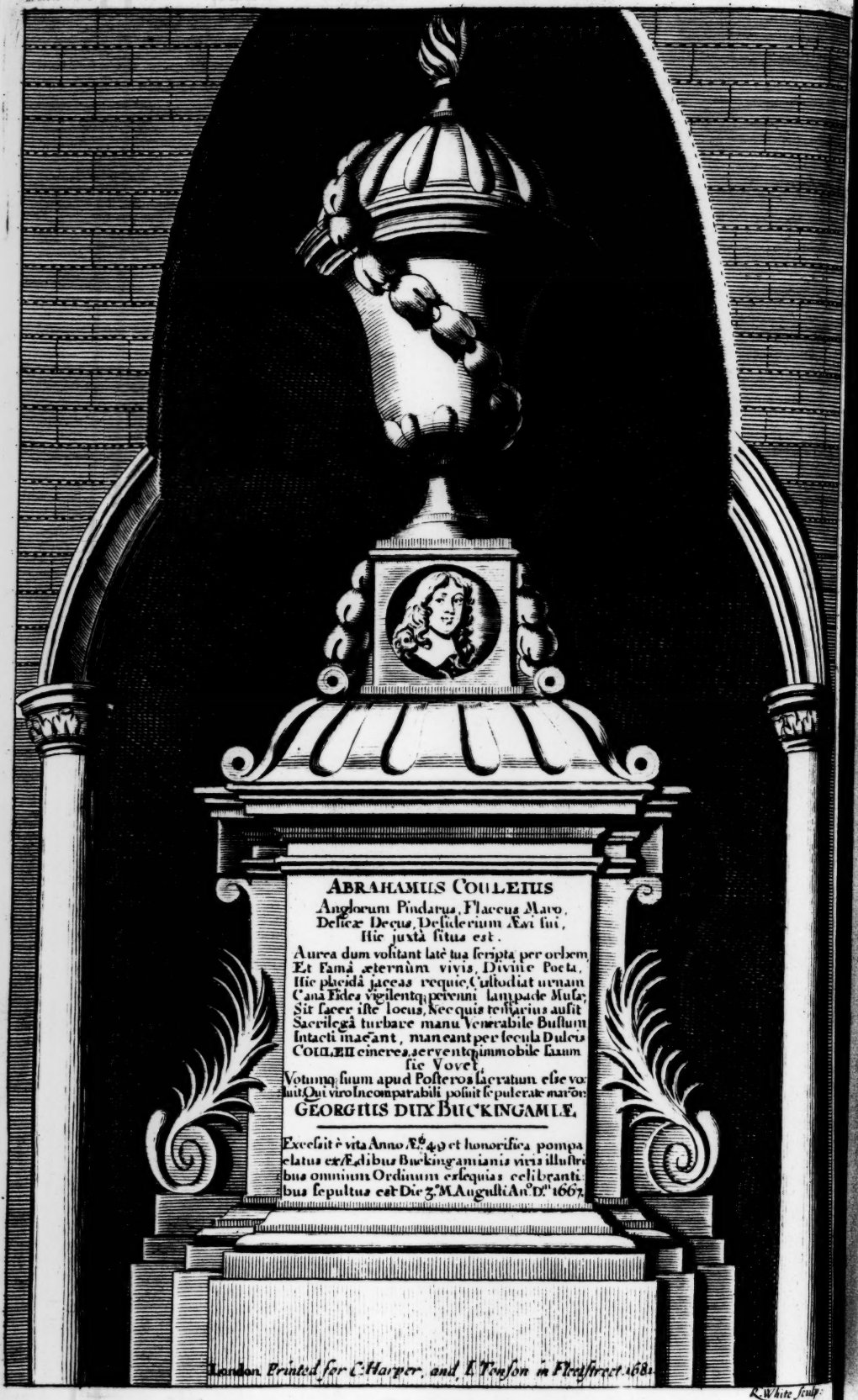

ABRAHAMUS COULEIUS
Anglorum Pindarus, Flaccus Maro,
Deliciæ Decus, Desiderium Ævi sui,
Hic juxtà situs est.
Aurea dum volitant latè tua scripta per orbem,
Et famâ æternùm vivis, Divine Poeta,
Hic placidâ jaceas requie, Custodiat urnam
Cana Fides vigilentq; perenni lampade Musa;
Sit sacer iste locus, Nec quis temerarius audit
Sacrilegâ turbare manu Venerabile Bustum
Intacti maneant, maneant per secula Dulces
COULEII cineres, serventq; immobile Saxum
sic Vovet,
Votumq; suum apud Posteros Ratum esse vo-
luit Qui viro Incomparabili posuit Sepulcrale mar-
mor:
GEORGIUS DUX BUCKINGAMIÆ.
Excessit è vita Anno Ætat. 49 et honorifica pompa
elatus ex Ædibus Buckingamianis viris illustri-
bus omnium Ordinum exequias celebranti-
bus sepultus est Die 3.° M. Augusti An.° D.ni 1667.
London Printed for C. Harper, and T. Vanson in Fleetstreet 1681.
R. White sculp.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The Second Part
OF THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. Abraham Cowley.

Being what was Written and Publiſhed by himſelf in his YOUNGER YEARS.

And now Reprinted together.

The Fourth Edition.

LONDON:

Printed by *Mary Clark*, for *Charles Harper*, at the Flower-de-luce in *Fleet-ſtreet*, and *Jacob Tonſon*, at the Judges Head in *Chancery-lane*, near *Fleet-ſtreet*, MDCLXXXI.

The Book-ſellers to the Reader.

THE following Poems of Mr. *Cowley* being much enquired after, and very ſcarce, (the Town hardly affording one Book, though it had been thrice Printed) we thought this Fourth Edition could not fail of being well received by the World. We preſume one great reaſon why they were omitted in the laſt Collection, was, becauſe the propriety of this Copy belonged not to the ſame perſon that Publiſhed thoſe: but the reception they had found appears by the ſeveral Impreſſions through which they had paſs'd. We dare not ſay they are equally perfect with thoſe written by the Author in his *Riper Years*, yet certainly they are ſuch as deſerve not to be buried in obſcurity. We preſume the *Authors Judgment* of them is moſt reaſonable to appeal to; and you will find him (allowing grains of modeſty) give them no ſmall Character. His words are in the 6th. Page of his Preface before his former Publiſhed Poems.

You find our excellent Author likewiſe mentioning and reciting part of theſe Poems, *in his ſeveral Diſcourſes by way of Eſſays in Verſe and Proſe, in the* 11*th. Diſcourſe treating of himſelf*, page 143. Theſe we ſuppoſe a ſufficient Authority for our reviving them; and ſure there is no ingenuous Reader to whom the ſmalleſt Remains of Mr. *Cowley* will be unwelcome. His Poems are every where the Copy of his mind, ſo that by this Supplement to his other Volume you have the Picture of that ſo deſervedly Eminent Man from almoſt his *Childhood* to his *Lateſt Years*, The bud and bloom of his *Spring*, The warmth of his *Summer*, The richneſs and perfection of his *Autumn*. But for the Readers further curioſity, we refer him to the Authors following Preface to them, Publiſhed by himſelf. And to contribute all we can to our Readers ſatisfaction, we have endeavoured to make theſe Poems ſomething more acceptable, by prefixing the Sculpture of the Authors Monument.

Your humble Servants,

A *C. H. J. T.*

TO THE

Right Honorable and Right Reverend Father in God,

JOHN

Lord Biſhop of *Lincoln*, and Dean of *Weſtminſter*.

MY LORD,

I *Might well fear, leſt theſe my rude and unpoliſh'd Lines ſhould offend your Honourable Survay; but that I hope your Nobleneſs will rather ſmile at the Faults committed by a* Child, *than cenſure them. Howſoever I deſire your* Lordſhips *Pardon, for preſenting things ſo unworthy to your View, and to accept the good will of him, who in all Duty is bound to be*

Your Lordſhips

moſt humble Servant,

Abraham Cowley.

TO

To the Reader.

READER (I know not yet whether Gentle or no) Some, I know have been angry (I dare not assume the honour of their envy) at my Poetical Boldness, and blamed in mine, what commends other fruits, earliness: others, who are either of a weak faith, or strong malice, have thought me like a Pipe, which never sounds but when 'tis blowed in, and read me, not as *Abraham Cowley*, but *Authorem anonymum*: to the first I answer, that it is an envious Frost which nips the Blossoms, because they appear quickly: to the latter, that he is the worst Homicide who strives to murther anothers Fame: to both, that it is a ridiculous folly to condemn or laugh at the Stars, because the Moon and Sun shine brighter. The small fire I have is rather blown than extinguished by this Wind. For the itch of Poesie by being angered increaseth, by rubbing, spreads farther; which appears in that I have ventured upon this Third Edition. What though it be neglected? It is not, I am sure, the first Book which hath lighted Tobacco, or been employed by Cooks and Grocers. If in all mens judgments it suffer Shipwrack, it shall something content me, that it hath pleased my self and the Book-seller. In it you shall find one argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute unbelievers: which is, that as mine age, and consequently experience (which is yet but little) hath increased, so they have not left my Poesie flagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any one burn my *Piramus* and *Thisbe*, nay, I would do it my self, but that I hope a pardon may easily be gotten for the errors of ten years age. My *Constantia* and *Philetus* confesseth me two years older when I writ it. The rest were made since upon several occasions, and perhaps do not bely the time of their birth. Such as they are, they were created by me, but their fate lies in your hands; it is only you, can effect, that neither the Book-seller repent himself of his Charge in Printing them, nor I of my labour in composing them. Farewel.

A. Cowley.

To the Reader.

I.

I Call'd the Buskin'd Muſe MELPOMENE,
And told her what ſad Story I would write:
She wept at hearing ſuch a Tragedy,
Though wont in mournful Ditties to delight.
If thou diſlike theſe ſorrowful lines, then know
My Muſe with tears, not with Conceits did flow.

II.

And as ſhe my unabler quill did guide,
Her briny tears did on the Paper fall,
If then unequal numbers be eſpied,
Oh Reader! do not that my error call,
But think her Tears defac'd it, and blame then
My Muſes grief, and not my miſſing Pen.

Abraham Cowley.

CON-

CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

1.

I Sing two conſtant Lovers various fate,
The hopes and fears that equally attend
Their Loves: Their Rivals envy, Parents hate;
I ſing their woful life, and tragick end.
Aid me, ye Gods, this ſtory to rehearſe
This mournful tale, and favour every Verſe.

2.

In *Florence*, for her ſtately Buildings fam'd,
And lofty Roofs that emulate the Skie;
There dwelt a lovely Maid, *Conſtantia* nam'd,
Fam'd for the beauty of all *Italy*.
Her, laviſh nature did at firſt adorn,
With *Pallas* Soul in *Cytherea*'s form.

3.

And framing her attractive eyes ſo bright,
Spent all her Wit in ſtudy, that they might;
Keep earth from *Chaos* and eternal night'
But envious death deſtroy'd their glorious light.
Expect not beauty then, ſince ſhe did part;
For in her Nature waſted all her Art.

4.

Her Hair was brighter than the beams which are
A Crown to *Phœbus*, and her breath ſo ſweet,
It did tranſcend *Arabian* odours far,
Or ſmelling Flowers, wherewith the Spring doth greet
Approaching Summer, teeth like falling Snow
For white, were placed in a double row.

5.

Her wit excelling praiſe, even all admire,
Her ſpeech was ſo attractive it might be
A cauſe to raiſe the mighty *Pallas* ire
And ſtir up envy from that Deity.
The maiden Lillies at her lovely ſight
Waxt pale with envy, and from thence grew white.

6.

She was in Birth and Parentage as high
As in her Fortune great, or Beauty rare,
And to her vertuous minds nobility
The gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were;
That in her ſpotleſs Soul, and lovely Face
You might have ſeen each Deity and grace.

7.

The ſcornful Boy *Adonis* viewing her
Would *Venus* ſtill deſpiſe, yet her deſire,
Each who but ſaw, was a Competitor
And rival, ſcorch'd alike with *Cupid*'s fire.
The glorious beams of her fair Eyes did move,
And light beholders on their way to Love.

8.

Among her many Sutors a young Knight
'Bove others wounded with the Majeſty
Of her fair preſence, preſſeth moſt in ſight;
Yet ſeldom his deſire can ſatisfie
With that bleſt objects or her rareneſs ſee;
For Beauties guard is watchful jealouſie.

9.

Oft times that he might ſee his *Deareſt fair*,
Upon his ſtately Jennet he in th' way
Rides by her houſe, who neighs, as if he were
Proud to be view'd by bright *Conſtantia.*
But his poor Maſter though to ſee her move
His joy, dares ſhew no look betraying love.

10.

Soon as the morning left her roſie bed,
And all Heavens ſmaller lights were driv'n away:
She by her friends and near acquaintance led
Like other Maids would walk at break of day:
Aurora bluſht to ſee a ſight unknown,
To behold cheeks more beauteous than her own.

11.

Th' obſequious Lover follows ſtill her train
And where they go, that way his journey feigns.
Should they turn back, He would turn back again;
For with his Love, his buſineſs does remain.
Nor is it ſtrange he ſhould be loth to part
From her, whoſe eyes had ſtole away his heart.

12.

Philetus he was call'd, ſprung from a race
Of noble Anceſtors; but greedy *Time*
And envious *Fate* had labour'd to deface
The glory which in his great Stock did ſhine;
Small his eſtate, unfitting her degree,
But blinded love could no ſuch difference ſee.

13.

Yet he by chance had hit his heart aright,
And dipt his Arrow in *Conſtantia*'s eyes,
Blowing a fire, that would deſtroy him quite,
Unleſs ſuch flames within her heart ſhou'd riſe.
But yet he fears, becauſe he blinded is,
Though he have ſhot him right, her heart he'l miſs.

14.

Unto *Love*'s Altar therefore he repairs,
And offers up a pleaſing Sacrifice;
Intreating *Cupid* with inducing Prayers,
To look upon, and eaſe his Miſeries:
Where having wept, recovering breath again,
Thus to immortal *Love* he did complain:

15.

Oh mighty Cupid! *whoſe unbounded ſway,*
Hath often rul'd th' Olympian *Thunderer,*
Whom all Cœleſtial Deities obey,
Whom Men and Gods both reverence and fear!
Oh force Conſtantia's *heart to yield to Love,*
Of all thy Works the Maſter-piece 'twill prove.

16.

And let me not Affection vainly ſpend,
But kindle flames in her like thoſe in me;
Yet if that gift my Fortune doth tranſcend,
Grant that her charming Beauty I may ſee.
For ever view thoſe Eyes, whoſe charming light,
More than the world beſides does pleaſe my ſight.

17.

Thoſe who contemn thy ſacred Deity,
Laugh at thy power, make them thine anger know,
I faultleſs am, what honour can it be
Only to wound your Slave, and ſpare your Foe.
Here tears and ſighs ſpeak his imperfect mone,
In language far more moving than his own.

18.

Home he retir'd, his Soul he brought not home,
Juſt like a Ship while every mounting wave
Toſs'd by enraged *Boreas* up and down,
Threatens the Mariner with a gaping grave;
Such did his caſe, ſuch did his ſtate appear,
Alike diſtracted between hope and fear.

19.

Thinking her love he never ſhall obtain,
One morn he haunts the Woods, and doth complain
Of his unhappy Fate, but all in vain,
And thus fond *Eccho* anſwers him again.
It mov'd *Aurora*, and ſhe wept to hear,
Dewing the verdant Graſs with many a tear.

The Eccho.

I.

OH! what hath caus'd my killing miſeries?
EYES, Eccho *ſaid. What hath detain'd my eaſe?*
EASE, ſtraight the reaſonable Nymph replies;
That nothing can my troubled mind appeaſe:
PEACE, Eccho *anſwers. What, is any nigh?*
Philetus *ſaid; She quickly utters, I.*

II.

Is't Eccho *answers? tell me then thy will:*
I WILL, *she said. What shall I get* (*says he*)
By loving still? To which she answers, ILL.
Ill? shall I void of wish'd for pleasure die?
I; Shall not I who toil in ceaseless pain,
Some pleasure know? NO, she replyes again.

III.

False and inconstant Nymph, thou lyest (*said he*)
THOU LYEST, she said; and I deserv'd her hate,
If I should thee believe; BELIEVE, (*saith she*)
For why thy idle words are of no weight.
WEIGH IT (*she answers*) *therefore I'le depart.*
To which, resounding Eccho *answers; PART.*

20.

Then from the Woods with wounded heart he goes,
Filling with legions of fresh thoughts his mind,
He quarrels with himself because his woes
Spring from himself, yet can no medicine find:
He weeps to quench the fires that burn in him,
But tears do fall to th' earth, flames are within.

21.

No morning banish'd darkness, nor black night
By her alternate course expell'd the day,
In which *Philetus* by a constant rite
At *Cupid*'s Altars did not weep and pray;
And yet he nothing reap'd for all his pain
But Care and Sorrow was his only gain.

22.

But now at last the pitying God, o'recome
By constant votes and tears, fixt in her heart
A golden shaft, and she is now become
A suppliant to Love, that with like Dart
He'd wound *Philetus*, does with tears implore
Aid from that power she so much scorn'd before.

23.

Little she thinks she kept *Philetus* heart
In her scorch'd breast, because her own she gave
To him. Since either suffers equal smart,
And alike measure in their torments have:
His Soul, his griefs, his fires, now hers are grown:
Her heart, her mind, her love is his alone.

24.

While thoughts 'gainſt thoughts riſe up in mutiny,
She took a Lute (being far from any ears)
And tun'd this Song, poſing that harmony
Which Poets attribute to heavenly ſpheres.
Thus had ſhe ſung when her dear Love was ſlain,
She'd ſurely call'd him back from *Styx* again.

The SONG.

I.

TO whom ſhall I my Sorrows ſhow?
Not to Love, for he is blind:
And my Philetus *doth not know*
The inward torment of my mind.
And all the ſenſleſs walls which are
Now round about me cannot hear.

II.

For if they could, they ſure would weep,
And with my griefs relent:
Unleſs their willing tears they keep,
Till I from Earth am ſent.
Then I believe they'l all deplore
My fate, ſince I taught them before.

III.

I willingly would weep my ſtore,
If th' flood would land thy Love,
My dear PHILETUS *on the ſhore*
Of my heart; but ſhould'ſt thou prove
Afraid of flames, know the fires are
But Bonfires for thy coming there.

25.

Then tears in envy of her ſpeech did flow
From her fair eyes, as if it ſeem'd that there
Her burning flame had melted Hills of Snow,
And ſo diſſolv'd them into many a tear;
Which, *Nilus*-like, did quickly overflow,
And quickly caus'd new ſerpent griefs to grow.

26.

Here ſtay, my *Muſe*, for if I ſhould recite,
Her mournful Language, I ſhould make you weep
Like her, a flood, and ſo not ſee to write,
Such lines as I, and th'age requires, to keep
Me from ſtern death, or with victorious rime,
Revenge their Maſters death, and conquer time.

27.

By this time, chance and his own induſtry
Had helpt *Philetus* forward, that he grew
Acquainted with her Brother, ſo that he
Might, by this means, his bright *Conſtantia* view:
And as time ſerv'd, ſhew her his miſery:
This was the firſt Act in his Tragedy.

28.

Thus to himſelf ſooth'd by his flattering ſtate,
He ſaid; *How ſhall I thank thee for this gain,*
O Cupid, *or reward my helping Fate,*
Which ſweetens all my ſorrows, all my pain?
What Husband-man would any pains refuſe,
To reap at laſt ſuch fruit, his labours uſe?

29.

But when he wiſely weigh'd his doubtful ſtate,
Seeing his griefs link'd like an endleſs chain,
To following woes, he wou'd when 'twas too late
Quench his hot flames, and idle love diſdain.
But *Cupid*, when his heart was ſet on fire,
Had burnt his wings, who could not then retire.

30.

The wounded youth, and kind *Philocrates*
(So was her Brother call'd) grew ſoon ſo dear,
So true, and conſtant, in their Amities,
And in that League, ſo ſtrictly joyned were;
That Death it ſelf could not their friendſhip ſever,
But as they liv'd in love, they dy'd together.

31.

If one be melancholy, th'other's ſad;
If one be ſick, the other's ſurely ill;
And if *Philetus* any ſorrow had,
Philocrates was partner in it ſtill:
Pylades ſoul and mad *Oreſtes* was
In theſe, if we believe *Pythagoras*.

32.

Oft in the Woods *Philetus* walks, and there
Exclaims againſt his Fate, Fate too unkind.
With ſpeaking tears his griefs he doth declare,
And with ſad ſighs inſtructs the angry *Wind*,
To ſigh; and did even upon that prevail,
It groan'd to hear *Philetus* mournful tale.

33.

The Cryſtal Brooks which gently run between
The ſhadowing Trees, and as they through them paſs
Water the Earth, and keep the Meadows green,
Giving a colour to the verdant graſs:
Hearing *Philetus* tell his woful ſtate,
In ſhew of grief run murmuring at his Fate.

34.

Philomel anſwers him again and ſhews
In her beſt language, her ſad Hiſtory,
And in a mournful ſweetneſs tells her woes,
Denying to be pos'd in miſery:
Conſtantia he, ſhe *Tereus*, *Tereus* cries,
With him both grief, and grief's expreſſion vies.

35.

Philocrates muſt needs his ſadneſs know,
Willing in ills, as well as joys to ſhare,
Nor will on them the name of friends beſtow,
Who in light ſport, not ſorrow partners are.
Who leaves to guide the Ship when ſtorms ariſe,
Is guilty both of ſin, and cowardiſe.

36.

But when his noble Friend perceiv'd that he
Yielded to tyrant Paſſion more and more,
Deſirous to partake his malady,
He watches him in hope to cure his ſore
By counſel, and recall the poiſonous Dart,
When it, alas, was fixed in his heart.

37.

When in the Woods, places beſt fit for care,
He to himſelf did his paſt griefs recite,
Th' obſequious friend ſtraight follows him, and there
Doth hide himſelf from ſad *Philetus* ſight.
Who thus exclaims; for a ſwoln heart would break,
If it for vent of ſorrow might not ſpeak.

38.

Oh! I am loſt, not in this Deſart Wood,
But in loves pathleſs Labyrinth, there I
My health, each joy and pleaſure counted good
Have loſt, and which is more, my liberty,
And now am forc'd to let him ſacrifice
My heart, for raſh believing of my eyes.

39.

Long have I ſtayed, but yet have no relief,
Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour ſhown,
Becauſe ſhe knows not of my killing grief,
And I have fear'd, to make my ſorrows known.
For why alas, if ſhe ſhould once but dart
Diſdainful looks, 'twould break my captiv'd heart.

40.

But how ſhould ſhe, e're I impart my Love,
Reward my ardent flame with like deſire?
But when I ſpeak, if ſhe ſhould angry prove,
Laugh at my flowing tears, and ſcorn my fire?
Why, he who hath all ſorrows born before,
Needeth not fear to be oppreſt with more.

41.

Philocrates no longer can forbear,
Runs to his friend, and ſighing, Oh! (ſaid he)
My dear Philetus *be thy ſelf, and ſwear*
To rule that Paſſion which now maſters thee,
And all thy reaſon; but if it can't be,
Give to thy Love but eyes that it may ſee.

42.

Amazement ſtrikes him dumb, what ſhall he do?
Should he reveal his Love, he fears 'twould prove,
A hind'rance; and ſhould he deny to ſhow,
It might perhaps his dear friends anger move:
Theſe doubts like *Scylla* and *Charibdis* ſtand,
Whilſt *Cupid* a blind Pilot doth command.

43.

At laſt reſolv'd; how ſhall I ſeek, ſaid he,
To excuſe my ſelf, deareſt *Philocrates*;
That I from thee have hid this ſecreſie?
Yet cenſure not, give me firſt leave to eaſe
My caſe with words, my grief you ſhould have known
E're this, if that my heart had been my own.

44.

I am all Love, my heart was burnt with fire
From two bright Suns which do all light discloſe;
Firſt kindling in my breaſt the flame deſire,
But like the rare Arabian *Bird, there roſe*
From my hearts aſhes never quenched Love,
Which now this torment in my ſoul doth move.

45.

Oh! let not then my Paſſion cauſe your hate,
Nor let my choice offend you, or detain
Your antient Friendſhip; 'tis alas too late
To call my firm affection back again:
No Phyſick *can recure my weak'ned ſtate,*
The wound is grown too great, too deſperate.

46.

But *Counſel*, ſaid his Friend, a remedy
Which never fails the Patient, may at leaſt
If not quite heal your minds infirmity,
Aſſwage your torment, and procure ſome reſt.
But there is no Phyſician can apply
A Med'cine e're he know the Malady.

47.

Then hear me, ſaid *Philetus*; but why? Stay,
I will not toil thee with my hiſtory,
For to remember Sorrows paſt away,
Is to renew an old Calamity.
He who acquainteth others with his mone,
Adds to his friends grief, but not cures his own.

48.

But ſaid *Philocrates*, 'tis beſt in woe,
To have a faithful partner of their care;
That burthen may be undergone by two,
Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.
I ſhould miſtruſt your love, to hide from me
Your thoughts, and tax you of *Inconſtancy.*

49.

What ſhall he do? or with what language frame
Excuſe? He muſt reſolve not to deny,
But open his cloſe thoughts, and inward flame,
With that, as prologue to his Tragedy.
He ſigh'd, as if they'd cool his torments ire,
When they alas, did blow the raging fire.

50.

When years firſt ſtyl'd me twenty, I began
To ſport with catching ſnare that love had ſet,
Like Birds that flutter round the gin, till ta'ne,
Or the poor Fly caught in *Arachnes* net:
Even ſo I ſported with her Beauties light,
Till I at laſt grew blind with too much ſight.

51.

Firſt it came ſtealing on me, whilſt I thought,
'Twas eaſie to repel it; but as fire,
Though but a ſpark, ſoon into flames is brought,
So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher;
Which ſo have ſcorch'd my love-ſtruck Soul, that
Still live in torment, yet each minute die.

52.

Who is it, ſaid *Philocrates*, can move
With charming eyes ſuch deep affection?
I may perhaps aſſiſt you in your love;
Two can effect more than your ſelf alone.
My counſel this thy error may reclaim,
Or my ſalt tears quench thy deſtructive flame.

53.

Nay, ſaid *Philetus*, oft my eyes do flow
Like *Nilus*, when it ſcorns th'oppoſed ſhore:
Yet all the watry plenty I beſtow,
Is to my flame an oyl that feeds it more.
So fame reports of the *Dodonean* Spring,
That lightens all thoſe which are put therein.

54.

But being you deſire to know her, ſhe
Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a ſhower
As if they fain would drown the memory
Of his life-keepers name) *Conſtantia*; more
Grief would not let him utter; *Tears the beſt*
Expreſſers of true Sorrow, ſpoke the reſt.

55.

To which his noble friend did thus reply:
And was this all; What e're your grief would eaſe
Though a far greater task, believ't for thee
It ſhould be ſoon done by *Philocrates*;
Think all you wiſh perform'd, but ſee, the day
Tyr'd with its heat is haſting now away.

56.

Home from the silent Woods, night bids them go,
But sad *Philetus* can no comfort find,
What in the day he fears of future woe,
At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his mind.
Why do'st thou vex him, Love? cou'dst thou but see,
Thou would'st thy self *Philetus* Rival be.

57.

Philocrates pitying his doleful mone,
And wounded with the Sorrows of his friend,
Brings him to fair *Constantia*; where alone
He might impart his love, and either end
His fruitless hopes, nipt by her coy disdain,
Or *by her liking, his wish't Joys attain.*

58.

Fairest (said he) *whom the bright Heavens do cover,*
Do not these tears, these speaking tears, despise,
These heaving sighs of a submissive Lover,
Thus struck to th' earth by your all-dazling Eyes.
And do not you contemn that ardent flame,
Which from your self, Your own fair Beauty came.

59.

Trust me, I long have hid my Love, but now
Am forc'd to show't, such is my inward smart,
And you alone (fair Saint) the means do know
To heal the wound of my consuming heart.
Then since it only in your power doth lie
To kill, or save, Oh help! or else I die.

60.

His gently cruel Love did thus reply;
I for your pain am grieved, and would do
Without impeachment to my Chastity
And honour, any thing might pleasure you.
But if beyond those limits you demand,
I must not answer, (Sir) nor understand.

61.

Believe me vertuous Maiden, my desire
Is chast and pious, as thy Virgin thought,
No flash of Lust, 'tis no dishonest fire
Which goes as soon as it was quickly brought:
But as thy beauty pure, which let not be
Eclipsed by disdain, and cruelty.

62. Oh!

62.

Oh! How ſhall I reply (ſhe cry'd) thou'ſt won
My ſoul, and therefore take thy victory:
Thy eyes and ſpeeches have my heart o'recome,
And if I ſhould deny thee love, then I
Should be a Tyrant to my ſelf; that fire
Which is kept cloſe, burns with the greateſt ire.

63.

Yet do not count my yielding, lightneſs now,
Impute it rather to my ardent love,
Thy pleaſing carriage won me long ago,
And pleading beauty did my liking move.
Thy eyes which draw like loadſtones with their might
The hardeſt hearts, won mine to leave me quite.

64.

Oh! I am rapt above the reach, ſaid he,
Of thought, my ſoul already feels the bliſs
Of Heaven, when (ſweet) my thoughts once tax but thee
With any crime, may I loſe all happineſs
Is wiſh'd for: both your favour here, and dead,
May the juſt Gods pour Vengeance on my head.

65.

Whilſt he was ſpeaking this (behold their fate)
Conſtantia's Father entred in the room,
When glad *Philetus* ignorant of his ſtate,
Kiſſes her cheeks, more red than ſetting Sun:
Or elſe the morn, bluſhing through clouds of water,
To ſee aſcending *Sol* congratulate her.

66.

Juſt as the guilty priſoner fearful ſtands
Reading his fatal *Theta* in the brows
Of him, who both his life and death commands,
E're from his mouth he the ſad ſentence knows,
Such was his ſtate to ſee her Father come,
Nor wiſh'd for, nor expected in the room.

67.

Th' inrag'd old man bids him no more to dare
Such bold intruſion in that houſe, nor be
At any time with his lov'd daughter there,
Till he had given him ſuch authority,
But to depart, ſince ſhe her love did ſhew him
Was living death, with ling'ring torments to him.

68.

This being known to kind *Philocrates*,
He chears his friend, bidding him baniſh fear,
And by ſome letter his griev'd mind appeaſe,
And ſhew her that which to her friendly ear,
Time gave no leave to tell, and thus his quill
Declares to her the abſent Lovers will.

The LETTER.

PHILETUS to CONSTANTIA.

I Truſt (dear Soul) my abſence cannot move
You to forget, or doubt my ardent love;
For were there any means to ſee you, I
Would run through Death, and all the miſery
Fate could inflict, that ſo the world might ſay,
In Life and Death I lov'd Conſtantia.
Then let not (deareſt ſweet) our abſence part
Our loves, but each breaſt keep the others heart;
Give warmth to one another, till there riſe
From all our labours, and our induſtries
The long expected fruits; have patience (Sweet)
There's no man whom the Summer pleaſures greet
Before he taſte the Winter, none can ſay,
E're Night was gone, he ſaw the riſing Day.
So when we once have waſted Sorrows night,
The Sun of Comfort then ſhall give us light.

Philetus.

69.

This when *Conſtantia* read, ſhe thought her ſtate
Moſt happy by *Philetus* Conſtancy,
And perfect Love: ſhe thanks her flattering Fate,
Kiſſes the Paper, till with kiſſing ſhe
The welcome Characters doth dull and ſtain,
Then thus with Ink and Teare writes back again.

CONSTANTIA to PHILETUS.

YOur abſence (Sir) though it be long, yet I
Neither forget, nor doubt your Conſtancy.
Nor need you fear, that I ſhould yield unto
Another, what to your true Love is due.
My Heart is yours, it is not in my claim,
Nor have I power to take it back again.
There's nought but death can part our Souls, no time
Or angry Friends, ſhall make my Love decline:
But for the harveſt of our hopes I'le ſtay,
Unleſs Death cut it, e're it's ripe, away.

Conſtantia.

70.

Oh! how this Letter ſeem'd to raiſe his pride!
Prouder was he of this than *Phaeton*,
When he did *Phœbus* flaming Chariot guide,
Unknowing of the danger was to come.
Prouder than *Jaſon*, when from *Colchos* he
Returned with the *Fleeces* victory.

71.

But e're the *Autumn*, which fair *Ceres* crown'd,
Had paid the ſweating Plowman's greedieſt prayer;
And by the Fall diſrob'd the gaudy ground
Of all thoſe Ornaments it us'd to wear.
Them kind *Philocrates* to each other brought,
Where they this means t'enjoy their freedom wrought.

72.

Sweet fair one, ſaid *Philetus*, *ſince the time*
Favours our wiſh, and does afford us leave
T' enjoy our Loves, Oh let us not reſign
This long'd for favour, nor our ſelves bereave
Of what we wiſh'd for, opportunity,
That may too ſoon the wings of Love out-fly.

73.

For when your Father, as his cuſtom is,
For pleaſure doth purſue the tim'rous Hare,
If you'l reſort but thither, I'le not miſs
To be in thoſe Woods ready for you, where
We may depart in ſafety, and no more
With dreams of pleaſure only, heal our ſore.

74.

To this the happy Lovers ſoon agree;
But e're they part, *Philetus* begs to hear
From her inchanting voices melody,
One Song to ſatisfie his longing ear:
She yields; and ſinging, added to deſire;
The liſt'ning Youth increas'd his amorous fire.

The SONG.

I.

TIme flie with greater ſpeed away,
Adde feathers to thy wings,
Till thy haſte in flying brings
That wiſht for, and expected Day.

II.

Comforts Sun, we then ſhall ſee,
Though at firſt it darkned be,
With dangers, yet thoſe Clouds but gone
Our Day will put his luſtre on.

III.

Then though Deaths ſad night appear,
And we in lonely ſilence reſt;
Our raviſh'd Souls no more ſhall fear,
But with laſting day be bleſt.

IV.

And then no friends can part us more,
Nor no new death extend its power;
Thus there's nothing can diſſever,
Hearts which Love hath joyn'd together.

75.

Fear of being ſeen, *Philetus* homeward drove,
But e're they part ſhe willingly doth give
(As, faithful pledges of her conſtant love)
Many a ſoft kiſs then they each other leave,
Rapt up with ſecret joy that they have found
A way to heal the torment of their wound.

76.

But e're the Sun through many days had run,
Conſtantia's charming beauty had o'recome
Guiſardo's heart, and's ſcorn'd affection won,
Her eyes ſoon conquered all they ſhone upon,
Shot through his wounded heart ſuch hot deſire,
As nothing but her love could quench the fire.

77.

In Roofs, which Gold and *Parian* ſtone adorn
(Proud as the owners mind) he did abound,
In fields ſo fertile for their yearly corn,
As might contend with ſcorch'd *Calabria*'s ground;
But in his ſoul that ſhould contain the ſtore,
Of ſureſt riches, he was baſe and poor.

78.

Him was *Conſtantia* urg'd continually
By her friends to love, ſometimes they did intreat
With gentle ſpeeches, and mild courteſie,
Which when they ſee deſpis'd by her, they threat.
But Love too deep was ſeated in her heart,
To be worn out with thought of any ſmart.

79.

Soon did her Father to the Woods repair,
To ſeek for ſport, and hunt the ſtarted game;
Guiſardo and *Philocrates* were there,
With many friends too tedious here to name.
With them *Conſtantia* went, but not to find
The Bear or Wolf, but Love all mild and kind.

80.

Being entred in the pathleſs Woods, while they
Purſue their game, *Philetus* who was late
Hid in a thicket, carries ſtraight away
His Love, and haſtens his own haſty fate.
That came too ſoon upon him, and his Sun
Was quite eclips'd before it fully ſhone.

81.

Conſtantia miſs'd, the Hunters in a maze,
Take each a ſeveral courſe, and by curſt fate
Guiſardo runs, with a love-carried pace
Towards them, who little knew their woful ſtate:
Philetus like bold *Icarus* ſoaring high
To Honours, found the depth of miſery.

82.

For when *Guiſardo* ſees his Rival there,
Swelling with envious rage, he comes behind
Philetus, who ſuch fortune did not fear,
And with his Sword a way to's heart does find.
But e're his ſpirits were poſſeſt of death,
In theſe few words he ſpent his lateſt breath.

83.

O ſee Conſtantia, *my ſhort race is run,*
See how my blood the thirſty ground doth die,
But live thou happier than thy Love hath done,
And when I'm dead, think ſometime upon me.
More my ſhort time permits me not to tell,
For now death ſeizeth me, *My dear farewel.*

84.

As ſoon as he had ſpoke theſe words, life fled
From his pierc'd body, whilſt *Conſtantia*, ſhe
Kiſſes his cheeks that loſe their lively red,
And become pale, and wan, and now each eye
Which was ſo bright, is like, when life was done
A Star that's faln, or an eclipſed Sun.

85.

Thither *Philocrates* was driven by fate,
And ſaw his friend lie bleeding on the earth;
Near his pale Corps his weeping Siſter ſate,
Her eyes ſhed tears, her heart to ſighs gave birth.
Philocrates when he ſaw this did cry,
Friend I'le revenge or bear thee company.

86.

Juſt *Jove* hath ſent to revenge this fate,
Nay, ſtay *Guiſardo*, think not Heaven in jeſt,
'Tis vain to hope flight can ſecure thy ſtate.
Then thruſt his Sword into the Villains breaſt.
Here, ſaid *Philocrates*, thy life I ſend
A Sacrifice, t' appeaſe my ſlaughter'd friend.

87.

But as he fell, take this reward, ſaid he,
For thy new victory: with that he flung
His darted Rapier at his enemy,
Which hit his head, and in his brain-pan hung.
With that he falls, but lifting up his eyes,
Farewel *Conſtantia*, that word ſaid, he dies.

88.

What ſhall ſhe do? ſhe to her Brother runs,
His cold, and liveleſs body does embrace;
She calls to him that cannot hear her moans,
And with her kiſſes warms his clammy face.
My dear Philocrates, *ſhe weeping, cryes,*
Speak to thy Siſter: but no voice replies.

89.

Then running to her Love, with many a tear,
Thus her minds fervent paſſion ſhe expreſt,
O ſtay (bleſs'd Soul) ſtay but a little here,
And take me with you to a laſting reſt.
Then to *Eliſiums* Manſions both ſhall flie,
Be married there, and never more to die.

90.

But ſeeing 'em both dead; ſhe cry'd, Ah me, [redacted]
Ah my *Philetus*, for thy ſake will I
Make up a full and perfect Tragedy,
Since 'twas for me (dear Love) that thou didſt dye;
I'le follow thee, and not thy loſs deplore,
Theſe eyes that ſaw thee kill'd, ſhall ſee no more.

91.

It ſhall not ſure be ſaid that thou didſt die,
And thy *Conſtantia* live when thou waſt ſlain:
No, no, dear Soul, I will not ſtay from thee,
That will reflect upon my valued fame.
Then piercing her ſad breaſt, *I come*, ſhe cryes,
And death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.

92.

Her Soul being fled to its eternal reſt,
Her Father comes, and ſeeing this, he falls
To th' earth, with grief too great to be expreſt:
Whoſe doleful words my tyred *Muſe* me[redacted]lls
T' o'repaſs, which I moſt gladly do, for fear
That I ſhould toil too much, the *Readers ear.*

FINIS.

THE

Tragical Hiſtory

OF

PIRAMUS

AND

THISBE.

The Fifth Edition.

Enlarged by the Author.

—Fit ſurculus Arbor.

LONDON:

Printed by *M. C.* for *C. Harper*, and *R. Tonſon*,
MDCLXXXI.

Tragical History

OF

PIRAMUS

AND

THISBE.

To the Right Worſhipful, my very loving Maſter,

Mr. *LAMBERT OSBOLSTON*,

Chief School-Maſter of *Weſtminſter*-School.

SIR,

MY childiſh Muſe is in her Spring, and yet
Can only ſhew ſome budding of her Wit.
One frown upon her Work (learn'd Sir) from you,
Like ſome unkinder ſtorm ſhot from your brow,
Would turn her Spring *to withering* Autumn's *time,*
And make her Bloſſoms *periſh, e're their Prime.*
But if you ſmile, if in your gracious Eye
She an auſpicious Alpha *can deſcry:*
How ſoon will they grow Fruit? How freſh appear,
That had ſuch beams their infancy to chear:
Which being ſprung to ripeneſs, expect then
The earlieſt off'ring of her grateful Pen.

Your moſt dutiful Scholar,

ABR. COWLEY.

THE

To the Right Worshipful, my very loving Master,

Mr. LAMBERT OSBOLSTON,

Chief School-Master of Wellington-School.

The Tragical Hiſtory OF PIRAMUS AND THISBE.

1.

WHere *Babylons* high Walls erected were
By mighty *Ninus* Wife; two houſes joyn'd.
One *Thisbe* liv'd in, *Pyramus* the fair
In th'other: Earth ne're boaſted ſuch a pair.
The very ſenſleſs Walls themſelves combin'd,
And grew in one juſt like their Maſters mind.

2.

Thisbe all other women did excell,
The Queen of *Love*, leſs lovely was than ſhe:
And *Pyramus* more ſweet than tongue can tell,
Nature grew proud in framing them ſo well.
But *Venus* envying they ſo fair ſhould be,
Bids her Son *Cupid* ſhew his cruelty.

3.

The all-ſubduing God his Bow doth bend,
Whets and prepares his moſt remorſleſs Dart,
Which he unſeen unto their hearts did ſend,
And ſo was Love the cauſe of Beauties end.
But could he ſee, he had not wrought their ſmart:
For pity ſure would have o'recome his heart.

4.

Like as a Bird which in a Net is ta'ne,
By ſtrugling more entangles in the ginn;
So they who in Loves Labyrinth remain,
With ſtriving never can a freedom gain.
The way to enter's broad; but being in,
No art, no labour can an *exit* win.

5.

Theſe Lovers, though their Parents did reprove
Their fires, and watch'd their deeds with jealouſie,
Though in theſe ſtorms no comfort could remove
The various doubts, and fears that cool hot love:
Though he nor hers, nor ſhe his face could ſee,
Yet this did not aboliſh Loves Decree.

6.

For age had crack'd the Wall which did them part,
This the unanimate couple ſoon did ſpy,
And here their inward ſorrows did impart,
Unlading the ſad burthen of their heart.
Though Love be blind, this ſhews he can deſcry
A way to leſſen his own miſery.

7.

Oft to the friendly Cranny they reſort,
And feed themſelves with the Cœleſtial Air
Of odoriferous breath; no other ſport
They could enjoy, yet think the time but ſhort:
And wiſh that it again renewed were,
To ſuck each others breath for ever there.

8.

Sometimes they did exclaim againſt their fate,
And ſometimes they accus'd imperial *Jove*;
Sometimes repent their flames: but all too late;
The Arrow could not be recall'd: their ſtate
Was firſt ordained by *Jupiter* above,
And *Cupid* had appointed they ſhould love.

9. They

9.

They curst the wall that did their kisses part,
And to the stones their mournful words they sent,
As if they saw the sorrow of their heart,
And by their tears could understand their smart:
But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,
Nor with their sighs (alas) would it relent.

10.

This in effect they said; *Curs'd wall, O why*
Wilt thou our bodies sever, whose true love
Breaks through all thy flinty cruelty;
For both our souls so closely joyned lie:
That nought but angry Death can them remove,
And though he part them, yet they'l meet above.

11.

Abortive tears from their fair eyes out-flow'd,
And damm'd the lovely splendor of their sight,
Which seem'd like *Titan*, whilst some watry Cloud
O're-spreads his face, and his bright beams doth shrowd.
Till *Vesper* chas'd away the conquered light,
And forceth them (though loth) to bid *Good night.*

12.

But e're *Aurora* Usher to the Day,
Began with welcome lustre to appear,
The Lovers rise, and at that cranny they
Thus to each other, their thoughts open lay,
With many a sigh and many a speaking tear,
Whose grief the pitying Morning blusht to hear.

13.

Dear Love (said *Piramus*) *how long shall we*
Like faireſt Flowers, not gathered in their prime,
Waste precious youth, and let advantage flee,
Till we bewail (at last) our cruelty
Upon our selves, for beauty though it shine
Like day, will quickly find an evening time.

14.

Therefore (*sweet* Thisbe) *let us meet this night*
At Ninus *Tomb, without the City wall,*
Under the Mulberry-Tree, with Berries white
Abounding, there t'enjoy our wisht delight.
For mounting Love stopt in his course, doth fall,
And long'd for, yet untasted joy, kills all.

15.

What though our cruel Parents angry be?
What though our friends (alas) are too unkind?
Time that now offers quickly may deny,
And ſoon hold back it opportunity.
Who lets ſlip Fortune, her ſhall never find.
Occaſion once paſs'd by, is bald behind.

16.

She ſoon agreed to that which he requir'd,
For little wooing needs, where both conſent;
What he ſo long had pleaded, ſhe deſir'd:
Which *Venus* ſeeing, with blind *Chance* conſpir'd,
And many a charming accent to her ſent,
That ſhe (at laſt) would fruſtrate their intent.

17.

Thus *Beauty* is by Beauties means undone,
Striving to cloſe theſe eyes that make her bright;
Juſt like the Moon, which ſeeks t'eclipſe the Sun,
Whence all her ſplendor, all her beams do come:
So ſhe, who fetcheth luſtre from their ſight,
Doth purpoſe to deſtroy their glorious light.

18.

Unto the *Mulberry-tree* fair *Thisbe* came;
Where having reſted long, at laſt ſhe 'gan
Againſt her *Piramus* for to exclaim,
Whilſt various thoughts turmoil her troubled brain:
And imitating thus the Silver *Swan*,
A little while before her Death ſhe ſang.

The SONG.

I.

COme Love, why ſtayeſt thou? The night
Will vaniſh e're we taſte delight:
The Moon obſcures her ſelf from ſight,
Thou abſent, whoſe eyes give her light.

II.

Come quickly, Dear, be brief as Time,
Or we by Morn ſhall be o'retane,
Loves joy's thine own as well as mine,
Spend not therefore the time in vain.

19.

Here doubtful thoughts broke off her pleasant *Sang*,
And for her Lovers stay sent many a sigh,
Her *Piramus* she thought did tarry long,
And that his absence did her too much wrong.
Then betwixt longing hope, and jealousie,
She fears, yet's loth, to tax his loyalty.

20.

Sometimes she thinks, that he hath her forsaken;
Sometimes, that danger hath befallen to him;
She fears that he another love hath taken;
Which being but imagin'd soon doth waken
Numberless thoughts, which on her heart do fling
Fears, that her future fate too truly sing.

21.

While she thus musing sate, ran from [illegible] Wood
An angry Lion to the crystal Springs
Near to that place; who coming from his food,
His chaps were all besmear'd with crimson blood:
Swifter than thought, sweet *Thisbe* straight begins
To fly from him, fear gave her Swallows wings.

22.

As she avoids the Lion, her desire
Bids her to stay, lest *Piramus* should come,
And be devour'd by the stern Lions ire;
So she for ever burn in unquencht fire:
But fear expells all reasons, she doth run
Into a darksome Cave, ne're seen by Sun.

23.

With haste she let her looser Mantle fall:
Which when th' enraged Lion did espy,
With bloody teeth he tore in pieces small,
Whilst *Thisbe* ran and lookt nat back at all.
For could the sensless Beast her face descry,
It had not done her such an injury.

24.

The night half wasted, *Piramus* did come;
Who seeing printed in the yielding sand
The Lions paw, and by the fountain some
Of *Thisbes* garment, sorrow struck him dumb:
Just like a Marble Statue did he stand,
Cut by some skilful Gravers artful hand.

25. Reco-

25.

Recovering breath, at Fate he did exclaim,
Waſhing with tears the torn and bloody weed:
I may, ſaid he, my ſelf for her death blame;
Therefore my blood ſhall waſh away that ſhame:
Since ſhe is dead, whoſe Beauty doth exceed
All that frail man can either hear or read.

26.

This ſpoke, he drew his fatal Sword, and ſaid;
Receive my Crimſon Blood, as a due debt
Unto thy conſtant Love, to which 'tis paid:
I ſtraight will meet thee in the pleaſant ſhade
Of cool Elyſium; *where we being met,*
Shall taſte thoſe Joys, that here we could not get.

27.

Then through his breaſt [illegible]ng his Sword, Life hies
From him, and he makes [illegible] to ſeek his fair.
And as upon the colour'd ground he lies,
His blood had dropt upon the Mulberries:
With which th' unſpotted Berries ſtained were,
And ever ſince with red they colour'd are.

28.

At laſt fair *Thisbe* left the Den, for fear
Of diſappointing *Piramus*, ſince ſhe
Was bound by promiſe, for to meet him there:
But when ſhe ſaw the Berries changed were
From white to black, ſhe knew not certainly
It was the place where they agreed to be.

29.

With what delight from the dark Cave ſhe came,
Thinking to tell how ſhe eſcap'd the Beaſt;
But when ſhe ſaw her *Piramus* lie ſlain,
Ah! how perplext did her ſad Soul remain:
She tears her Golden Hair, and beats her breaſt,
And every ſign of raging grief expreſt.

30.

She blames all-powerful *Jove*, and ſtrives to take
His bleeding body from the moiſtned ground.
She kiſſes his pale face, till ſhe doth make
It red with kiſſing, and then ſeeks to wake
His parting Soul with mournful words, his wound
Waſhes with tears, that her ſweet ſpeech confound.

31.

But afterwards recovering breath, ſaid ſhe,
(Alas) what chance hath parted thee and I?
O tell what evil hath befal'n to thee,
That of thy Death I may a partner be:
Tell *Thisbe*, what hath caus'd this Tragedy.
He hearing *Thisbe*'s name, lifts up his eye.

32.

And on his love he rais'd his dying head:
Where ſtriving long for breath, at laſt, ſaid he;
O Thisbe, *I am haſting to the dead,*
And cannot heal that wound my fear hath bred:
Farewel, ſweet Thisbe, *we muſt parted be,*
For angry Death will force me ſoon from Thee.

33.

Life did from him, he from his Miſtriſs part,
Leaving his *Love* to languiſh here in woe.
What ſhall ſhe do? How ſhall ſhe ceaſe her heart?
Or with what language ſpeak her inward ſmart?
Uſurping paſſion reaſon doth o'reflow,
She vows that with her *Piramus* ſhe'l go,

34.

Then takes the Sword wherewith her Love was ſlain,
With *Piramus* his crimſon Blood warm ſtill;
And ſaid, *Oh ſtay (bleſt Soul) a while refrain,*
That we may go together, and remain
In endleſs Joys, and never fear the ill
Of grudging Friends.—Then ſhe her ſelf did kill.

35.

To tell what grief their Parents did ſuſtain,
Were more than my rude Quill can overcome,
Much did they weep and grieve, but all in vain,
For weeping calls not back the Dead again.
Both in one Grave were laid, when Life was done,
And theſe few words were writ upon the Tomb.

EPITAPH.

I.

UNderneath this Marble Stone,
Lie two Beauties joyn'd in one.

II.

Two whoſe Loves Death could not ſever,
For both liv'd, both di'd together.

III.

Two whoſe Souls, being too divine
For Earth, in their own Sphere now ſhine.

IV.

Who have left their Loves to Fame,
And their Earth to Earth again.

FINIS.

SYLVA:

OR,

DIVERS COPIES

OF

VERSES,

Made upon ſundry Occaſions

By *A. Cowley.*

LONDON:

Printed by *M. C.* for *C. Harper*, and *R. Tonſon*,

MDCLXXXI.

SYLVA:

OR,

DIVERSCOURSES

OF

VERSES.

Made upon sundry Occasions

By A Country.

AN ELEGY ON

The DEATH of the Right Honorable *Dudley* Lord *Carleton*, Viſcount *Dorcheſter*, late Principal Secretary of State.

THE Infernal Siſters did a Councel call
Of all the Fiends, to the black Stygian Hall;
The dire Tartarean *Monſters, hating light,*
Begot by diſmal Erebus, *and Night;*
Where e're diſpers'd abroad, hearing the Fame
Of their accurſed meeting, thither came.
Revenge, *whoſe greedy mind no Blood can fill,*
And Envy, *never ſatisfied with ill.*
Thither blind Boldneſs, *and impatient* Rage,
Reſorted, with Death's neighbour, envious Age:
Theſe to oppreſs the Earth, the Furies ſent
To ſpare the Guilty, vex the Innocent.
The Councel thus diſſolv'd, an angry Fever,
Whoſe quenchleſs thirſt, by Blood was ſated never:
Envying the Riches, Honor, Greatneſs, Love,
And Vertue (Load-ſtone, that all theſe did move)
Of Noble CARLETON; *him ſhe took away,*
And like a greedy Vulture ſeiz'd her Prey:
Weep with me each who either reads or hears,
And know his loſs deſerves his Countries Tears:
The Muſes *loſt a Patron by his Fate,*
Vertue a *Husband, and a Prop the* State;
Sol's *Chorus weeps, and to adorn his Herſe*
Calliope *would ſing a Tragick Verſe.*
And had there been before na Spring of theirs,
They would have made a Helicon *with tears.*

ABR. COWLEY.

AN ELEGY ON

The DEATH of my loving Friend and Couſin, Mr. *Richard Clarke*, late of *Lincolns-Inn*, Gent.

IT was decreed by ſtedfaſt Deſtiny,
(The world from Chaos *turn'd) that all ſhould die.*
He who durſt fearleſs paſs black Acheron
And dangers of the infernal Region,
Leading Hells triple Porter captivate,
Was overcome himſelf, by conquering Fate.
The Roman Tullie's *pleaſing Eloquence,*
Which in the Ears did lock up every Sence
Of the rapt hearer; his melliſluous breath
Could not at all charm unremorſleſs Death,
Nor Solon, *ſo by* Greece *admir'd, could ſave*
Himſelf with all his Wiſdom, from the Grave.
Stern Fate brought Maro *to his Funeral Flame,*
And would have ended in that fire his Fame;
Burning thoſe lofty Lines, which now ſhall be
Times conquerers, and out-laſt Eternity.
Even ſo lov'd Clark *from death no ſcape could find.*
Though arm'd with great Alcides *valiant mind.*
He was adorn'd in years though far more young,
With learned Cicero's, *or a ſweeter Tongue.*
And could dead Virgil *hear his lofty ſtrain,*
He would condemn his own to fire again.
His youth, a Solon's *Wiſdom did preſage,*
Had envious Time *but given him* Solon's *age.*
Who would not therefore now, if Learnings friend,
Bewail his fatal and untimely end:
Who hath ſuch hard, ſuch unrelenting Eyes,
As not to weep when ſo much Vertue dies?
The God of Poets *doth in darkneſs ſhrowd*
His glorious face, and weeps behind a Cloud.
The doleful Muſes *thinking now to write*
Sad Elegies, *their tears confound their ſight:*
But him to Eliſiums *laſting Joys they bring,*
Where winged Angels his ſad Reqiems ſing.

A. C.

SYL-

SYLVA:

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A Dream of Elyſium.

Phœbus expell'd by the approaching Night
Bluſh'd, and for ſhame clos'd in his baſhful light,
While I with leaden *Morpheus* overcome,
The *Muſe*, whom I adore, enter'd the room.
Her Hair with looſer curioſity,
Did on her comely back diſhevel'd lye.
Her Eyes with ſuch attractive beauty ſhone,
As might have wak'd ſleeping *Endymion*.
She bid me riſe, and promis'd I ſhould ſee
Thoſe Fields, thoſe Manſions of Felicity,
We mortals ſo admire at: Speaking thus,
She lifts me up upon wing'd *Pegaſus*,
On whom I rid; knowing where ever ſhe
Did go, that place muſt needs a *Tempe* be.
No ſooner was my flying Courſer come
To the bleſt dwellings of *Elyſium*:

When

When ſtraight a thouſand unknown joys reſort,
And hemm'd me round: Chaſt loves innocuous ſport.
A thouſand Sweets, bought with no following Gall,
Joys, not like ours, ſhort, but perpetual.
How many objects charm my wand'ring eye,
And bid my ſoul graze there eternally?
Here in full ſtreams, *Bacchus* thy Liquor flows,
Nor knows to ebb: here *Joves* broad Tree beſtows
Diſtilling Honey, here doth *Nectar* paſs
With copious current through the verdant Graſs.
Here *Hyacinth* his fate writ in his looks,
And thou *Narciſſus* loving ſtill the Brooks,
Once lovely boys; and *Acis* now a Flower,
Are nouriſht, with that rarer herb, whoſe power
Created thee, Wars potent God, here grows
The ſpotleſs Lilly, and the bluſhing Roſe.
And all thoſe divers ornaments abound,
That variouſly may paint the gawdy ground.
No Willow, ſorrows Garland, there hath room,
Nor Cypreſs, ſad attendant of a Tomb.
None but *Apollo*'s Tree, and th' Ivy Twine
Imbracing the ſtout Oak, the fruitful Vine,
And Trees with golden Apples loaded down,
On whoſe fair tops ſweet *Philomel* alone,
Unmindful of her former miſery,
Tunes with her voice a raviſhing Harmony.
Whilſt all the murmuring Brooks that glide along,
Make up a burthen to her pleaſing Song.
No *Scritch-owl*, ſad companion of the Night,
Or hideous Raven with prodigious flight
Preſaging future ill. Nor, *Progne*, thee
Yet ſpotted with young *Itis* Tragedy,
Thoſe Sacred Bowers receive. There's nothing there,
That is not pure, all innocent, and rare.
Turning my greedy ſight another way,
Under a row of ſtorm-contemning Bay,
I ſaw the *Thracian* Singer with his lyre
Teach the deaf ſtones to hear him, and admire.
Him the whole Poets *Chorus* compaſs'd round,
All whom the Oak, all whom the Lawrel crown'd.
There banish'd *Ovid* had a laſting home,
Better than thou could'ſt give ingrateful *Rome*;
And *Lucan* (ſpight of *Nero*) in each vein
Had every drop of his ſpilt blood again:
Homer, *Sol*'s firſt-born, was not poor or blind,
But ſaw as well in body as in mind.
Tully, grave *Cato*, *Solon*, and the reſt
Of *Greece's* admir'd Wiſe-men, here poſſeſt
A large reward for their paſt deeds, and gain
A life, as everlaſting as their Fame.

By

By theſe the valiant *Heroes* take their place,
All who ſtern Death and perils did embrace
For *Vertues* cauſe. Great *Alexander* there
Laughs at the Earths ſmall Empire, and did wear
A nobler Crown, than the whole world could give.
There did *Horatius Cocles*, *Sceva* live,
And valiant *Decius*, who now freely ceaſe
From War, and purchaſe an eternal peace.
Next them, beneath a Mirtle Bowre, where Doves,
And gall-leſs Pigeons build their neſts, all Loves
True faithful ſervants with an amorous kiſs,
And ſoft embrace, enjoy their greedieſt wiſh.
Leander with his beauteous *Hero* playes,
Nor are they parted with dividing Seas.
Porcia enjoys her *Brutus*, Death no more
Can now divorce their Wedding, as before.
Thisbe her *Piramus* kiſs'd, his *Thisbe* he
Embrac'd, each bleſt with t'others company.
And every couple always dancing, ſing
Eternal pleaſures to *Elyſiums* King.
But ſee how ſoon theſe pleaſures fade away,
How near to Evening is delights ſhort Day?
The watching Bird, true *Nuncius* of the Light,
Straight crowd: and all theſe vaniſh'd from my ſight.
My very *Muſe* her ſelf forſook me too.
Me grief and wonder wak'd: What ſhould I do?
Oh! let me follow thee (ſaid I) and go
From life, that I may Dream for ever ſo.
With that my flying *Muſe* I thought to claſp
Within my arms, but did a ſhadow graſp.

Thus chiefeſt joys glide with the ſwifteſt ſtream,
And all our greateſt pleaſure's but a Dream.

A. C.

On His Majeſties Return out of Scotland.

GReat *Charles*: there ſtop you Trumpeters of Fame,
(For he who ſpeaks his Titles, his great Name
Muſt have a breathing time) *Our King*: ſtay there,
Speak by degrees, let the inquiſitive ear
Be held in doubt, and e're you ſay, *Is come*,
Let every heart prepare a ſpacious room
For ample joys: then *Io* ſing as loud
As thunder ſhot from the divided cloud.

Let

Let *Cygnus* pluck from the *Arabian* waves
The ruby of the Rock, the Pearl that paves
Great *Neptunes* Court, let every Sparrow bear
From the three Siſters weeping bark a tear.
Let ſpotted Lynces their ſharp tallons fill
With Cryſtal fetch'd from the *Promethean* hill.
Let *Cytherea*'s Birds freſh wreaths compoſe,
Knitting the pale fac'd Lilly with the Roſe.
Let the ſelf-gotten Phœnix rob his neſt,
Spoil his own funeral pile, and all his beſt
Of Myrrhe, of Frankincenſe, of *Caſſia* bring,
To ſtrew the way for our returned King.
Let every poſt a *Panegyrick* wear,
Each wall, each pillar gratulations bear:
And yet let no man invocate a Muſe;
The very matter will it ſelf infuſe
A ſacred fury. Let the merry Bells
(For unknown joys work unknown miracles)
Ring without help of *Sexton*, and preſage
A new-made holy-day for future age.
And if the Ancients us'd to dedicate
A golden Temple to propitious fate,
At the return of any Noble-men,
Of Heroes, or of Emperors, we muſt then
Raiſe up a double *Trophee*, for their fame
Was but the ſhadow of our *CHARLES* his name.
Who is there where all Vertues mingled flow?
Where no defects or imperfections grow?
Whoſe head is always crown'd with Victory,
Snatch'd from *Bellona*'s hand; him luxury
In peace debilitates, whoſe tongue can win,
Tullies own Garland, to him pride creeps in.
On whom (like *Atlas* ſhoulders) the propt ſtate
(As he were *Primum Mobile* of fate)
Solely relies; him blind ambition moves,
His tyranny the bridled ſubject proves.
But all thoſe vertues which they all poſſeſt
Divided, are collected in thy breſt,
Great *Charles*! Let *Cæſar* boaſt *Parſalia*'s fight,
Honorius praiſe the *Parthians* unfeign'd flight.
Let *Alexander* call himſelf *Joves* Peer,
And place his Image next the Thunderer,
Yet while our *Charles* with equal balance reigns
'Twixt Mercy and *Aſtrea*; and maintains
A noble peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he
Who is moſt near, moſt like the Deity.

A SONG

A Song on the ſame.

HEnce clouded looks, hence briny tears,
Hence eye, that ſorrows livery wears.
What though a while Apollo *pleaſe*
To viſit the Antipodes?
Yet he returns, and with his light
Expels what he hath caus'd, the night.
What though the Spring vaniſh away,
And with it the Earths form decay?
Yet his new birth will ſoon reſtore
What its departure took before.
What though we miſs'd our abſent King
A while? Great Charles *is come agen,*
And, with his preſence make us know
The gratitude to Heaven we owe.
So doth a cruel ſtorm impart
And teach us Palinurus *art.*
So from ſalt floods, wept by our eyes,
A joyful Venus *doth ariſe.*

A Vote.

1.

LEſt the miſ-judging world ſhould chance to ſay,
I durſt not but in ſecret murmurs pray,
To whiſper in *Joves* ear,
How much I wiſh that Funeral,
Or gape at ſuch a great ones fall,
This let all ages hear,
And future times in my ſoul picture ſee
What I abhor, what I deſire to be.

2.

I would not be a Puritan, though he
Can Preach two hours, and yet his Sermon be
But half a quarter long,
Though from his old mechanick trade
By viſion he's a Paſtor made,
His faith was grown ſo ſtrong.
Nay though he think to gain ſalvation,
By calling th' Pope the Whore of Babylon.

3.

I would not be a School-maſter, though he
His Rods no leſs than *Faſces* deems to be,
Though he in many a place,
Turns *Lilly* oftner than his gowns,
Till at the laſt he make the Nowns,
Fight with the Verbs apace.
Nay though he can in a Poetick heat,
Figures, born ſince, out of poor *Virgil* beat.

4.

I would not be Juſtice of Peace, though he
Can with equality divide the Fee,
And ſtakes with his Clerk draw:
Nay though he ſit upon the place
Of Judgment with a learned face
Intricate as the Law.
And whilſt he mulcts enormities demurely,
Breaks *Priſcians* head with ſentences ſecurely.

5.

I would not be a Courtier, though he
Makes his whole life the trueſt Comedy:
Although he be a man
In whom the Taylors forming Art,
And nimble Barber claim more part
Than Nature her ſelf can.
Though, as he uſes men, 'tis his intent
To put off death too, with a Complement.

6.

From Lawyers tongues, though they can ſpin with eaſe
The ſhorteſt cauſe into a Paraphraſe,
From Uſurers conſcience
(For ſwallowing up young Heirs ſo faſt
Without all doubt they'l choakt at laſt)
Make me all innocence.
Good Heaven; and from thy eyes, O Juſtice keep,
For though they be not blind, they're oft aſleep.

7.

From Singing-mens Religion, who are
Always at Church juſt like the Crows, 'cauſe there
They build themſelves a neſt.
From too much Poetry, which ſhines
With gold in nothing but its lines,
Free, O you powers, my breſt.
And from Aſtronomy within the Skies
Finds Fiſh, and Bulls, yet doth but Tantalize.

8. From

8.

From your Court-Madams beauty, which doth carry
At morning *May*, at night a *January*.
From the grave City brow
(For though it want an R, it has
The letter of *Pythagoras*)
Keep me O Fortune now,
And Chines of Beef innumerable ſend me,
Or from the ſtomach of the Guard defend me.

9.

This only grant me: that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknowers are better than ill known.
Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not from the number, but the choice of friends.

10.

Books ſhould, not buſineſs, entertain the light,
And ſleep, as undiſturb'd as death, the night.
My houſe a cottage more
Than palace, and ſhould fitting be
For all my uſe, no luxury,
My garden painted o're
With natures hand, not arts, that pleaſures yield,
Horace might envy in his *Sabine* field.

11.

Thus would I double my lifes fading ſpace,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
Theſe unbought ſports, and happy ſtate,
I would not fear, nor wiſh my fate,
But boldly ſay each night,
To morrow let my Sun his beams diſplay,
Or in Clouds hide them; *I have liv'd to day.*

A Poetical Revenge.

WEſtminſter-Hall a friend and I agreed
To meet in; he (ſome buſineſs 'twas did breed
His abſence) came not there; I up did go
To the next Court, for though I could not know
Much what they meant, yet I might ſee and hear
(As moſt Spectators do at Theater)
Things very ſtrange; Fortune did ſeem to grace
My coming there, and helpt me to a place.
But being newly ſetled at the ſport,
A ſemi-gentleman of th' Inns of Court,
In a Satin-ſuit, redeem'd but yeſterday;
One who is raviſh'd with a Cock-pit Play,
Who prays God to deliver him from no evil
Beſides a Taylors Bill; and fears no Devil
Beſides a Serjeant, thruſt me from my ſeat:
At which I 'gan to quarrel, till a neat
Man in a Ruff (whom therefore I did take
For Barreſter) open'd his mouth and ſpake;
Boy, get you gone, this is no School: Oh no;
For if it were, all you gown'd-men would go
Up for falſe Latin: they grew ſtraight to be
Incens'd, I fear'd they would have brought on me
An Action of Treſpaſs, till th' young man
Aforeſaid, in the Sattin Suit, began
To ſtrike me: doubtleſs there had been a fray,
Had not I providently skipp'd away,
Without replying; for to ſcold is ill,
Where every tongue's the Clapper of a Mill,
And can out-ſound *Homers Gradivus*; ſo
Away got I; but e're I far did go,
I flung (the Darts of wounding *Poetry*)
Theſe two or three ſharp curſes back: May he
Be by his Father in his Study took
At *Shakeſpeares* Plays, inſtead of my Lord *Coke*.
May he (though all his writings grow as ſoon
As *Butters* out of eſtimation)
Get him a Poets name, and ſo ne're come
Into a Serjeants, or dead Judges room.
May he become ſome poor Phyſicians prey,
Who keeps men with that conſcience in delay
As he his Client doth, till his health be
As far fetcht as a Greek Nouns pedigree.
Nay, for all that, may the diſeaſe be gone
Never but in the long Vacation.
May Neighbours uſe all Quarrels to decide;
But if for Law any to *London* ride,

Of

Of all thoſe Clients may no one be his,
Unleſs he come in *Forma Pauperis.*
Grant this you Gods that favour *Poetry,*
That all theſe never ceaſing tongues may be
Brought into reformation, and not dare
To quarrel with a thred-bare Black; but ſpare
Them who bear Scholars names, leſt ſome one take
Spleen, and another *Ignoramus* make.

To the Dutcheſs of Buckingham.

IF I ſhould ſay, that in your face were ſeen
Natures beſt Picture of the *Cyprian* Queen;
If I ſhould ſwear under *Minerva*'s Name,
Poets (who Prophets are) fore-told your fame,
The future age would think it flattery,
But to the preſent which can witneſs be,
'Twould ſeem beneath your high deſerts as far,
As you above the reſt of women are.
When *Mannors* name with *Villiers* joyn'd I ſee,
How do I reverence your Nobility!
But when the vertues of your Stock I view,
(Envi'd in your dead Lord, admir'd in you)
I half adore them: for what woman can
Beſides your ſelf (nay I might ſay what man)
Both Sex, and Birth, and Fate, and years excel
In Mind, in Fame, in Worth, in living well?
Oh, how had this begot Idolatry,
If you had liv'd in the Worlds Infancy,
When mans too much Religion, made the beſt
Or Deities, or Semi-gods at leaſt?
But we, forbidden this by piety,
Or, if we were not, by your modeſty,
Will make our hearts an Altar, and there pray
Not to, but for you, nor that *England* may
Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,
But what's more poſſible, t'enjoy you long.

To his very much honored Godfather, Mr. A. B.

I Love (for that upon the wings of Fame
Shall perhaps mock Death or times Darts) my *Name.*
I love it more, becauſe 'twas given by you;
I love it moſt, becauſe 'twas your name too.
For if I chance to ſlip, a conſcious ſhame
Plucks me, and bids me not defile your name.

I'm

I'm glad that City t'whom I ow'd before,
(But ah me! Fate hath croſt that willing Score)
A Father, gave me a Godfather too,
And I'm more glad, becauſe it gave me you;
Whom I may rightly think, and term to be
Of the whole City an Epitome.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one
(When Nature had not licenced my tongue
Farther than cries) who ſhould my office do;
I thank her more, becauſe ſhe found out you:
In whoſe each look, I may a ſentence ſee;
In whoſe each deed, a teaching Homily.

How ſhall I pay this Debt to you? My Fate
Denies me *Indian* Pearl or *Perſian* Plate.
Which though it did not, to requite you thus,
Were to ſend Apples to *Alcinous*,
And ſell the cunning'ſt way: No, when I can
In every Leaf, in every Verſe write Man,

When my Quill reliſheth a School no more,
When my pen-feather'd Muſe hath learnt to ſoar,
Aud gotten wings as well as feet; look then
For equal thanks from my unwearied Pen:
Till future ages ſay; 'twas you did give
A name to me, and I made yours to live.

An ELEGY on the Death of *John Littleton*, Eſquire, Son and Heir to Sir *Thomas Littleton*, who was drowned leaping into the Water to ſave his younger Brother.

AND muſt theſe Waters ſmile again? and play
About the ſhore, as they did yeſterday?
Will the Sun court them ſtill? and ſhall they ſhow
No conſcious wrinkle furrowed on their brow,
That to the thirſty Traveller may ſay,
I am accurſt, go turn ſome other way?
It is unjuſt; black flood, thy guilt is more,
Sprung from his loſs, than all thy watry ſtore
Can give thee tears to mourn for: Birds ſhall be
And Beaſts henceforth afraid to drink of thee.
What have I ſaid? my pious rage hath been
Too hot, and acts whilſt it accuſeth ſin.

Thou

Thou'rt innocent I know, ſtill clear, and bright,
Fit whence ſo pure a Soul ſhould take its flight.
How is angry zeal confin'd? for he
Muſt quarrel with his love and piety,
That would revenge his death. Oh I ſhall ſin,
And wiſh anon he had leſs vertuous been.
For when his Brother (tears for him I'de ſpill,
But they're all challeng'd by the greater ill)
Strugled for life with the rude waves, he too
Leapt in, and when hope no faint beam could ſhow,
His charity ſhone moſt; thou ſhalt, ſaid he,
Live with me, Brother, or I'le die with thee;
And ſo he did: Had he been thine, O Rome,
Thou would'ſt have call'd this Death a Martyrdom,
And Sainted him; my conſcience give me leave,
I'le do ſo too: if fate will us bereave
Of him we honor'd living, there muſt be
A kind of reverence to his memory,
After his death: and where more juſt than here,
Where life and end were both ſo ſingular?
He that had only talkt with him, might find
A little Academy *in his mind;*
Where Wiſdom, Maſter *was, and* Fellows *all*
Which we can good, which we can vertuous call.
Reaſon, *and* Holy Fear *the* Proctors *were,*
To apprehend thoſe words, thoſe thoughts that err.
His learning had out-run the reſt of Heirs,
Stoln Beard from time, and leapt to twenty years.
And as the Sun, though in full glory bright,
Shines upon all men with impartial light,
And a good morrow to the Beggar *brings*
With as full Rays *as to the mightieſt* Kings:
So he, although his worth juſt ſtate might claim,
And give to pride an honorable name,
With courteſie to all, cloath'd vertue ſo,
That 'twas not higher than his thoughts were low.
In's body too, no Critique *eye could find*
The ſmalleſt blemiſh, to bely his mind;
He was all pureneſs, ond his outward part
But repreſents the picture of his heart.
When Waters ſwallow'd mankind, and did cheat
The hungry Worm of its expected meat;
When gemms, pluckt from the ſhore by ruder hands,
Return'd again unto their native ſands;
'Mongſt all thoſe ſpoils, there was not any prey,
Could equal what this Brook hath ſtoln away.
Weep then ſad Flood; and though thou'rt innocent,
Weep becauſe Fate made thee her inſtrument:
And when long grief hath drunk up all thy ſtore,
Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee more.

A Tranſ-

A Tranſlation of Verſes upon the Bleſſed Virgin, Written in Latin by the Right Worſhipful Dr. A.

Ave Maria.

ONce thou rejoyceds't, and rejoyce for ever,
Whoſe time of joy ſhall be expired never:
Who in her Womb the *Hive of Comfort* bears,
Let her drink *Comforts Honey* with her ears.
You brought the Word of Joy in, which was born
An Hail to all, let us *An Hail* return.
From you *God ſave* into the world there came;
Our *Eccho Hail* is but an empty name.

Gratia plena.

How loaded Hives are with their Honey fill'd,
From divers Flowers by *Chimick* Bees diſtill'd:
How full the *Collet* with his Jewel is,
Which, that it cannot take, by love doth kiſs:
How full the *Moon* is with her Brothers Ray,
When ſhe drinks up with thirſty orb the day,
How full of *Grace* the *Graces* dances are,
So full doth *Mary* of *Gods* light appear.
It is no wonder if with *Graces* ſhe
Be full, who was full with the *Deity.*

Dominus tecum.

The fall of mankind under deaths extent
The quire of Bleſſed *Angels* did lament,
And wiſht a reparation to ſee
By him, who manhood joyn'd with *Deity.*
How grateful ſhould mans ſafety then appear
T'himſelf, whoſe ſafety can the *Angels* chear?

Benedicta tu in mulieribus.

Death came, and troops of ſad *Diſeaſes* led
To th' earth, by womans hand ſolicited:
Life came ſo too, and troops of *Graces* led
To th'earth, by womans *Faith* ſolicited.
As our lifes ſpring came from thy Bleſſed Womb,
So from our Mouths ſprings of thy praiſe ſhall come.
Who did lifes bleſſing give, 'tis fit that ſhe
Above all Women ſhould thrice bleſſed be.

Et benedictus fructus ventris tui.

With Mouth Divine the Father doth proteſt,
He a good word ſent from his ſtored breaſt;

'Twas

'Twas *Christ*: which *Mary* without carnal thought,
From the unfathhm'd depth of goodnes brought.
The word of blessing a just cause affords,
To be oft blessed with redoubled words.

Spiritus Sanctus supervenit in te.

As when soft West winds strook the Garden Rose,
A showre of sweeter air salutes the Nose;
The breath gives sparing kisses, nor with power
Unlocks the Virgin bosom of the Flower.
So th' *Holy Spirit* upon *Mary* Blow'd,
And from her Sacred Box whole Rivers flow'd.
Yet loos'd not thine Eternal Chastity,
Thy Roses folds do still entangled lie.
Believe *Christ* born from an unbruised Womb,
So from unbruised Bark the Odors come.

Et virtus altissimi obumbrabit tibi.

God his great Son begot e're time begun,
Mary in time brought forth her little Son.
Of double Substance, One, Life he began,
God without *Mother*, without *Father Man*.
Great is this Birth, and 'tis a stranger deed,
That *She* no *Man*, than *God* no Wife should need.
A Shade delighted the Child-bearing Maid,
And *God* himself became to her a Shade.
O strange descent! who is lights Author, he
Will to his creature thus a shadow be.
As unseen Light did from the Father flow,
So did seen Light from *Virgin Mary* grow.
When *Moses* sought *God* in a shade to see,
The Fathers shade, was *Christ* the *Deity*.
Let's seek for day, we darkness, whilst our sight
In light finds darkness, and in darkness light.

ODE I.

On the Praise of Poetry.

'TIS not a *Pyramide* of Marble stone,
Though high as our ambition;
'Tis not a Tomb cut out in Brass, which can
Give life to th' ashes of a man,
But Verses only; they shall fresh appear,
Whilst there are men to read, or hear.

When Time ſhall make the laſting Braſs decay,
And eat the *Pyramide* away,
Turning that Monument wherein men truſt
Their names, to what it keeps, poor duſt:
Then ſhall the *Epitaph* remain, and be
New graven in Eternity.
Poets by Death are conquered, but the *wit*
Of *Poets* triumph over it.
What cannot Verſe? When *Thracian Orpheus* took
His Lyre, and gently on it ſtrook,
The learned ſtones came dancing all along,
And kept time to the charming Song.
With artificial pace the Warlike *Pine*,
Th' *Elm*, and his Wife the *Ivy twine*,
With all the better trees, which erſt had ſtood
Unmov'd, forſook their native Wood.
The *Lawrel* to the *Poets* hand did bow,
Craving the honour of his Brow:
And every loving arm embrac'd, and made
With their officious leaves a ſhade.
The Beaſts too ſtrove his auditors to be,
Forgetting their old tyranny.
The fearful *Hart* next to the *Lion* came,
And *Wolf* was *Shepherd* to the *Lamb*.
Nightingales, harmleſs *Syrens* of the air,
And *Muſes* of the place, were there.
Who when their little windpipes they had found
Unequal to ſo ſtrange a ſound,
O'recome by art and grief they did expire,
And fell upon the conquering Lyre.
Happy, O happy they, whoſe Tomb might be,
Mauſolus, envied by thee!

ODE II.

That a pleaſant Poverty is to be preferred before diſcontented Riches.

1.

WHY O doth gaudy *Tagus* raviſh thee,
Though *Neptunes* Treaſure-houſe it be?
Why doth *Pactolus* thee bewitch,
Infected yet with *Midas* glorious Itch?

2.

Their dull and ſleepy ſtreams are not at all
Like other Floods, *Poetical*,
They have no dance, no wanton ſport,
No gentle murmur, the lov'd ſhore to court.

3.

No Fiſh inhabit the adulterate Flood,
Nor can it feed the neighbouring Wood,
No Flower or Herb is near it found,
But a perpetual Winter ſtarves the ground.

4.

Give me a River which doth ſcorn to ſhew
An added beauty, whoſe clear brow
May be my looking-glaſs, to ſee
What my face is, and what my mind ſhould be.

5.

Here waves call waves, and glide along in rank,
And prattle to the ſmiling bank,
Here ſad *King-fiſhers* tell their tales,
And Fiſh enrich the Brook with ſilver ſcales.

6.

Daiſies the firſt-born of the teeming Spring,
On each ſide their embroidery bring,
Here *Lillies* waſh, and grow more white,
And *Daffadills* to ſee themſelves delight.

7.

Here a freſh Arbor gives her amorous ſhade,
Which *Nature*, the beſt *Gard'ner* made.
Here I would ſit, and ſing rude lays,
Such as the *Nymphs*, and *me my ſelf* ſhould pleaſe.

8.

Thus I would waſte, thus end my careleſs days,
And *Robin-red-breſts* whom men praiſe
For pious Birds, ſhould when I die,
Make both my *Monument* and *Elegy*.

ODE III.

To his Miſtris.

1.

TYrian dye why do you wear
You whoſe cheeks beſt Scarlet are?
Why do you fondly pin
Pure Linnen o're your Skin,
(Your Skin that's whiter far)
Caſting a dusky Cloud before a Star?

2.

Why bears your neck a golden Chain?
Did nature make your hair in vain,
Of Gold moſt pure and fine?
With gemms why do you ſhine?
They, neighbours to your eyes,
Shew but like *Phoſpor*, when the *Sun* doth riſe.

3.

I would have all my *Miſtris* parts,
Owe more to *Nature* than to *Arts*,
I would not woe the dreſs,
Or one whoſe nights give leſs
Contentment, than the day.
She's fair, whoſe beauty only makes her gay.

4.

For 'tis not buildings make a Court,
Or pomp, but 'tis the Kings reſort:
If *Jupiter* down pour
Himſelf, and in a ſhowre
Hide ſuch bright *Majeſty*
Leſs than a *golden one* it cannot be.

ODE IV.

On the uncertainty of Fortune. A Tranſlation.

1.

LEave off unfit complaints, and clear
From ſighs your breaſt, and from black clouds your brow,
When the Sun ſhines not with his wonted chear,
And Fortune throws an adverſe caſt for you.
That Sea which vext with *Notus* is,
The merry *Eaſt-winds* will to morrow kiſs.

2.

The Sun to day rides drouſily,
To morrow 'twill put on a look more fair,
Laughter and groaning do alternately
Return, and tears ſports neareſt neighbours are.
'Tis by the Gods appointed ſo
That good fare ſhould with mingled dangers flow.

3.

Who drave his Oxen yeſterday,
Doth now over the Nobleſt *Romans* reign.
And on the *Gabii*, and the *Cures* lay
The yoke which from his *Oxen* he had ta'ne.
Whom *Heſperus* ſaw poor and low,
The mornings eye beholds him greateſt now.

4,

If fortune knit amongſt her play
But ſeriouſneſs; he ſhall again go home
To his old Country Farm of yeſterday,
To ſcoffing people no mean jeſt become.
And with the *crowned Axe*, which he
Had rul'd the World, go back and prune ſome Tree.
Nay if he want the fuel cold requires,
With his own *Faſces* he ſhall make him *fires*.

ODE V.

In Commendation of the time we live under the Reign of our Gracious King Charles.

CUrſt be that wretch (Deaths Factor ſure) who brought
Dire Swords into the peaceful world, and taught

Smiths,

Smiths, who before could only make
The Spade, the Plowſhare, and the Rake;
Arts, in moſt cruel wiſe
Mans life t'epitomize.

2.

Then men (fond men alas) rid poſt to th' grave,
And cut thoſe threds, which yet the *Fates* would ſave.
Then *Charon* ſweated at his trade,
And had a larger *Ferry* made,
Then, then the ſilver hair,
Frequent before, grew rare.

3.

Then *Revenge* married to *Ambition*,
Begat black *War*, then *Avarice* crept on.
Then limits to each field were ſtrain'd,
And *Terminus* a *Godhead* gain'd.
To men before was found,
Beſides the Sea, no bound.

4.

In what Plain or what River hath not been
Wars ſtory, writ in blood (ſad ſtory) ſeen?
This truth too well our *England* knows,
'Twas civil ſlaughter dy'd her *Roſe*:
Nay then her *Lilly* too,
With bloods loſs paler grew.

5.

Such griefs, nay worſe than theſe, we now ſhould
Did not juſt *Charles* ſilence the rage of ſteel;
He to our Land bleſt peace doth bring,
All neighbour Countries envying.
Happy who did remain
Unborn till *Charles* his Reign!

6.

Where dreaming *Chymicks* is your pain and coſt?
How is your oyl, how is your labour loſt?
Our *Charles*, bleſt *Alchymiſt* (though ſtrange,
Believe it future times) did change
The *Iron* age of old,
Into an age of *Gold*.

ODE

ODE VI.

Upon the ſhortneſs of Mans Life.

MArk that ſwift Arrow how it cuts the air,
How it out-runs thy following eye,
Uſe all perſuaſions now, and try
If thou canſt call it back, or ſtay it there.
That way it went, but thou ſhalt find
No tract is left behind.
Fool, 'tis thy life, and the fond *Archer* thou,
Of all the time thou'ſt ſhot away
I'le bid thee fetch but yeſterday,
And it ſhall be too hard a task to do.
Beſides repentance, what canſt find
That it hath left behind?
Our life is carried with too ſtrong a tide,
A doubtful *Cloud* our ſubſtance bears,
And is the *Horſe* of all our years.
Each day doth on a winged *whirl-wind* ride.
We and our *Glaſs* run out, and muſt
Both render up our duſt.
But his paſt life who without grief can ſee,
Who never thinks his end too near,
But ſays to *Fame*, thou art mine *Heir*.
That man extends lifes natural brevity;
This is, this is the only way
T'out-live *Neſtor* in a day.

An Anſwer to an Invitation to Cambridge.

1.

NIchols, my better ſelf, forbear,
For if thou tell'ſt what *Cambridge* pleaſures are,
The *School-boys* ſin will light on me,
I ſhall in mind at leaſt a *Truant* be.
Tell me not how you feed your mind
With dainties of *Philoſophy*,
In *Ovid's Nut* I ſhall not find,
The taſte once pleaſed me.
O tell me not of *Logicks* diverſe chear,
I ſhall begin to loath our *Crambe* here.

2. Tell

2.

Tell me not how the waves appear
Of *Cam*, or how it cuts the *Learned Shire*,
I shall contemn the troubled *Thames*.
On her chief *Holiday*, even when her streams
Are with rich folly gilded, when
The *Quondam Dung-boat* is made gay,
Just like the bravery of the men,
And graces with fresh paint that day.
When th' *City* shines with *Flags* and *Pageants* there,
And Sattin Doublets, seen not twice a year.

3.

Why do I stay then? I would meet
Thee there, but *Plummets* hang upon my feet:
'Tis my chief wish to live with thee,
But not till I deserve thy company:
Till then we'l scorn to let that toy,
Some forty miles, divide our hearts:
Write to me, and I shall enjoy,
Friendship, and *Wit*, thy better parts.
Though envious *Fortune* larger hindrance brings,
We'l easily see each other, *Love hath wings*.

LOVES

LOVES RIDDLE.

A

Pastoral Comedy:

WRITTEN

At the time of his being Kings Scholar in *WESTMINSTER*-School,

By *A. Cowley.*

LONDON:

Printed by *M. C.* for *C. Harper*, and *J. Tonson*,
MDCLXXXI.

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To the truly Worthy and Noble, Sir *KENELM DIGBY*, Knight.

THis latter Age, the Lees of Time, hath known,
Few that have made both Pallas *arts their own,*
But you, Great Sir, two Lawrels wear, and are
Victorious in Peace, as well as War.
Learning by right of Conqueſt is your own,
And every liberal Art your Captive grown.
As if neglected Science (for it now
Wants ſome defenders) fled for help to you
Whom I muſt follow, and let this for me
An earneſt of my future ſervice be.
Which I ſhould fear to ſend you, did I know
Your Judgment only, not your Candor too.
For 'twas a Work, ſtoln (though you'l juſtly call
This Play, as fond as thoſe) from Cat, or Ball.
Had it been written ſince, I ſhould, I fear,
Scarce have abſtain'd from a Philoſopher.
Which by Tradition here is thought to be
A neceſſary part in Comedy.
Nor need I tell you this; each line of it
Betrays the Time and Place wherein 'twas writ,
And I could wiſh, that I might ſafely ſay
Reader, this Play was made but th'other day.
Yet 'tis not ſtuff'd with names of Gods, hard words,
Such as the Metamorphoſis affords.
Nor has't a part for Robinion, *whom they*
At School, account eſſential to a Play.
The ſtile is low, ſuch as you'l eaſily take
For what a Swain might ſay, and a Boy make.
Take it, as early fruits, which rare appear,
Though not half ripe, but worſt of all the year.
And if it pleaſe your taſte, my Muſe will ſay,
The Birch which crown'd her then, is grown a Bay.

Yours in all obſervance,

A. COWLEY.

The Scene Sicily.

The Actors Names.

Demophil, *Spodaia*, } two old folks of a Noble Family.
Florellus, *Callidora*, } their Children.
Philiſtus, *Aphron*, } two Gentlemen, both in love with *Callidora*.
Clariana, Siſter to *Philiſtus*.
Melarnus, *Truga*, *Hylace*, } a crabbed old Shepherd, his Wife, their Daughter.
Ægon, ------an ancient Country-man.
Bellula, -----his ſuppoſed Daughter.
Palæmon, ---a young Swain in love with *Hylace*.
Alupis, ------a merry Shepherd.
Clariana's Maid.

Loves Riddle.

Act I. Scene I.

Enter Callidora *diſguiſed in mans apparel.*

MAD feet, ye have been traytors to your Maſter:
Where have you led me? ſure my truant mind
Hath taught my body thus to wander too;
Faintneſs and fear ſurprize me: Ye juſt gods,
If ye have brought me to this place to ſcourge
The folly of my love, (I might ſay madneſs)
Diſpatch me quickly; ſend ſome pitying men
Or cruel beaſt to find me; let me be
Fed by the one, or let me feed the other.
Why are theſe trees ſo brave? why do they wear
Such green and freſh apparel? how they ſmile!
How their proud tops play with the courting wind!
Can they behold me pine and languiſh here,
And yet not ſympathize at all in mourning?
Do they upbraid my ſorrows? can it be
That theſe thick branches never ſeen before
But by the Sun, ſhould learn ſo much of man?
The Trees in Courtiers Gardens, which are conſcious
Of their guilt, maſters ſtatelineſs and pride,
Themſelves would pity me; yet theſe——Who's there?

Enter Alupis *ſinging.*

1.

Riſe up thou mournful Swain,
For 'tis but a folly
To be melancholly
And get thee thy pipe again.

2. *Come*

2.

Come ſing away the day,
For 'tis but a folly
To be melancholly,
Let's live here whilſt we may.

Cal. I marry Sir, this fellow hath ſome fire in him,
Methinks a ſad and drowſie Shepherd is
A prodigy in nature, for the Woods
Should be as far from ſorrow, as they are
From ſorrows cauſes, riches and the like.
Hail to you Swain, I am a Gentleman
Driven here by ignorance of the way, and would
Confeſs my ſelf bound to you for a courteſie,
If you would pleaſe to help me to ſome lodging
Where I may reſt my ſelf.
Alu. *For 'tis but a folly*, &c.
Cal. Well; if the reſt be like this fellow here,
Then I have travell'd fairly now; for certainly
This is a land of Fools; ſome Colony
Of elder Brothers have been planted here,
And begot this fair generation.
Prithee, good Shepherd, tell me where thou dwell'ſt?
Alu. *For 'tis but a folly*, &c.
Cal. Why art thou mad?
Alu. What if I be?
I hope 'tis no diſcredit for me Sir?
For in this age who is not? I'le prove it to you,
Your Citizen he's mad to truſt the Gentleman
Both with his Wares and Wife. Your Courtier
He's mad to ſpend his time in ſtudying poſtures,
Cringes, and faſhions, and new complements;
Your Lawyer he's mad to ſell away
His tongue for money, and his Clients madder
To buy it of him, ſince 'tis of no uſe
But to undo men, and the Latin tongue:
Your Scholars they are mad to break their brains,
Out-watch the Moon, and look more pale than ſhe,
That ſo when all the Arts call him their Maſter,
He may perhaps get ſome ſmall Vicaridge,
Or be the Uſher of a School; but there's
A thing in black called Poet, who is ten
Degrees in madneſs above theſe; his means
Is what the gentle Fates pleaſe to allow him
By the Death or Marriage of ſome mighty Lord,
Which he muſt ſolemnize with a new Song.
Cal. This fellows wit amazeth me; but friend,
What do you think of Lovers?
Alu. Worſt of all;

Is't

Is't not a pretty folly to ſtand thus,
And ſigh, and fold the arms, and cry my *Cœlia*,
My ſoul, my life, my *Cœlia*, then to wring
Ones ſtate for preſents, and ones brain for Sonnets?
O! 'tis beyond the name of phrenzy.
Cal. What ſo Satyrick Shepherd? I believe
You did not learn theſe flaſhes in the Woods;
How is it poſſible that you ſhould get
Such near acquaintance with the City manners,
And yet live here in ſuch a ſilent place,
Where one would think the very name of City
Could hardly enter.
Alu. Why I'le tell you Sir;
My father died, (you force me to remember
A grief that deſerves tears) and left me young,
And (if a Shepherd may be ſaid ſo) rich;
I in an itching wantonneſs to ſee
What other Swains ſo wond'red at, the City,
Straight ſold my Rural Portion (for the wealth
Of Shepherds is their flocks) and thither went,
Where whilſt my money laſted I was welcome,
And liv'd in credit, but when that was gone,
And the laſt piece ſigh'd in my empty pocket,
I was contemn'd, then I began to feel
How dearly I had bought experience,
And without any thing beſides repentance
To load me, return'd back, and here I live
To laugh at all thoſe follies which I ſaw.

SONG.

The merry waves dance up and down, and play,
Sport is granted to the Sea.
Birds are the Queriſters of th' empty air,
Sport is never wanting there.
The ground doth ſmile at the Springs flowry birth,
Sport is granted to the earth.
The fire its cheering flame on high doth rear,
Sport is never wanting there.
If all the elements, the Earth, the Sea,
Air, and fire, ſo merry be;
Why is mans mirth ſo ſeldom, and ſo ſmall,
Who is compounded of them all?

Cal. You may rejoyce; but ſighs befit me better.
Alu. Now on my conſcience thou haſt loſt a Miſtris;
If it be ſo, thank God, and love no more;
Or elſe perhaps ſhe has burnt your whining letter,
Or kiſs'd another Gentleman in your ſight,
Or elſe denied you her glove, or laught at you,
Cauſes indeed which deſerve ſpecial mourning,

And

And now you come to talk with your God *Cupid*
In private here, and call the Woods to witneſs,
And all the ſtreams which murmur when they hear
The injuries they ſuffer; I am ſorry
I have been a hind'rance to your meditations,
Farewel Sir.

Cal. Nay, good Shepherd, you miſtake me.

Alu. Faith, I am very chary of my health,
I would be loth to be infected Sir.

Cal. Thou needeſt not fear; I have no diſeaſe at all
Beſides a troubled mind.

Alu. Why that's the worſt, the worſt of all.

Cal. And therefore it doth challenge
Your pity the more, you ſhould the rather
Strive to be my Phyſician.

Alu. The good Gods forbid it; I turn Phyſician?
My Parents brought me up more piouſly,
Than that I ſhould play booty with a ſickneſs,
Turn a Conſumption to mens purſes, and
Purge them worſe than their bodies, and ſet up
An Apothecaries ſhop in private chambers,
Live by revenue of Cloſe-ſtools and Urinals,
Deferr off ſick mens health from day to day,
As if they went to law with their diſeaſe.
No, I was born for better ends, than to ſend away
His Majeſties Subjects to Hell ſo faſt,
As if I were to ſhare the ſtakes with *Charon*.

Cal. Your wit errs much:
For as the ſoul is nobler than the body,
So its corruption asks a better medicine
Than is applied to Gouts, Catarrs, or Agues,
And that is Counſel.

Alu. So then: I ſhould be
Your ſouls Phyſician; why, I could talk out
An hour or ſo, but then I want a cuſhion
To thump my precept into; but tell me pray,
What name bears your diſeaſe?

Cal. A Fever, Shepherd, but ſo far above
An outward one, that the viciſſitudes
Of that may ſeem but warmth, and coolneſs only;
This, flame, and froſt.

Alu. So; I underſtand you,
You are a Lover, which is by tranſlation
A fool, or a beaſt, for I'le define you; you're
Partly *Chamæleon*, partly *Salamander*,
You're fed by th'air, and live i'th' fire.

Cal. Why did you never love? have you no ſoftneſs,
Nought of your Mother in you? if that Sun
Which ſcorched me, ſhould caſt one beam upon you,
'Twould quickly melt the ice about your heart,

And

And lend your eyes fresh streams.

Alu. 'Faith, I think not; I have seen all your beauties of the Court, And yet was never ravisht, never made A doleful Sonnet unto angry *Cupid*, Either to warm her heart, or else cool mine, And no face yet could ever wound me so, But that I quickly found a remedy.

Cal. That were an art worth learning, and you need not Be niggard of your knowledge; See the Sun Though it have given this many thousand years Light to the world, yet is as big and bright As e're it was, and hath not lost one beam Of his first glory; then let charity Persuade you to instruct me, I shall be A very thankful Scholar.

Alu. I shall: for 'tis both easily taught and learn'd, *Come sing away the day*, &c. Mirth is the only physick.

Cal. It is a way which I have much desired To cheat my sorrow with; and for that purpose Would fain turn Shepherd, and in rural sports Wear my lifes remnant out; I would forget All things, my very name if it were possible.

Alu. Pray let me learn it first.

Cal. 'Tis *Calidorus*.

Alu. Thank you; if you your self chance to forget it Come but to me I'le do you the same courtesie, In the mean while make me your servant Sir, I will instruct you in things necessary For the creation of a Shepherd, and We two will laugh at all the world securely, And fling jests 'gainst the businesses of state Without endangering our ears.

Come, come away,
For 'tis but a folly
To live melancholy,
Let's live here whilst we may. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Palæmon, Melarnus, Truga, Ægon, Bellula, Hylace,

Pal. I see I am undone.

Mel. Come no matter for that, you love my Daughter? By *Pan*; but come, no matter for that; you my *Hylace?*

Tru. Nay good Duck, do not vex your self; what though he loves her? you know she will not have him.

Mel. Come, no matter for that; I will vex my self, and vex him too, shall such an idle fellow as he strive to entice away honest mens Children? let him go feed his flocks; but alas! he has none to trouble him; ha, ha, ha, yet he would marry my daughter.

Pal. Thou art a malicious doting man,

And one who cannot boaſt of any thing
But that ſhe calls thee Father, though I cannot
Number ſo large a flock of ſheep as thou,
Nor ſend ſo many cheeſes to the City,
Yet in my mind I am an Emperor
If but compar'd with thee.

Tru. Of what place I pray?
'Tis of ſome new diſcovered Country, is't not?

Pal. Prithee good *Wintor* if thou wilt be talking,
Keep thy breath in a little, for it ſmells
Worſe than a Goat; yet thou muſt talk,
For thou haſt nothing left thee of a woman
But luſt, and tongue.

Hyl. Shepherd, here's none ſo taken with your wit
But you might ſpare it; if you be ſo laviſh,
You'le have none left another time to make
The Song of the forſaken Lover with.

Pal. I'm dumb, my lips are ſeal'd, ſeal'd up for ever
May my raſh tongue forget to be interpreter,
And organ of my ſenſes, if you ſay
It hath offended you.

Hyl. Troth if you make
But that condition, I ſhall agree to't quickly.

Mel. By *Pan* well ſaid girl; what a fool was I
To ſuſpect thee of loving him? but come
'Tis no matter for that; when e're thou art married
I'le add ten ſheep more to thy portion,
For putting this one jeſt upon him.

Æg. Nay now I muſt needs tell you that your anger
Is grounded with no reaſon to maintain it,
If you intend your Daughter ſhall not marry him,
Say ſo, but play not with his paſſion,
For 'tis inhumane wit which jeers the wretched.

Mel. Come, 'tis no matter for that; what I do, I do;
I ſhall not need your counſel.

Tru. I hope my Husband and I have enough wiſdom
To govern our own Child; if we want any
'I will be to little purpoſe, I dare ſay,
To come to borrow ſome of you.

Æg. 'Tis very likely pretty Miſtris *Maukin*,
You with a face looks like a Winter Apple
When 'tis ſhrunk up together and half rotten,
I'de ſee you hang'd up for a thing to skare
The Crows away before I'le ſpend my breath
To teach you any.

Hyl. Alas good Shepherd!
What do you imagine that I ſhould love you for?

Pal. For all my ſervices, the vertuous zeal
And conſtancy with which I ever woed you,
Though I were blacker than a ſtarleſs night,

Or

Or conſciences where guilt and horror dwell,
Although ſplay-leg'd, crooked, deform'd in all parts,
And but the Chaos only of a man;
Yet if I love and honour you, humanity
Would teach you not to hate, or laugh at me.

Hyl. Pray ſpare your fine perſwaſions, and ſet ſpeeches,
And rather tell them to thoſe ſtones and trees,
'Twill be to as good purpoſe quite, as when
You ſpend them upon me.

Pal. Give me my final anſwer, that I may
Be either bleſt for ever, or die quickly;
Delay's a cruel rack, and kills by piece-meals.

Hyl. Then here 'tis, you're an aſs,
(Take that for your incivility to my Mother)
And I will never love you.

Pal. You're a woman;
A cruel and fond woman, and my paſſion
Shall trouble you no more; but when I'me dead
My angry ghoſt ſhall vex you worſe than now
Your pride doth me, farewel.

Enter Aphron *mad, meeting* Palæmon *going out.*

Aphr. Nay ſtay Sir, have you found her?

Pal. How now? what's the matter?

Aphr. For I will have her out of you, or elſe
I'le cut thee into Atoms, till the wind
Play with the ſhreds of thy torn body. Look her
Or I will do't.

Pal. Whom; or where?

Aphr. I'le tell thee honeſt fellow; thou ſhalt go
From me as an Embaſſador to the Sun,
For men call him the eye of Heaven, (from which
Nothing lies hid) and tell him—do you mark me—tell him
From me—that if he ſend not word where ſhe is gone,
—I will—nay by the Gods I will.

Æg. Alas poor Gentleman!
Sure he hath loſt ſome Miſtris; beauteous women
Are the chief plagues to men.

Tru. Nay, not ſo Shepherd, when did I plague any?

Æg. How far is he beyond the name of ſlave,
That makes his love his Miſtris?

Aphr. Miſtris? who's that? her ghoſt? 'tis ſhe;
It was her voice; were all the Floods, the Rivers,
And Seas that with their crooked arms embrace
The earth, betwixt us, I'de wade through and meet her;
Were all the *Alps* heap'd on each others head,
Were *Pelion* joyn'd to *Oſſa*, and they both
Thrown on *Olympus* top, they ſhould not make
So high a wall, but I would ſcal't and find her.

Bel. Unhappy man.

Aph. 'Tis empty air: I was too rude, too ſaucy.

And ſhe hath left me; if ſhe be alive
What darkneſs ſhall be thick enough to hide her?
If dead, I'le ſeek the place which Poets call *Elizium*
Where all the ſouls of good and vertuous mortals
Enjoy deſerved pleaſures after death.
What ſhould I fear; if there be an *Erinnys*
'Tis in this breſt, if a *Tiſiphone*
'Tis here, here in this brain are all her ſerpents;
My grief and fury arms me.

Pal. By your leave Sir.

Aph. Now by the Gods, that man that ſtops my journey
Had better have provok'd a hungry Lioneſs
Robb'd of her Whelps, or ſet his naked breaſt
Againſt the Thunder. [*Exit* Aphron.

True. 'Tis well he's gone,
I never could endure to ſee theſe mad men.

Mel. Come, no matter for that [*Enter* Alupis *and*
For now he's gone, here comes another. [Callidorus.
But it's no matter for that neither.
How now? who has he brought with him?

Al. Hail to ye Shepherds and ye beautious Nymphs,
I muſt preſent this ſtranger to your knowledge,
When you're acquainted well, you'le thank me for't.

Cal. Bleſt Maſters of theſe Woods, hail to you all,
'Tis my deſire to be your neighbour here,
And feed my flocks (ſuch as they are) near yours.
This Shepherd tells me, that your gentle nature
Will be moſt willing to accept my friendſhip;
Which if ye do, may all the Sylvian Deities
Be ſtill propitious to you, may your flocks
Yearly increaſe above your hopes or wiſhes;
May none of your young Lambs become a prey
To the rude Wolf, but play about ſecurely;
May dearths be ever exil'd from theſe Woods,
May your fruits proſper, and your Mountain Strawberries
Grow in abundance; may no Lovers be
Deſpis'd, and pine away their years of ſpring:
But the young men and maids be ſtrucken both
With equal ſympathy.

Pal. That were a golden time; the Gods forbid
Mortals to be ſo happy.

Ægon. I thank you; and we wiſh no leſs to you:
You are moſt welcome hither.

Tru. 'Tis a handſome man,
I'le be acquainted with him; we moſt heartily
Accept your company.

Mel. Come no matter for that; we have enough
Already who can bear us company;
But no matter for that neither; we ſhall have
Shortly no room left us to feed our flocks

By

By one another.
Alup. What always grumbling?
Your Father and your Mother ſcolded ſure
Whilſt you were getting; well, if I begin
I'le ſo abuſe thee, and that publickly.
Mel. A rot upon you; you muſt ſtill be humored,
But come, no matter for that; you're welcome then.
Al. What, beauties, are you ſilent?
Take notice of him, (pray) your ſpeaking is
Worth more than all the reſt.
Bell. You're very welcome. [*Salutes her.*
Cal. Thank you fair Nymph, this is indeed a welcome.
Bell. I never ſaw beauty and affability
So well conjoyn'd before; if I ſtay long
I ſhall be quite undone.
Alu. Nay come, put on too.
Hyl. You are moſt kindly welcome.
Cal. You bleſs me too much;
The honour of your lip is entertainment
Princes might wiſh for.
Hyl. Bleſs me, how he looks!
And how he talks; his kiſs was honey too,
His lips as red and ſweet as early cherries,
Softer than Bevers skins.
Bel. Bleſs me, how I envy her!
Would I had that kiſs too!
Hyl. How his eye ſhines! what a bright flame it ſhoots
Bel. How red his cheeks are! ſo our garden apples
Look on that ſide where the hot Sun ſalutes them.
Hyl. How well his hairs become him!
Juſt like that Star which uſhers on the day.
Bell. How fair he is! fairer than whiteſt bloſſoms?
Trug. They two have got a kiſs;
Why ſhould I loſe it for want of ſpeaking?
You're welcome Shepherd.
Alu. Come on: *For 'tis but a folly*, &c.
Tru. Do you hear? you are welcome.
Alu. Here's another muſt have a kiſs.
Tru. Go you're a paltry knave, I, that you are,
To wrong an honeſt woman thus.
Alu. Why he ſhall kiſs thee, never fear it, alas!
I did but jeſt, he'l do't for all this,
Nay, becauſe I will be a Patron to thee
I'le ſpeak to him.
Trug. You're a ſlandering knave,
And you ſhall know't, that you ſhall.
Alu. Nay, if you ſcold ſo loud
Others ſhall know it too; he muſt ſtop your mouth,
Or you'l talk on this three hours; *Callidorus*
If you can patiently endure a ſtink,

Or

Or have frequented e're the City Bear-garden,
Prithee ſalute this fourſcore years, and free me,
She ſays you're welcome too.
Cal. I cry you mercy, Shepherdeſs,
By *Pan* I did not ſee you.
Tru. If my husband and *Alupis* were not here
I'de rather pay him back his kiſs again.
Than be beholden to him.
Alu. What, thou haſt don't?
Well if thou do'ſt not die upon't, hereafter
Thy body will agree even with the worſt
And ſtinking'ſt air in *Europe*.
Cal. Nay, be not angry Shepherdeſs, you know
He doth but jeſt as 'tis his cuſtom.
Tru. I know it is his cuſtom; he was always
Wont to abuſe me, like a knave as he is,
But I'le endure't no more.
Alu. Prithee, good *Callidorus*, if her breath
Be not too bad, go ſtop her mouth again.
She'l ſcold till night elſe.
Tru. Yes marry will I, that I will, you raſcal you,
I'le teach you to lay your frumps upon me;
You delight in it, do you?
Alu. Prithee be quiet, leave but talking to me
And I will never jeer thee any more,
We two will be ſo peaceable hereafter.
Tru. Well upon that condition.
Alu. So, I'me deliver'd. Why how now Lads?
What have you loſt your tongues? I'le have them cry'd,
Palæmon, *Ægon*, *Callidorus*, what?
Are you all dumb? I pray continue ſo,
And I'le be merry with my ſelf.

SONG.

'Tis better to dance than ſing,
The cauſe is if you will know it,
That I to my ſelf ſhall bring
A Poverty
Voluntary
If once I grow but a Poet.

Ægon. And yet methinks you ſing.
Alu. O yes, becauſe here's none do dance,
And both are better far than to be ſad.
Ægon. Come then let's have a round.
Alu. A match; *Palæmon* whither go you?
Pal. The Gods forbid that I ſhould mock my ſelf,
Cheat my own mind, I dance and weep at once?
You may? Farewel. [*Exeit.*
Alu. 'Tis ſuch a whining fool; come, come, *Melarnus*.

Mel. I

Mel. I have no mind to dance; but come, no matter for that, rather than break the ſquares.——

Cal. By your leave, fair one.

Hyl. Would I were in her place.

Alu. Come *Hylaet*, thee and I wench, I warrant thee, You and your Wife together. God bleſs you; ſo —— *For 'tis but a folly*, &c. [*Dance.*

Tru. So there's enough, I'm half a weary.

Mel. Come no matter for that, I have not danc'd ſo much this year.

Alu. So farewel, you'l come along with me?

Cal. Yes, farewel gentle Swains.

Tru. Farewel good Shepherd.

Bel. Your beſt wiſhes follow you.

Hyl. *Pan* always guide you.

Mel. It's no matter for that, come away. [*Exeunt.*

The end of the firſt Act.

Act II. Scene I.

Enter *Demophil*, *Spodaia*, *Philiſtus*, *Clariana*.

Dem. NAY, ſhe is loſt for ever, and her name
Which us'd to be ſo comfortable, now
Is poyſon to our thoughts, and to augment
Our miſery paints forth our former happineſs,
O *Callidora*, O my *Callidora*!
I ſhall ne're ſee thee more.

Spo. If curſed *Aphron*
Hath carried her away, and triumphs now
In the deſtruction of our hoary age
'Twere better ſhe were dead;

Dem. 'Twere better we were all dead; the enjoying
Of tedious life is a worſe puniſhment
Than loſing of my Daughter; Oh! my friends,
Why have I lived ſo long?

Cla. Good Sir be comforted: Brother ſpeak to them.

Spo. Would I had died, when firſt I brought thee forth
My girl, my beſt girl, then I ſhould have ſlept
In quiet, and not wept now.

Phi. I am half a ſtatue,
Freeze me up quite, ye Gods, and let me be
My own ſad monument.

Cla. Alas! you do but hurt your ſelves with weeping;
Conſider pray, it may be ſhe'l come back.

Dem. Oh! never, never, 'tis impoſſible

As

As to call back ſixteen, and with vain Rhetorick
Perſuade my lifes freſh April to return,
She's dead, or elſe far worſe, kept up by *Aphron*,
Whom if I could but ſee, methinks new blood
Would creep into my veins, and my faint ſinews
Renew themſelves, I doubt not but to find
Strength enough yet to be reveng'd of *Aphron*.
Spo. Would I were with thee, girl, where e're thou art.
Cla. For ſhame good Brother, ſee if you can comfort them,
Methinks you ſhould ſay ſomething.
Phi. Do you think
My griefs ſo light? or was the intereſt
So ſmall which I had in her? I a comforter?
Alas? ſhe was my Wife, for we were married
In our affection, in our vows; and nothing
Stopt the enjoying of each other, but
The thin partition of ſome Ceremonies.
I loſt my hopes, my expectations,
My joys, nay more, I loſt my ſelf with her;
You have a Son, yet left behind, whoſe memory
May ſweeten all this gall.
Spo. I, we had one,
But fate's ſo cruel to us, and ſuch dangers
Attend a travelling man, that 'twere preſumption
To ſay we have him; we have ſent for him
To blot out the remembrance of his Siſter:
But whether we ſhall ever ſee him here,
The Gods can only tell, we barely hope.
Dem. This news, alas!
Will be but a ſad welcome to him.
Phi. Why do I play thus with my miſery?
'Tis vain to think I can live here without her.
I'le ſeek her where e're ſhe is; patience in this
Would be a vice, and men might juſtly ſay
My love was but a flaſh of winged lightning,
And not a Veſtal flame, which always ſhines;
His woing is a complement, not paſſion,
Who can if fortune ſnatch away his Miſtris,
Spend ſome few tears, then take another choice,
Mine is not ſo; Oh *Callidora!*
Cla. Fie Brother, you're a man,
And ſhould not be ſhaken with every wind
If it were poſſible to call her back
With mourning, mourning were a piety,
But ſince it cannot, you muſt give me leave
To call it folly:
Phi. So it is;
And I will therefore ſhape ſome other courſe,
This doleful place ſhall never ſee me more,
Unleſs it ſee her too in my embraces,

You Sister may retire unto my Farm,
Adjoyning to the Woods;
And my estate I leave for you to manage,
If I find her, expect me there, if not
Do you live happier than your Brother hath.
Cla. Alas! how can I if you leave me? but
I hope your resolutions may be altered.
Phil. Never, farewel: good *Demophil*,
Farewel *Spodaia*, temper your laments;
If I return we shall again be happy.
Spo. You shall not want my prayers.
Dem. The Gods that pity Lovers (if there be
any) attend upon you.
Cla. Will you needs go?
Phil. I knit delays; 'twere time I were now ready,
And I shall sin if I seem dull or slow
In any thing which touches *Callidora*.
Dem. Oh! that name wounds me; we'l bear you company
A little way, and *Clariana* look
To see us often at your Country Farm,
We'l sigh, and grieve together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Alupis *and* Palæmon.

Alu. *Come, come away*, &c.
Now where are all your Sonnets? your rare fancies?
Could the fine morning Musick which you wak'd
Your Mistris with, prevail no more than this?
Why in the City now your very Fidlers
Good morrow to your Worship, will get something,
Hath she denied thee quite?
Pal. She hath undone me; I have plow'd the Sea,
And begot storming billows.
Alu. Can no persuasions move her?
Pal. No more than thy least breath can stir an Oak,
Which hath this many years scorn'd the fierce wars
Of all the winds.
Alu. 'Tis a good hearing; then
She'l cost you no more pairs of Turtle Doves,
Nor garlands knit with amorous conceits,
I do perceive some rags of the Court fashions
Visibly creeping now into the Woods,
The more he shews his love, the more she slights him,
Yet will take any gift of him, as willingly
As Countrey Justices the Hens and Geese
Of their offending neighbours; this is right:
Now if I lov'd this wench, I would so handle her,
I'de teach her what the difference were betwixt
One who had seen the Court and City tricks,
And a meer Shepherd.
Pal. Lions are tam'd, and become slaves to men,
And Tygres oft forget the cruelty

They ſuckt from their fierce Mothers; but, a woman!
Ah me! a woman! ——
Alu. Yet if I ſaw ſuch wonders in her face
As you do, I ſhould never doubt to win her.
Pal. How pray? if gifts would do it, ſhe hath had
The daintieſt Lambs, the hope of all my flock,
I let my Apples hang for her to gather,
The painful Bee did never load my hives,
With honey which ſhe taſted not.
Alu. You miſtake me friend; I mean not ſo.
Pal. How then? if Poetry would do't, what ſhade
Hath not been auditor of my amorous pipe?
What banks are not acquainted with her praiſes?
Which I have ſung in verſes, and the Shepherds
Say they are good ones, nay they call me Poet,
Although I am not eaſie to believe them.
Alu. No, no, no; that's not the way.
Pal. Why how?
If ſhew of grief had Rhetorick enough
To move her, I dare ſwear ſhe had been mine
Long before this; what day did e're peep forth
In which I wept not dulier than the morning?
Which of the Winds hath not my ſighs increas'd
At ſundry times? how often have I cried
Hylace, *Hylace*, till the docile Woods
Have anſwered *Hylace*; and every valley
As if it were my Rival, ſounded *Hylace*.
Alu. I, and you were a moſt rare fool for doing ſo.
Why 'twas that poiſon'd all; Had I a Miſtris
I'de almoſt beat her, by this light, I would,
For they are much about your Spaniels nature,
But whilſt you cry dear *Hylace*, O *Hylace*!
Pity the tortures of my burning heart,
She'l always mince it, like a Citizens Wife,
At the firſt asking; though her tickled blood
Leaps at the very mention; therefore now
Leave off your whining tricks, and take my counſel.
Firſt then be merry; *For 'tis but a folly*, &c.
Pal. 'Tis a hard leſſon for my mind to learn,
But I would force my ſelf, if that would help me.
Alu. Why thou ſhalt ſee it will; next I would have thee
To laugh at her, and mock her pitifully;
Study for jeers againſt next time you ſee her,
I'le go along with you, and help to abuſe her,
Till we have made her cry, worſe than e're you did;
When we have us'd her thus a little while,
She'l be as tame and gentle.——
Pal. But alas!
This will provoke her more.
Alu. I'le warrant thee: beſides, what if it ſhould?

She hath refus'd you utterly already.
And cannot hurt you worſe; come, come, be rul'd;
And follow me, we'l put it ſtraight in practice.
For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Pal. A match; I'le try all ways; ſhe can but ſcorn me,
There is this good in depth of miſery
That men may attempt any thing, they know
The worſt before-hand. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Callidorus.

How happy is that man, who in theſe Woods
With ſecure ſilence wears away his time!
Who is acquainted better with himſelf
Than others; who ſo great a ſtranger is
To City follies, that he knows them not.
He ſits all day upon ſome moſſie hill
His rural throne, arm'd with his crook, his ſcepter,
A flowry garland is his Country crown;
The gentle lambs and ſheep his loyal ſubjects
Which every year pay him their fleecy tribute;
Thus in an humble ſtatelineſs and majeſty
He tunes his pipe, the Woods beſt melody,
And is at once, what many Monarchs are not,
Both King and Poet. I could gladly wiſh
To ſpend the reſt of my unprofitable,
And needleſs days in their innocuous ſports,
But then my Father, Mother, and my Brother
Recurſe unto my thoughts, and ſtrait pluck down
The reſolution I had built before;
Love names *Philiſtus* to me, and o'th' ſudden
The Woods ſeem baſe, and all their harmleſs pleaſures
The daughters of neceſſity, not vertue.
Thus with my ſelf I wage a war, and am
To my own reſt a traytor; I would fain
Go home, but ſtill the thought of *Aphron* frights me.
How now? who's here? O 'tis fair *Hylace*
The grumbling Shepherds Daughter.

Enter Hylace.

Brighteſt of all thoſe Stars that paint the Woods,
And grace theſe ſhady habitations,
You're welcome, how ſhall I requite the benefit
Which you beſtow upon ſo poor a ſtranger
With your fair preſence?

Hyl. If it be any courteſie, 'tis one
Which I would gladly do you, I have brought
A rural preſent, ſome of our own Apples,
My Father and my Mother are ſo hard,
They watch'd the Tree, or elſe they had been more,
Such as they are, if they can pleaſe your taſte,
My wiſh is crown'd.

Cal. O you're too kind,

And teach that duty to me which I ought
To have perform'd; I would I could return
The half of your deſerts! but I am poor
In every thing but thanks.
Hyl. Your acceptation only is reward
Too great for me.
Cal. How they bluſh?
A man may well imagine they were yours,
They bear ſo great a ſhew of modeſty.
Hyl. O you mock my boldneſs
To thruſt into your company; but truly
I meant no hurt in't; my intents were vertuous.
Cal. The Gods forbid that I ſhould nurſe a thought
So wicked, thou art innocent I know,
And pure as *Venus* Doves, or Mountain Snow
Which no foot hath defil'd, thy ſoul is whiter
(If there be any poſſibility of't)
Than that clear skin which cloaths thy dainty body.
Hyl. Nay my good will deſerves not to be jeer'd,
You know I am a rude and Countrey wench.
Cal. Far be it from my thoughts, I ſwear I honor
And love thoſe maiden vertues which adorn you.
Hyl. I would you did, as well as I do you,
But the juſt Gods intend not me ſo happy,
And I muſt be contented — I'me undone. [*Enter* Bellula.
Here's *Bellula*; what is ſhe grown my rival?
Bel. Bleſs me! whom ſee I? *Hylace?* ſome cloud
Or friendly miſt involve me.
Hyl. Nay *Bellula*, I ſee you well enough.
Cal. Why doth the day ſtart back? are you ſo cruel
To ſhew us firſt the light, and having ſtruck
Wonder into us, ſnatch it from our ſight?
If Spring crown'd with the glories of the earth
Appear upon the heavenly Ram, and ſtreight
Creep back again into a gray-hair'd froſt,
Men will accuſe its forwardneſs.
Hyl. Pray Heaven
He be not taken with her; ſhe's ſomewhat fair;
He did not ſpeak ſo long a ſpeech to me
I'me ſure of't, though I brought him Apples.
Bel. I did miſtake my way; Pray pardon me.
Hyl. I would you had elſe.
Cal. I muſt thank fortune then which led you hither,
But you can ſtay a little while and bleſs us?
Bel. Yes (and Love knows how willingly) alas!
I ſhall quite ſpoil my garland e're I give it him,
With hiding it from *Hylace*, 'Pray *Pan*
She hath not ſtoln his heart already from him,
And cheated my intentions.
Hyl. I would fain be going, but if I ſhould leave her

It

It may be I ſhall give her opportunity
To win him from me, for I know ſhe loveth him,
And hath perhaps a better tongue than I,
Although I ſhould be loth to yield to her
In beauty or complexion.
Bell. Let me ſpeak
In private with you; I am bold to bring
A garland to you, 'tis of the beſt flowers
Which I could gather, I was picking them
All yeſterday.
Cal. How you oblige me to you!
I thank you ſweeteſt, how they flouriſh ſtill!
Sure they grow better, ſince your hand hath nipt them.
Bell. They will do, when your brow hath honor'd them;
Then they may well grow proud, and ſhine more freſhly.
Cal. What perfumes dwell in them?
They owe theſe odours to your breath.
Hyl. Defend me ye good Gods, I think he kiſſes her,
How long they have been talking? now perhaps
She's wooing him; perhaps he forgets me
And will conſent, I'le put him in remembrance.
You have not taſted of the Apples yet,
And they were good ones truly.
Cal. I will do preſently, beſt *Hylace.*
Hyl. That's ſomething yet, would he would ſpeak ſo always.
Cal. I would not change them for thoſe glorious apples
Which give ſuch fame to the *Heſperian* gardens.
Bell. She hath out-gone me in her preſent now,
But I have got a Beechen cup at home
Curiouſly graven with the ſpreading leaves,
And gladſome burthen of a fruitful vine,
Which *Damon*, the beſt Artiſt of theſe Woods
Made and beſtow'd upon me. I'le bring that to morrow
And give it him, and then I'le warrant her
She will not go beyond me.
Hyl. What have you got a chaplet? Oh!
This is I ſee of *Bellula*'s compoſing.
Bell. Why *Hylace?* you cannot make a better,
What flowers 'pray doth it want?
Cal. Poor ſouls I pity them, and the more,
Becauſe I have not been my ſelf a ſtranger
To theſe love paſſions, but I wonder
What they can find in me worth their affection
Truly I would fain ſatisfie them both,
But can do neither; 'tis fates crime, not mine.
Bell. Whither go you, Shepherd?
Hyl. You will not leave us will you?
Cal. Indeed I ought not,
You have both me bought with your courteſies
And ſhould divide me.

Hyl. She

Hyl. She came last to you.
Bell. She hath another love,
And kills *Palæmon* with her cruelty,
How can she expect mercy from another;
In what a labyrinth doth love draw mortals,
And then blind-folds them! what a mist it throws
Upon their senses! if he be a God,
As sure he is (his power could not be so great else)
He knows the impossibility which nature
Hath set betwixt us, yet entangles us,
And laughs to see us struggle. D'ye both love me?
Bell. I do I'm sure.
Hyl. And I as much as she.
Cal. I pity both of you, for you have sow'd
Upon unthankful sand, whose dry'd up womb
Nature denies to bless with fruitfulness,
You are both fair, and more than common graces
Inhabit in you both, *Bellula*'s eyes
Shine like the lamp of Heaven, and so doth *Hylaces*.
Hylaces cheeks are deeper dy'd in Scarlet
Than the chast mornings blushes, so are *Bellula*'s,
And I protest I love you both. Yet cannot,
Yet must not enjoy either.
Bell. You speak riddles.
Cal. Which times commentary
Must only explain to you; and till then
Farewel good *Bellula*, farewel good *Hylace*,
I thank you both. [*Exit.*
Hyl. Alas! my hopes are strangled. [*Exit.*
Bell. I will not yet despair: He may grow milder,
He bade me farewel first; and lookt upon me
With a more stedfast eye, than upon her,
When he departed hence: 'twas a good sign;
At least I will imagine it to be so,
Hope is the truest friend, and seldom leaves one. [*Exit.*

Enter Truga.

I doubt not but this will move him,
For they're good Apples, but my teeth are gone,
I cannot bite them; but for all that though
I'le warrant you I can love a young fellow
As well as any of them all: I that I can,
And kiss him too as sweetly. Oh! here's the mad-man.

Enter Aphron.

Hercules, *Hercules*, ho *Hercules*, where are you?
Lend me thy Club and Skin, and when I ha'done,
I'le fling them to thee again, why *Hercules?*
Pox on you, are you drunk? can you not answer?
I'le travel then without them, and do wonders.
Tru. I quake all over, worse than any fit
Of the Palsie which I have had this forty years

Could

Could make me do.

Aph. So, I ha' found the plot out,
Firſt I'le climb up on Porter *Atlas* ſhoulders,
And then crawl into Heaven, and I'm ſure
I cannot chuſe but find her there.

Tru. What would become of me if he ſhould ſee me?
Truly he's a good proper Gentleman,
If he were not mad, I would not be ſo 'fraid of him.

Aph. What have I caught thee, faireſt of all women?
Where haſt thou hid thy ſelf ſo long from *Aphron?*
Aphron who hath been dead till this bleſt minute?

Tru. Ha, ha, ha, whom doth he take me for?

Aph. Thy skin is whiter than the ſnowy feathers
Of *Leda*'s Swans.

Tru. Law you there now,——
I thought I was not ſo unhandſome, as they'd make me.

Apu. Thy hairs are brighter than the Moons,
Than when ſhe ſpreads her beams and fills her orb.

Trug. Beſhrew their heart that call this Gentleman mad,
He hath his ſenſes I'le warrant him, about him,
As well as any fellow of them all.

Apu. Thy teeth are like two Arches made of Ivory,
Of pureſt Ivory.

Tru. I for thoſe few I have,
I think they're white enough.

Apu. Thou art as freſh as *May* is, and thy look
Is picture of the Spring.

Tru. Nay, I am but ſome fourſcore years and ten,
And bear my age well; yet *Alupis* ſays
I look like *January*, but I'le teach the knave
Another tune I'le warrant him.

Apu. Thy lips are Cherries, let me taſte them ſweet?

Tru. You have beg'd ſo handſomely.

Apu. Ha! ye good Gods defend me! 'tis a Witch, a Hag.

Tru. What am I?

Apu. A Witch, one that did take the ſhape
Of my beſt Miſtris, but thou could'ſt not long
Bely her pureneſs.

Tru. Now he's ſtark mad again upon the ſudden;
He had ſome ſenſe even now.

Apu. Thou look'ſt as if thou wert ſome wicked woman
Frighted out of the Grave; defend me, how
Her eyes do ſink into their ugly holes,
As if they were afraid to ſee the light.

Tru. I will not be abus'd thus, that I will not,
My hair was bright even now, and my looks freſh.
Am I ſo quickly changed?

Tru. Her breath infects the air, and ſows a peſtilence
Where e're it comes; what hath ſhe there?
I! theſe are apples made up with the ſtings

Of

Of Scorpions, and the blood of Baſilisks;
Which being ſwallowed up, a thouſand pains
Eat on the heart, and gnaw the entrails out.
Tru. Thou lyeſt; I, that thou do'ſt,
For theſe are honeſt apples, that they are;
I'm ſure I gathered them my ſelf.
Apu. From the Stygian Tree; give them me quickly, or I will---
Tru. What will you do? pray take them.
Apu, Get thee gone quickly from me, for I know thee;
Thou art *Tiſiphone.*
Tru. 'Tis falſe; for I know no ſuch woman.
I'm glad I am got from him, would I had
My Apples too, but 'tis no matter though,
I'le have a better gift for *Callidorus*
To morrow.
Apu. The fiend is vaniſht from me,
And hath left theſe behind for me to taſte of,
But I will be too cunning: Thus I'le ſcatter them,
Now I have ſpoil'd her plot; unhappy he
Who finds them. [*Exit.*

The end of the ſecond Act.

Act III. Scene I.

Enter Florellus.

THe Sun five times hath gone his yearly progreſs,
Since laſt I ſaw my Siſter, and returning
Big with deſire to view my native *Sicily,*
I found my aged Parents ſadly mourning
The Funeral (for to them it ſeems no leſs)
Of their departed Daughter; what a welcome
This was to me, all in whoſe hearts a vein
Of Marble grows not, eaſily may conceive
Without the dumb perſuaſions of my tears.
Yet as if that were nothing, and it were
A kind of happineſs in miſery,
If't come without an army to attend it,
As I paſs'd through theſe Woods, I ſaw a woman
Whom her attire call'd Shepherdeſs, but face,
Some diſguis'd Angel, or a Sylvan Goddeſs;
It ſtrook ſuch adoration (for I durſt not
Harbour the love of ſo divine a beauty)
That ever ſince I could not teach my thoughts
Another object; In this happy place,
(Happy her preſence made it) ſhe appear'd,

And

And breath'd freſh honors on the ſmiling trees,
Which owe more of their gallantry to her
Than to the muſky kiſſes of the Weſt wind.
Ha! ſure 'tis ſhe; thus doth the Sun break forth
From the black curtain of an envious cloud.

Enter *Alupis*, *Bellula*, *Hylace*.

Alu. *For 'tis but a folly*, &c.

Hyl. We did not ſend for you; pray leave us.

Alu. No, by this light, not till I ſee you cry;
When you have ſhed ſome penitential tears
For wronging of *Palemon*, there may be
A truce concluded betwixt you and me.

Bell. This is uncivil,
To thruſt into our company; do you think
That we admire your wit? pray go to them
That do, we would be private.

Alu. To what purpoſe?
You'd ask how many Shepherds ſhe hath ſtrooken,
Which is the propereſt man? which kiſſes ſweeteſt?
Which brings her the beſt preſents? and then tell
What a fine man wooes you, how red his lips are?
How bright his eyes are? and what dainty ſonnets
He hath compoſed in honor of your beauty?
And then at laſt, with what rare tricks you fool him?
Theſe are your learn'd diſcourſes; but were all
Men of my temperance, and wiſdom too,
You ſhould wooe us, I, and wooe hardly too,
Before you got us.

Flo. Oh prophaneneſs!
Can he ſo rudely ſpeak to that bleſt Virgin,
And not be ſtrucken dumb?

Alu. Nay, you have both a mind to me; I know it,
But I will marry neither; I come hither
Not to gaze on you, or extol your beauty;
I come to vex you.

Flo. Ruder yet? I cannot,
I will not ſuffer this; mad fellow, is there
No other Nymph in all theſe ſpacious Woods,
To fling thy wild, and ſaucy laughter at,
But her, whom thy great Deity even *Pan*
Himſelf would honor, do not dare to utter
The ſmalleſt accent if not cloath'd with reverence,
Nay, do not look upon her but with eyes
As humble and ſubmiſſive as thou wouldſt
Upon the brow of Majeſty, when it frowns
I ſpeak but that which duty binds us all to,
Thou ſhalt not think upon her, no not think,
Without as much reſpect and honor to her
As holy men in ſuperſtitious zeal
Give to the Images they worſhip.

Bell. Oh! this is the Gentleman courted me th'other day.
Alu. Why? have you got a Patent to reſtrain me?
Or do you think your glorious ſute can fright me?
'Twould do you much more credit at the Theater,
To riſe betwixt the Acts, and look about
The Boxes, and then cry, God ſave you Madam;
Or bear you out in quarrelling at an Ordinary,
And make your oaths become you; have you ſhown
Your gay apparel every where in town,
That you can afford us the ſight off, or
Hath that grand Devil whoſe eclipped ſergeant,
Frighted you out of the City?
Flo. Your looſe jeſts
When they are ſhot at me, I ſcorn to take
Any revenge upon them, but neglect,
For then 'tis raſhneſs only, but as ſoon
As you begin to violate her name,
Nature and conſcience too bids me be angry,
For then 'tis wickedneſs.
Alu. Well, if it be ſo,
I hope you can forgive the ſin that's paſt
Without the doleful ſight of trickling tears,
For I have eyes of pumice; I'm content
To let her reſt in quiet, but you have given me
Free leave t' abuſe you, on the condition
You will revenge it only with neglect,
For then 'tis raſhneſs only.
Flo. What are you biting?
Where did you pick theſe fragments up of wit.
Alu. Where I paid dear enough a conſcience for them,
They ſhould be more than fragments by their price,
I bought them Sir, even from the very Merchants,
I ſcorn'd to deal with your poor City pedlers, that ſell
By retail: but let that paſs, *For 'tis but a folly*, &c.
Flo. Then you have ſeen the City.
Alu. I and felt it too, I thank the Devil; I'm ſure
It ſuckt up in three years the whole eſtate
My Father left, though he were counted rich:
A pox of forlorn Captains, pitiful things,
Whom you miſtake for Souldiers, only by
Their ſounding oaths, and a Buff jerkin, and
Some Hiſtories which they have learn'd by roat,
Of Battels fought in *Perſia*, or *Polonia*,
Where they themſelves were of the conquering ſide,
Although God knows one of the City Captains,
Arm'd with broad Scarf, Feather, and Scarlet Breeches,
When he inſtructs the youth on Holy-days,
And is made ſick with fearful noiſe of Guns,
Would poſe them in the art Military; theſe
Were my firſt Leeches.

Flo. So,

Flo. So, no wonder then you ſpent ſo faſt.
Alu. Piſh, theſe were nothing:
I grew to keep your Poets company,
Thoſe are the ſoakers, they refin'd me firſt
Of thoſe groſs humors that are bred by money
And made me ſtreight a wit, as now you ſee,
For 'tis but a folly, &c.
Flo. But haſt thou none to fling thy ſalt upon
But theſe bright Virgins?
Alu. Yes now you are here,
You are as good a theme as I could wiſh.
Hyl. 'Tis beſt for me to go, whilſt they are talking,
For if I ſteal not from *Alupis* ſight,
He'l follow me all day to vex me. [*Exit.*
Alu. What are you vaniſhing, coy Miſtris *Hylace?*
Nay, I'le be with you ſtreight, but firſt I'le fetch
Palæmon, now if he can play his part
And leave off whining, we'l have princely ſport,
Well, I may live in time to have the women
Scratch out my eyes, or elſe ſcold me to death,
I ſhall deſerve it richly: Farewel Sir,
I have employment with the Damſel gone,
And cannot now intend you. [*Exit.*
Flo. They're both gone,
Direct me now good love, and teach my tongue
Th' inchantments that thou woo'dſt thy *Pſyche* with.
Bell. Farewel Sir.
Flo. Oh! be not ſo cruel,
Let me enjoy my ſelf a little while,
Which without you I cannot.
Bell. Pray let me go,
To tend my Sheep, there's none that looks to them,
And if my Father miſs me, he'l ſo chide.
Flo. Alas! thou needeſt not fear, for th' Wolf himſelf,
Though hunger whet the fury of its nature,
Would learn to ſpare thy pretty flocks, and be
As careful as the Shepherds dog to guard them,
Nay if he ſhould not, *Pan* would preſent be,
And keep thy tender Lambs in ſafety for thee,
For though he be a God he would not bluſh
To be thy ſervant.
Bell. Oh! you're courtly Sir:
But your fine words will not defend my ſheep,
Or ſtop them if they wander; let me go.
Flo. Are you ſo fearful of your Cattels loſs?
Yet ſo neglectful of my periſhing,
(For without you how can I chooſe but periſh?)
Though I my ſelf were moſt contemptible,
Yet for this reaſon only, that I love
And honour you, I deſerve more than they do.

Bell. What would you do, that thus you urge my ſtay?
Flo. Nothing I ſwear that ſhould offend a Saint,
Nothing which can call up the maiden blood
To lend thy face a bluſh, nothing which chaſte
And vertuous Siſters can deny their Brothers,
I do confeſs I love you, but the fire
In which *Jove* courted his ambitious Miſtris,
Or that by holy men on Altars kindled,
Is not ſo pure as mine is; I would only
Gaze thus upon thee; feed my hungry eyes
Sometimes with thoſe bright Treſſes, which the wind
Far happier than I, plays up and down in,
And ſometimes with thy cheeks, thoſe roſie twins;
Then gently touch thy hand, and often kiſs'd it,
Till thou thy ſelf ſhould'ſt check my modeſty,
And yield thy lips, but further, though thou ſhould'ſt
Like other maids with weak reſiſtance ask it,
(Which I am ſure thou wilt not) I'de not offer
Till lawful *Hymen* joyn us both, and give
A licence unto my deſires.
Bell. Which I
Need not beſtow much language to oppoſe,
Fortune and Nature have forbidden it,
When they made me a rude and homely wench,
You (if your cloaths and carriage be not lyars)
By ſtate and birth a Gentleman.
Flo. I hope
I may without ſuſpicion of a boaſter
Say that I am ſo, elſe my love were impudence;
For do you think wiſe Nature did intend
You for a Shepherdeſs, when ſhe beſtow'd
Such pains in your creation? would ſhe fetch
The perfumes of *Arabia* for your breath?
Or ranſack *Peſtum* of her choiceſt Roſes
T'adorn your cheeks? would ſhe bereave the Rock
Of Coral for your lips? and catch two Stars
As they were falling, which ſhe form'd your eyes of?
Would ſhe her ſelf turn work-woman and ſpin
Threds of the fineſt Gold to be your Treſſes?
Or rob the Great to make one *Microcoſm*?
And having finiſh'd quite the beauteous wonder,
Hide it from publick view and admiration!
No; ſhe would ſet it on ſome Pyramide,
To be the ſpectacle of many eyes:
And it doth grieve me that my niggard fortune
Rais'd me not up to higher eminency,
Not that I am ambitious of ſuch honors
But that through them I might be made more worthy
To enjoy you.
Bell. You are for ought I ſee

Too

Too great already; I will either live
An undefiled Virgin as I am,
Or if I marry, not bely my birth,
But joyn my self to some plain vertuous Shepherd
(For *Callidorus* is so, and I will be either his or no bodies. [*Aside.*
Flo. Pray hear me.
Bell. Alas! I have Sir, and do therefore now
Prepare to answer, if this passion
Be love, my fortune bids me to deny you;
If lust, my honesty commands to scorn you,
Farewel.
Flo. O stay a little! but two words: she's gone,
Gone like the glorious Sun, which being set,
Night creeps behind and covers all; some way
I must seek out to win her, or what's easier
(And the blind man himself without a guide
May find) some way to die; would I had been
Born a poor Shepherd in these shady Woods.
Nature is cruel in her benefits,
And when she gives us honey, mingles gall.
She said that if she married, the Woods
Should find a husband for her. I will wooe her
In Sylvan habit, then perhaps she'l love me—
But yet I will not, that's in vain; I will too,
It cannot hurt to try. [*Exit.*

Enter Alupis, Palæmon, *after them* Hylace.

Alu. Nay come, shees just behind us, are you ready?
When she scolds, be you lowdest, if she cry
Then laugh abundantly, thus we will vex her
Into a good conceit of you.
Pal. I'le warrant you; you have instructed me enough,
She comes.
Hyl. Is't possible that *Bellula*—
Pal. Fair creature—
Hyl. Sure thou wert born to trouble me, who sent for thee?
Pal. Whom all the Nymphs (though women use to be
As you know, envious of anothers beauty)
Confess the pride and glory of these Woods.
Hyl. When did you make this Speech; 'tis a most neat one:
Go, get you gone, look to your rotting Cattel,
You'l never keep a Wife, who are not able
To keep your sheep.
Alu. Good! she abuses him,
Now 'tis a miracle he doth not cry.
Pal. Thou whom the Stars might envy 'cause they are
Out-shone by thee on earth.
Hyl. Pray get you gone,
Or hold your prating tongue, for whatsoever
Thou sayest, I will not hear a syllable,
Much less answer thee.

Pal. No;

Pal. No; I'le try that ſtreight,
I have a preſent here——
Which if you'l give me leave, I ſhall preſume
To dedicate to your ſervice.
Hyl. You're ſo cunning,
And have ſuch pretty ways to entice me with,
Come let me ſee it.
Pal. Oh! have you found a tongue?
I thought I had not been worth an anſwer?
Hyl. How now; what tricks are theſe?
Give it me quickly, or——
Pal. Pray get you gone, or hold your prating tongue;
For whatſoever thou ſayeſt I will not hear
A ſyllable, much leſs anſwer thee.
Alu. Good boy 'faith: now let me come.
Hyl. This is ſome plot I ſee, would I were gone,
I had as lief ſee the Wolf as this *Alupis*.
Alu. Here's a fine Ring, I faith, a very pretty one,
Do your teeth water at it Damſel? ha?
Why we will ſell our Sheep and Oxen, girl,
Hang them ſcurvy beaſts, to buy you pretty knacks.
That you might laugh at us, and call us fools,
And jeer us too, as far as your wit reaches,
Bid us be gone, and when we have talkt two hours,
Deny to anſwer us; nay you muſt ſtay [*She offers to be gone.*
And hear a little more.
Hyl. Muſt I? are you
The maſter of my buſineſs? I will not.
Alu. Faith but you ſhall; hear therefore and be patient.
I'le have thee made a Lady, yes a Lady,
For when thou'ſt got a chain about thy neck,
And comely bobs to dandle in thine ears;
When thou'ſt perfum'd thy hair, that if thy breath
Should be corrupted, it might ſcape unknown,
And then beſtow'd two hours in curling it,
Uncovering thy breaſt hither, thine arms hither,
And had thy *Fucus* curiouſly laid on;
Thou'dſt be the fineſt proud thing, I'le warrant thee
Thou would'ſt outdo them all. So, now go thee to her,
And let me breath a little; *For 'tis but a folly*, &c.
Hyl. Oh! is't your turn to ſpeak again? no doubt
But we ſhall have a good oration then,
For they call you the learned Shepherd; well
This is your love I ſee.
Pal. Ha, ha, ha,
What ſhould I love a ſtone? or wooe a picture?
Alas! I muſt be gone, for whatſoe're
I ſay, you will not hear a ſyllable,
Much leſs anſwer; go, you think you are
So ſingularly handſome, when alas,

Galla,

Galla, *Menalca*'s Daughter, *Bellula*,
Or *Amarillis* overcome you quite?
Hyl. This is a ſcurvy fellow; I'le fit him for't,
No doubt they are; I wonder that your wiſdom
Will trouble me ſo long with your vain ſuit,
Why do you not wooe them?
Pal. Perhaps I do;
I'le not tell you, becauſe you'l envy them,
And always be diſpraiſing of their beauties.
Hyl. It ſhall appear I will not, for I'le ſooner
Embrace a Scorpion, than thee, baſe man.
Pal. Ha, ha, ha.
Alupis do'ſt thou hear her; ſhe'l cry preſently,
Do not deſpair yet girl, by your good carriage
You may recall me ſtill; ſome few entreaties
Mingled with tears may get a kiſs perhaps.
Hyl. I would not kiſs thee for the wealth of *Sicily*,
Thou wicked perjur'd fellow.
Pal. *Alupis*, Oh!
We have incens'd her too much! how ſhe looks?
Prithee *Alupis* help me to intreat,
You know we did but jeſt, dear *Hylace*,
Alupis, prithee ſpeak, beſt, beauteous *Hylace*,
I did but do't to try you, pray forgive me,
Upon my knees I beg it.
Alu. Here's a precious fool.
Hyl. Do'ſt thou ſtill mock me? haſt thou found more ways?
Thou need'ſt not vex thy wit to move my hate,
Sooner the Sun and Stars ſhall ſhine together,
Sooner the Wolf make peace with tender Lambs,
Than I with thee; thou'rt a diſeaſe to me,
And wound'ſt my eyes. [*Exit.*
Pal. Eternal night involve me! if there be
A puniſhment, (but ſure there is not any
Greater than what her anger hath inflicted,
May that fall on me too? how have I fool'd
Away my hopes? how have I been my ſelf
To my own ſelf a thief?
Alu. I told you this,
That if ſhe ſhould but frown, you muſt needs fall
To your old tricks again.
Pal. Is this your art?
A Lovers curſe upon it; Oh! *Alupis*
Thou haſt done worſe than murthered me: for which
May all thy flocks pine and decay like me,
May thy curſt wit hurt all; but moſt its Maſter,
May'ſt thou (for I can wiſh no greater ill)
Love one like me, and be, like me, contemn'd.
Thou'ſt all the darts my tongue can fling at thee,
But I will be reveng'd ſome other way.

Before I die, which cannot now be long.
Alu. Poor Shepherd, I begin to pity him.
I'le ſee if I can comfort him; *Paleman*,——
Pal. Nay, do not follow me, grief, paſſion,
And troubled thoughts are my companions,
Thoſe I had rather entertain than thee,
If you chooſe this way let me go the other,
And in both parts diſtracted error, thee
May revenge quickly meet, may death meet me. [*Exit.*
Alu. Well, I ſay *Pan* defend me from a lover
Of all tame mad-men certainly they're the worſt,
I would not meet with two ſuch creatures more
For any good, they without doubt would put me,
If it be poſſible, into a fit of ſadneſs,
Though it *Be but a folly*, &c.
Well; I muſt find ſome plot yet to ſalve this
Becauſe I have engaged my wit in the buſineſs,
And 'twould be a great ſcandal to the City
If I who have ſpent my means there, ſhould not be
Able to cheat theſe Shepherds. How now, how now,
Have we more diſtreſſed Lovers here? [*Enter* Aphron.
Aph. No, I'm a mad-man.
Alu. I gave a ſhrewd gueſs at it at firſt ſight,
I thought thee little better.
Aph. Better, why?
Can there be any better than a mad-man?
I tell thee, I came here to be a mad-man,
Nay, do not diſſuade me from't, I would be
A very mad-man.
Alu. A good reſolution!
'Tis as gentile a courſe as you can take,
I have known great ones have not been aſham'd of't:
But what cauſe pray drove you into this humor?
Aph. Why a Miſtris,
And ſuch a beauteous one——do'ſt thou ſee no body?
She ſits upon a throne amongſt the Stars
And out-ſhines them, look up and be amazed,
Such was her beauty here,——ſure there do lie
A thouſand vapours in thy ſleepy eyes,
Do'ſt thou not ſee her yet? nor yet, nor yet?
Alu. No in good troth.
Aph. Thou'rt dull and ignorant,
Not skill'd at all in deep Aſtrology.
Let me inſtruct thee?
Alu. Prithee do, for thou
Art in an admirable caſe to teach now.
Apu. I'le ſhew thee firſt all the coeleſtial ſigns,
And to begin, look on that horned head,
Alu. Whoſe is't? *Jupiters?*
Apu. No, 'tis the Ram!

Next

Next that, the ſpacious Bull fills up the place.
Alu. The Bull? 'tis well, the fellows of the Guard
Intend not to come thither; if they did
The Gods might chance to loſe their Beef.
Apu. And then,
Yonder's the ſign of *Gemini*, do'ſt ſee it?
Alu. Yes, yes, I ſee one of the zealous Siſters
Mingled in friendſhip with a holy Brother
To beget Reformations.
Apu. And there ſits *Capricorn*.
Alu. A Welchman, is't not?
Apu. There *Cancer* creeps along with gouty pace,
As if his feet were ſleepy, there, do you mark it?
Alu. I, I, Alderman-like awalking after Dinner,
His paunch o'recharged with Capon and with White-broth.
Apu. But now, now, now, now, gaze eternally,
Hadſt thou as many eyes as the black night
They would be all too little, ſeeſt thou *Virgo?*
Alu. No by my troth, there are ſo few on earth,
I ſhould be loth to ſwear there's more in Heaven,
Than only one.
Apu. That was my Miſtris once, but is of late
Tranſlated to the height of deſerv'd glory,
And adds new ornaments to the wond'ring Heavens.
Why do I ſtay behind then, a meer nothing
Without her preſence to give life and being?
If there be any hill whoſe lofty top
Nature hath made contiguous with Heaven,
Though it be ſteep, rugged as *Neptunes* brow,
Though arm'd with cold, with hunger, and diſeaſes,
And all the other ſouldiers of miſery,
Yet I would climb it up, that I might come
Next place to thee, and there be made a Star.
Alu. I prithee do, for amongſt all the beaſts
That help to make up the cœleſtial ſigns,
There's a Calf wanting yet.
Apu. But ſtay—
Alu. Nay, I have learn'd enough Aſtrology.
Apu. Hunger and faintneſs have already ſeiz'd me,
'Tis a long journey thither, I ſhall want
Proviſion; canſt thou help me, gentle Shepherd?
And when I am come thither I will ſnatch
The Crown of *Ariadne*, and fling't down
To thee for a reward.
Alu. No doubt you will;
But you ſhall need no victuals, when you have ended
Your toilſome journey, kill the Ram you talk of,
And feed your ſelf with moſt cœleſtial Mutton.
Apu. Thou'rt in the right, if they deny me that,
I'le pluck the Bear down from the Artique Pole,

And drown it in thoſe waters it avoids,
And dares not touch; I'le tug the *Hyades*
And make them to ſink down in ſpight of nature;
I'le meet with *Charles* his Wayn and overturn it
And break the Wheels of't, till *Böotes* ſtart
For fear, and grow more ſlow than e're he was.
Alu. By this good light he'l ſnuff the Moon anon,
Here's words indeed would fright a Conjurer,
'Tis pitty that theſe huge Gigantick ſpeeches
Are not upon the ſtage, they would do rarely,
For none would underſtand them, I could wiſh
Some Poet here now, with his Table-book.
Apu. I'le cuff with *Pollux*, and out-ride thee, *Caſtor*,
When the fierce Lion roars I'le pluck his heart out,
And be call'd *Cordelion*; I'le grapple with the Scorpion,
Take his ſting out and fling him to the earth.
Alu. To me good Sir,
It may perhaps raiſe me a great eſtate
With ſhewing it up and down for pence apiece.
Apu. *Alcides* freed the earth from ſavage monſters,
And I will free the heavens and be call'd
Don Hercules Alcido de ſecundo.
Alu. A brave Caſtilian name.
Apu. 'Tis a hard task,
But if that fellow did ſo much by ſtrength,
I may well do't arm'd both with love and fury.
Alu. Of which thou haſt enough.
Aph. Farewel thou rat.
The Cedar bids the Shrub adieu.
Alu. Farewel
Don Hercules Alcido de ſecundo.
If thou ſcar'ſt any, 'twill be by that name.
This is a wonderful rare fellow, and
I like his humor mightily——who's here?
Enter Truga.
The Chronicle of a hundred years ago!
How many crows hath ſhe out-liv'd? ſure death
Hath quite forgot her; by this *Memento mori*
I muſt invent ſome trick to help *Palæmon.*
Tru. I am going again to *Callidorus*,
But I have got a better preſent now,
My own Ring made of good Ebony,
Which a young handſome Shepherd beſtow'd on me
Some fourſcore years ago, then they all lov'd me,
I was a handſome Laſs, I was in thoſe days.
Alu. I ſo thou wert I'le warrant; here's good ſign of't,
Now I'le begin the work, Reverend *Truga*,
Whoſe very Autumn ſhews how glorious
The ſpring-time of your youth was——
Tru. Are you come

To

To put your mocks upon me?
Alu. I do confeſs indeed my former ſpeeches
Have been too rude and ſaucy; I have flung
Mad jeſts too wildly at you; but conſidering
The reverence which is due to age, and vertue,
I have repented, will you ſee my tears?
And believe them: Oh for an Onion now!
Or I ſhall laugh aloud; ha, ha, ha!) [*Aſide.*
Tru. Alas good ſoul I do forgive you truly;
I would not have you weep for me, indeed
I ever thought you would repent at laſt.
Alu. You might well,
But the right valuing of your worth and vertue
Hath turn'd the folly of my former ſcorn
Into a wiſer reverence, pardon me
If I ſay love.
Tru. I, I, withal my heart,
But do you ſpeak ſincerely?
Alu. Oh! it grieves me
That you ſhould doubt it, what I ſpoke before
Were lies, the off-ſpring of a fooliſh raſhneſs,
I ſee ſome ſparks ſtill of your former beauty,
Which ſpight of time ſtill flouriſh.
Tru. Why, I am not
So old as you imagined, I am yet
But fourſcore years. Am I a *January* now?
How do you think? I always did believe
You'd be of another opinion one day;
I know you did but jeſt.
Alu. Oh no, oh no, (I ſee it takes) [*Aſide.*
How you bely your age—for—let me ſee—
A man would take you—let me ſee——for—
Some forty years or thereabouts (I mean four hundred)
Not a jot more I ſwear. [*Aſide.*
Tru. Oh no! you flatter me,
But I look ſomething freſh indeed this morning.
I ſhould pleaſe *Callidorus* mightily,
But I'le not go perhaps; this fellow is
As handſome quite as he, and I perceive
He loves me hugely, I proteſt I will not [*Aſide.*
Have him grow mad, which he may chance to do
If I ſhould ſcorn him.
Alu. I have ſomething here
Which I would fain reveal to you, but dare not
Without your licence.
Tru. Do in *Pans* name, do; now, now.
Alu. The comely gravity which adorns your age,
And makes you ſtill ſeem lovely, hath ſo ſtrucken me——
Tru. Alas good ſoul! I muſt ſeem coy at firſt,
But not too long, for fear I ſhould quite loſe him.

Alu. That I ſhall periſh utterly, unleſs
Your gentle nature help me.
Tru. Alas good Shepherd!
And in troth I fain would help you,
But I am paſt thoſe vanities of love.
Alu. Oh no!
Wiſe nature which preſerv'd your life till now
Doth it becauſe you ſhould enjoy theſe pleaſures
Which do belong to life, if you deny me,
I am undone.
Tru. Well you ſhould not win me
But that I am loth to be held the cauſe
Of any young mans ruine, do not think it
My want of chaſtity, but my good nature
Which would ſee no one hurt.
Alu. Ah pretty ſoul! [*Aſide.*
How ſupple 'tis, like wax before the Sun!
Now cannot I chuſe but kiſs her, there's the plague of't,
Let's then joyn our hearts, and ſeal them with a kiſs.
Tru. Well, let us then:
'Twere incivility to be your debtor,
I'le give you back again your kiſs, ſweet-heart,
And come in th' afternoon, I'le ſee you;
My Husband will be gone to ſell ſome kine,
And *Hylace* tending the ſheep, till then
Farewel good Duck. [*Offers to go.*
But do you hear, becauſe you ſhall remember [*Turns back.*
To come I'le give thee here this Ebon Ring,
But do not wear it, leſt my Husband chance
To ſee't: Farewel Duck.
Alu. Leſt her Husband chance
To ſee't; ſhe cannot deny this, here's enough;
My Scene of Love is done then; is ſhe gone?
I'le call her back; ho *Truga*; *Truga* ho:
Tru. Why do you call me Duck?
Alu. Only to ask one fooliſh queſtion of thee:
Ha'n't you a Husband?
Tru. Yes, you know I have.
Alu. And do you love him?
Tru. Why do you ask? I do.
Alu. Yet you can be content to make him Cuckold?
Tru. Rather than to ſee you periſh in your flames.
Alu. Why art thou now two hundred years of age,
Yet haſt no more diſcretion but to think
That I could love thee? ha, ha, were't mine
I'de ſell thee to ſome Gardener, thou would'ſt ſerve
To ſcare away the thieves as well as crows.
Tru. Oh, you're diſpos'd to jeſt I ſee, Farewel.
Alu. Nay, I'm in very earneſt; I love you:
Why thy face is a vizard.

Tru. Leave

Tru. Leave off theſe tricks, I ſhall be angry elſe,
And take away the favours I beſtow'd.
Alu. 'Tis known that thou haſt eyes by the holes only,
Which are crept farther in, than thy noſe out,
And that's almoſt a yard; thy quarrelling teeth
Of ſuch a colour are, that they themſelves
Scare one another, and do ſtand at diſtance.
Thy skin hangs looſe as if it fear'd the bones
(For fleſh thou haſt not) and is grown ſo black,
That a wild Centaure would not meddle with thee.
To conclude, Nature made thee when ſhe was
Only diſpos'd to jeſt, and length of time
Hath made thee more ridiculous.
Tru. Baſe villain, is this your love?
Give me my Ring again?
Alu. No, no; ſoft there:
I intend to beſtow it on your Husband;
He'l keep it better far than you have done.
Tru. What ſhall I do? *Alupis*, good *Alupis*,
Stay but a little while, pray do but hear me.
Alu. No, I'le come to you in the afternoon,
Your Husband will be ſelling of ſome kine,
And *Hylace* tending the ſheep.
Tru. Pray hear me, command me any thing
And be but ſilent of this, good *Alupis*;
Hugh, Hugh, Hugh.
Alu. Yes, yes, yes, I will be ſilent,
I'le only blow a Trumpet on yon hill,
Till all the Country Swains are flockt about me,
Then ſhew the Ring, and tell the paſſages
'Twixt you and me.
Tru. Alas! I am undone.
Alu. Well now 'tis ripe; I have had ſport enough
Since I behold your penitential tears
I'le propoſe this to you, if you can get
Your Daughter to be married to *Palæmon*
This day, for I'le allow no longer time;
To morrow I'le reſtore your Ring, and ſwear
Never to mention what is paſt betwixt us,
If not—you know what follows——take your choice.
Tru. I'le do my beſt endeavour.
Alu. Go make haſte then,
You know your time's but ſhort, and uſe it well:
Now if this fail the Devil's in all wit. [*Exit* Truga.
I'le go and thruſt it forward, if it take,

I'le ſing away the day,
For 'tis but a folly,
To be melancholly,
Let's live here whilſt we may.

The end of the third Act.

Act

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter *Callidorus*, *Bellula*, *Florellus*.

Cal. PRay follow me no more, methinks that modeſty
Which is ſo lively painted in your face
Should prompt your maiden heart with fears and bluſhes
To truſt your ſelf in ſo much privateneſs
With one you know not.
Bell. I ſhould love thoſe fears
And call them hopes, could I perſuade my ſelf,
There were ſo much heat in you as to cauſe them;
Prithee leave me; if thou do'ſt hope ſucceſs
To thine own love, why interrupt'ſt thou mine?
Flo. If love cauſe you
To follow him, how can you angry be?
Becauſe love forces me without reſiſtance
To do the ſame to you?
Bell. Love ſhould not grow
So ſubtle as to play with arguments.
Flo. Love ſhould not be an enemy to reaſon.
Cal. To love is of it ſelf a kind of folly,
But to love one who cannot render back
Equal deſire, is nothing elſe but madneſs.
Bell. Tell him ſo; 'tis a leſſon he ſhould learn.
Flo. Not to love is of it ſelf a kind of hardneſs,
But not to love him who hath always woo'd you
With chaſte deſires, is nothing leſs than tyranny.
Bell. Tell him ſo; 'tis a leſſon he ſhould learn.
Cal. Why do you follow him that flies from you?
Flo. Why do you flie from him that follows you?
Bell. Why do you follow? Why do you flie from me?
Call. The Fates command me that I muſt not love you.
Flo. The Fates command me that I needs muſt love you.
Bell. The Fates impoſe the like command on me,
That you I muſt, that you I cannot love.
Flo. Unhappy man! when I begin to cloath
My Love with words, and court her with perſuaſions,
She ſtands unmov'd, and doth not clear her brow
Of the leaſt wrinkle which ſate there before;
So when the waters with an amorous noiſe
Leap up and down, and in a wanton dance
Kiſs the dull Rock, that ſcorns their fond embraces,
And darts them back; till they with terror ſcatterd,
Drop down again in tears.
Bell. Unhappy woman!
When I begin to ſhew him all my paſſion,
He flies from me, and will not clear his brow

Of any cloud which covered it before;
So when the raviſhing Nightingale hath tun'd
Her mournful notes, and ſilenc'd all the Birds,
Yet the deaf wind flirts by, and in diſdain
With a rude whiſtle leaves her.
Cla. We are all three
Unhappy; born to be the proud example
Of Loves great God-head, not his God-like goodneſs,
Let us not call upon our ſelves thoſe miſeries
Which love hath not, and thoſe it hath bear bravely,
Our deſires yet are like ſome hidden text,
Where one word ſeems to contradict another,
They are Loves non-ſence, wrapt up in thick clouds,
Till Fate be pleas'd to write a Commentary,
Which doubtleſs 'twill; till then let us endure,
And ſound a parlee to our paſſions.
Bell. We may joyn hands though, may we not?
Flo. We may, and lips too, may we not?
Bell. We may; come let's ſit down and talk.
Cal. And look upon each other.
Flo. Then kiſs again.
Bell. Then look.
Cal. Then talk again,
What are we like? the hand of Mother Nature
Would be quite pos'd to make our ſimile.
Flo. We are the Trigon in Loves Hemiſphere.
Bell. We are three ſtrings on *Venus* dainty'ſt Lute,
Where all three hinder one anothers muſick,
Yet all three joyn and make one harmony.
Cal. We are three flowers of *Venus* dainty garden,
Where all three hinder one anothers odor,
Yet all three joyn, and make one noſegay up.
Flo. Come let us kiſs again.
Bell. And look.
Call. And talk.
Flo. Nay rather ſing, your lips are natures organs,
And made for nought leſs ſweet than harmony.
Call. Pray do.
Bell. Though I forfeit
My little skill in ſinging to your wit,
Yet I will do't, ſince you command.

SONG.

It is a puniſhment to love,
And not to love a puniſhment doth prove;
But of all pains there's no ſuch pain,
As 'tis to love, and not be lov'd again.

Till

Till ſixteen, Parents we obey,
After ſixteen, men ſteal our hearts away:
How wretched are we women grown,
Whoſe wills, whoſe minds, whoſe hearts are ne're our own!

Cal. Thank you.
Flo. For ever be the tales of *Orpheus* ſilent,
Had the ſame age ſeen thee, that very Poet,
Who drew all to him by his harmony,
Thou would'ſt have drawn to thee.
Cal. Come, ſhall we riſe?
Bell. If it pleaſe you, I will.
Cal. I cannot chuſe
But pity theſe two Lovers, and am taken
Much with the ſerious trifles of their paſſion.
Let's go and ſee, if we can break this net
In which we all are caught; if any man
Ask who we are, we'l ſay we are *Loves Riddle.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Ægon*, *Palæmon*, *Alupis*.

Pal. Thou art my better Genius, honeſt *Ægon*.
Alu. And what am I?
Pal. My ſelf, my ſoul, my friend,
Let me hug thee *Alupis*, and thee *Ægon*,
The for inventing it, thee for putting it
In act; But do you think the plot will hold?
Alu. Hold? why I'le warrant thee it ſhall hold,
Till we have ty'd you both in wedlock faſt,
Then let the bonds of Matrimony hold you
If 't will, if that will not neither, I can tell you
What will I'm ſure; a Halter.
Then ſing, &c.—
Æg. Come, ſhall we knock?
Alu. I do; *For 'tis*, &c.——
Æg. Ho *Truga*; who's within there?
Alu. You, *Winter*, Ho, you that the grave expected
Some hundred years ago, you that intend
To live till you turn Skeleton, and make
All men aweary of you but Phyſicians,
Pox on you, will you come.

Enter Truga.

Tru. I come, I come, who's there? who's there
Alu. Oh, in good time,
Are you crawl'd here at laſt? what are you ready
To give your Daughter up? the time makes haſte,
Look here, do you know this Ring?
Tru. Hark aſide I pray,
You have not told theſe, have you?
Alu. No good Duck,
Only I told them that your mind was altered,
And that you lik'd *Palæmon*, ſo we three

Came

Came here to plot the means.
Tru. So, ſo, you're welcome,
Will you go in and talk about it? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hylace.

Hyl. I wonder why my Mother ſhould invite
Alupis and *Palæmon* into th' houſe:
She is not of my mind, nay, not the mind
Which ſhe her ſelf was of but yeſterday,
Beſides as ſoon as they came in, ſhe bid me
To get me gone, and leave them there in private,
By your good favour Mother, I muſt be
For this time diſobedient; here I'le hearken.

Enter *Truga, Palæmon, Ægon, Alupis.*

Æg. Come I'le tell you,
You know your Husband hath refuſed *Palæmon*
Becauſe his means were not unequal only
To his deſires, but to your Daughters portion,
To ſalve this grand exception of *Melarnus*,
I'le promiſe that *Palæmon* ſhall be made
My heir.
Tru. Alas he knows you have a Daughter!
Æg. It is reported ſhe is faln in love
With the new Shepherd, for which cauſe I'le ſeem
To be incens'd moſt ſharply, and forſwear
E're to acknowledge her for child of mine.
Tru. 'Tis very well;
It grieves me truly that *Palæmon* ſhould——
Alu. Periſh in his own flames; is't not ſo *Truga?*
I know you're gentle; and your peeviſh Daughter
Had not her cruelty from you, good ſoul.
Pal. Why do we ſtay? each minute that we loſe to you is only
A minute, but to me a day at leaſt,
Why are we not now ſeeking of *Melarnus?*
Why ir he not yet found? alas, that's nothing,
Methinks he ſhould have given conſent e're this,
Why are not I and beauteous *Hylace*
Married together?
Hyl. Soft good haſty Lover,
I ſhall quite break the neck of your large hopes,
Or I'm miſtaken much.
Æg. Come let's be gone
Truga, Farewel. Be ſilent and aſſiſtant.
Alu. Or elſe you know what I have; go, no more.
Tru. I'le warrant you: I am not to be taught
At this age, I thank *Pan*, in ſuch a buſineſs.
Farewel all. [*Exeunt.*
Alu. Come ſing, &c.
Hyl. I know not whether grief or elſe amazement
Seizeth me moſt, to ſee my aged Mother
Grow ſo unnatural; I fain would weep,

But when I think with what an unfear'd blow
I ſhall quite daſh their cunning, I can hardly
Bridle in laughter, Fate helps the innocent,
Although my Mother's falſe, the Gods are true. [*Exit.*

Enter Clariana *and her Maid.*

Cla. Did you command the ſervants to withdraw?
Ma. I did forſooth.
Cla. And have you ſhut the doors? *Ma.* Yes.
Cla. Is there none can over-hear our talk?
Ma. Your curious enquiry much amazeth me,
And I could wiſh you would excuſe my boldneſs
If I ſhould ask the reaſon.
Cla. Thou knoweſt well
That thou haſt found me always liker to
Thy Kinſwoman than Miſtris, that thy breaſt
Has been the Cabinet of all my ſecrets,
This I tell thee, not as an exprobation,
But becauſe I muſt require thy faith
And counſel here. And therefore prithee ſwear——
Ma. Swear, to do what?
Cla. To be more ſilent than the dead of night,
And to thy power to help me.
Ma. Would my power
To aſſiſt you were as ready as my will,
And for my tongue, that Miſtris I'le condemn
Unto perpetual ſilence, e're it ſhall
Betray the ſmalleſt word that you commit to't.
By all——
Cla. Nay do not ſwear. I will not wrong thy vertue
To bind it with an oath, I'le tell thee all;
Doth not my face ſeem paler than 'twas wont?
Doth not my eye look as it borrowed flame
From my fond heart; could not my frequent weepings,
My ſudden ſighs, and abrupt ſpeeches tell thee
What I am grown?
Ma. You are the ſame you were,
Or elſe my eyes are lyars.
Cla. No, I'm a wretched Lover; could'ſt thou not
Read that out of my bluſhes? fie upon thee;
Thou art a novice in Loves School I ſee;
Truſt me I envy at thy ignorance,
That canſt not find out *Cupid*'s characters
In a loſt Maid, ſure thou didſt never know him.
Ma. Would you durſt truſt me with his name,
Sure he had charms about him that might tempt
Chaſt Votaries, or move a Scythian rock
When he ſhot fire into your chaſter breaſt.
Cla. I am aſham'd to tell thee, prithee ghels him.
Ma. Why 'tis impoſſible.
Cla. Thou ſaw'ſt the Gentleman whom I this morning

Brought

Brought in to be my gueſt.

Ma. Yes, but am ignorant, who, or from whence he is.

Cla. Thou ſhalt know all;
The freſhneſs of the morning did invite me
To walk abroad, there I began to think
How I had loſt my Brother, that one thought
Like circles in the water begat many,
Thoſe and the pleaſant verdure of the fields
Made me forget the way, and did entice me
Farther than either fear or modeſty
Elſe would have ſuffered me, beneath an Oak
Which ſpread a flouriſhing Canopy round about,
And was it ſelf alone almoſt a Wood,
I found a Gentleman diſtracted ſtrangely,
Crying aloud for either food or ſleep,
And knocking his white hands againſt the ground,
Making that groan like me, when I beheld it,
Pity, and fear, both proper to us women,
Drave my feet back far ſwifter than they went.
When I came home, I took two ſervants with me
And fetch'd the Gentleman, hither I brought him,
And with ſuch chear as then the houſe afforded,
Repleniſhed him, he was much mended ſuddenly,
Is now aſleep, and when he wakes, I hope,
Will find his ſenſes perfect.

Ma. You did ſhew
In this, what never was a ſtranger to you,
Much piety; but wander from your ſubject:
You have not yet diſcovered, who it is
Deſerves your love.

Cla. Fie, fie, how dull thou art,
Thou do'ſt not uſe in other things to be ſo;
Why I love him; his name I cannot tell thee;
For 'tis my great unhappineſs to be
Still ignorant of that my ſelf. He comes,
Look, this is he, but do not grow my rival if thou canſt chuſe.

Ma. You need not fear't forſooth. [*Enter* Aphron.

Cla. Leave me alone with him; withdraw.

Ma. I do. [*Exit Maid.*

Aph. Where am I now? under the Northern Pole
Where a perpetual Winter binds the ground
And glazeth up the floods? or where the Sun
With neighbouring rays bakes the divided earth,
And drinks the Rivers up? or do I ſleep?
Is't not ſome fooliſh dream deludes my fancy?
Who am I? I begin to queſtion that.
Was nor my Country *Sicily?* my name
Call'd *Aphron*, wretched *Aphron?*

Cla. Ye good Gods
Forbid; is this that man who was the cauſe

Of all the grief for *Callidora*'s loſs?
Is this the man that I ſo oft have curſt?
Now I could almoſt hate him, and methinks
He is not quite ſo handſome as he was;
And yet alas he is, though by his means
My Brother is gone from me, and Heaven knows
If I ſhall ſee him more, Fool as I am,
I cannot chuſe but love him.
Ap. Cheat me not good eyes,
What Woman, or what Angel do I ſee?
Oh ſtay, and let me worſhip e're thou goeſt,
Whether thou beeſt a Goddeſs which thy beauty
Commands me to believe, or elſe ſome mortal
Which I the rather am induc'd to think,
Becauſe I know the Gods all hate me ſo,
They would not look upon me.
Cla. Spare theſe titles,
I am a wretched woman, who for pity
(Alas that I ſhould pity! t'had been better [*Aſide.*
That I had been remorſleſs) brought you hither,
Where with ſome food and reſt, thanks to the Gods
Your ſenſes are recovered.
Aph. My good Angel!
I do remember now that I was mad
For want of meat and ſleep, thrice did the Sun
Chear all the world but me, thrice did the night
With ſilent and bewitching darkneſs give
A reſting time to every thing but *Aphron.*
The fiſh, the beaſts, the birds, the ſmalleſt creatures
And the moſt deſpicable ſnor'd ſecurely.
The aguiſh head of every tree by *Æolus*
Was rockt aſleep, and ſhook as if it nodded.
The crooked mountains ſeem'd to bow and ſlumber,
The very rivers ceas'd their daily murmur,
Nothing did watch, but the pale Moon, and I
Paler than ſhe; grief wedded to this toil,
What elſe could it beget but frantickneſs?
But now methinks, I am my own, my brain
Swims not as it was wont; O brighteſt Virgin
Shew me ſome way by which I may be grateful,
And if I do't not, let an eternal Phrenzy
Immediately ſeize on me.
Cla. Alas! 'twas only
My love, and if you will reward me for't,
Pay that I lent you, I'le require no Intereſt,
The Principal's enough.
Apn. You ſpeak in miſts.
Cla. You're loth perhaps to underſtand.
Apn. If you intend that I ſhould love and honour you,
I do by all the Gods.

Cla. But

Cla. But I am covetous in my demands,
I am not satisfied with wind-like promises
Which only touch the lips; I ask your heart,
Your whole heart for me, in exchange of mine,
Which so I gave to you.
Aph. Ha! you amaze me.
Oh! you have spoken something worse than lightning,
That blasts the inward parts, leaves the outward whole,
My gratitude commands me to obey you,
But I am born a man, and have those passions
Fighting within me, which I must obey.
Whilst *Callidora* lives, although she be,
As cruel, as thy breast is soft and gentle;
'Tis sin for me to think of any other.
Cla. You cannot love me then?
Apg. I do, I swear,
Above my self I do? my self? what said I?
Alas! that's nothing; above any thing
But Heaven and *Callidora.*
Cla. Fare you well then,
I would not do that wrong to one I love,
To urge him farther than his power and will;
Farewel, remember me when you are gone,
And happy in the love of *Callidora.* [*Exit.*
Aph. When I do not, may I forget my self,
Would I were mad again; then I might rave
With priviledge, I should not know the griefs
That hurried me about, 'twere better far
To lose the senses, than be tortured by them.
Where is she gone? I did not ask her name,
Fool that I was, alas poor Gentlewoman?
Can any one love me? ye cruel Gods,
Is't not enough that I my self am miserable,
Must I make others so too? I'le go in
And comfort her; alas! how can I though?
I'le grieve with her, that is in ills a comfort. [*Exit.*

Enter *Alupis*, *Melarnus*, *Truga*, *Palæmon*, *Ægon.*

Pal. Before when you denied your Daughter to me,
'Twas Fortunes fault, not mine, but since good Fate,
Or rather *Ægon*, better far than Fate,
Hath rais'd me up to what you aim'd at, riches,
I see not with what countenance you can
Coin any second argument against me.
Mel. Come, no matter for that:
Yes, I could wish you were less eloquent,
You have a vice called Poesie which much
Displeaseth me, but no matter for that neither.
Alu. Alas! he'l leave that streight
When he has got but money; he that swims
In *Tagus*, never will go back to *Helicon.*

Besides,

Beſides, when he hath married *Hylace*,
Whom ſhould he wooe, to praiſe her comely feature,
Her skin like falling ſnow, her eyes like Stars,
Her cheeks like Roſes (which are common places
Of all your Lovers praiſes) Oh! thoſe vanities,
Things quite as light, and fooliſh as a Miſtris,
Are by a Miſtris firſt begot, and left
When they leave her.
Pal. Why do you think that Poeſie
An art which even the Gods——
Alu. Pox on your arts,
Let him think what he will; what's that to us?
Æg. Well, I would gladly have an anſwer of you,
Since I have made *Palæmon* here my ſon,
If you conceive your Daughter is ſo good,
We will not preſs you, but ſeek out ſome other
Who may perhaps pleaſe me and him as well.
Pal. Which is impoſſible——
Alu. Rot on your poſſibles——
Thy mouth like a crackt fiddle never ſounds
But out of tune; come, put on *Truga*,
You'l never ſpeak unleſs I ſhew the Ring.
Tru. Yes, yes, I do, I do; do ye hear ſweet heart?
Are you mad to fling away a fortune
That's thruſt upon you, you know *Ægon*'s rich.
Mel. Come, no matter for that,
That's thruſt upon me? I would fain ſee any man
Thruſt ought upon me; but's no matter for that,
I will do that which I intend to do,
And 'tis no matter for that neither, that's thruſt upon me?
Pal. Come, what ſay you *Melarnus?*
Mel. What ſay I? 'tis no matter what I ſay,
I'le ſpeak to *Ægon*, if I ſpeak to any,
And not to you; but no matter for that;
Hark you, will you leave all the means you have
To this *Palæmon?*
Tru. I Duck, he ſays he will.
Mel. Piſh, 'tis no matter for that, I'le hear him ſay ſo.
Æg. I will, and here do openly proteſt,
That ſince my *Bellula* (mine that was once)
Thinks her ſelf wiſer than her Father is,
And will be govern'd rather by her paſſions,
Than by the ſquare that I preſcribe to her,
That I will never count her as my Daughter.
Alu. Well acted by God *Pan*, ſee but what 'tis
To have me for a tutor in theſe rogueries.
Mel. But tell me now, good neighbor, what eſtate
Do you intend to give him?
Æg. That eſtate
Which Fortune and my care hath given to me,

The

The money which I have, and that's not much,
The Sheep, and Goats.
Mel. And not the Oxen too?
Æg. Yes, every thing.
Mel. The Horſes too?
Æg. I tell you, every thing.
Alu. By *Pan* he'l make him promiſe him particularly
Each thing above the value of a Beans-ſtraw:
You'l leave him the pails too, to milk the Kine in,
And Harneſs for the Horſes, will you not?
Mel. I, I, what elſe; but 'tis no matter for that,
I know *Palæmon*'s an ingenious man,
And love him therefore; but's no matter for that neither.
Æg. Well, ſince we are both agreed, why do we ſtay here?
I know *Palæmon* longs t'embrace his *Hylace.*
Mel. I, I, 'tis no matter for that, within this hour
We will be ready, *Ægon*, pray be you ſo,
Farewel my Son-in-law that ſhall be,
But's no matter for that: Farewel all:
Come *Truga.* [*Exeunt* Melarnus *and* Truga.
Æg. Come on then, let's not ſtay too long in trifling,
Palæmon go, and prepare your ſelf againſt the time.
I'le go acquaint my *Bellula* with your Plot,
Leſt this unwelcome news ſhould too much grieve her,
Before ſhe know my meaning.
Alu. Do, do; and I'le go ſtudy
Some new-found ways to vex the fool *Melarnus.*
For 'tis but a folly,
To be melancholly, &c.
Enter Florellus.
Whilſt *Callidorus* lives, I cannot love thee.
Theſe were her parting words; I'le kill him then;
Why do I doubt it fool? ſuch wounds as theſe
Require no gentler med'cine; methinks Love
Frowns at me now, and ſays I am too dull,
Too ſlow in his command; and yet I will not,
Theſe hands are Virgins yet, unſtain'd with villany,
Shall I begin to teach them?—methinks Piety
Frowns at me now, and ſays, I am too weak
Againſt my paſſions. Piety!—
'Twas fear begot that Bugbear; for thee *Bellula*
I durſt be wicked, though I ſaw *Joves* hand
Arm'd with a naked Thunderbolt: Farewel,
(If thou beeſt any thing, and not a ſhadow
To fright boys and old women) Farewel conſcience,
Go and be ſtrong in other petty things,
To Lovers come, when Lovers may make uſe of thee,
Not elſe: and yet,—what ſhall I do or ſay?
I ſee the better way, and know 'tis better,
Yet ſtill this devious error draws me backward.

So

So when contrary winds ruſh out and meet,
And wreſtle on the Sea with equal fury,
The waves ſwell into mountains, and are driven
Now back, now forward, doubtful of the two
Which Captain to obey.

Enter Alupis.

Alu. Ha, ha, I'le have ſuch excellent ſport,
For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Flo. Why here's a fellow now makes ſport of every thing,
See one man's fate how it excels another,
He can ſit, and paſs away the day in jollity,
My muſick is my ſighs, whilſt tears keep time.

Alu. Who's here? a moſt rare poſture!
How the good ſoul folds in his arms! he dreams
Sure that he hugs his Miſtris now, for that
Is his diſeaſe without all doubt, ſo, good,
With what judicious garb he plucks his hat
Over his eyes; ſo, ſo, good! better yet;
He cries; by this good light, he cries, the man
Is careful, and intends to water his ſheep
With his own tears; ha, ha, ha, ha.

Flo. Do'ſt thou ſee any thing that deſerves thy laughter,
Fond Swain?

Alu. I ſee nothing in good troth but you.

Flo. To jeer thoſe who are Fates may-game
Is a redoubled fault; for 'tis both ſin,
And folly too; our life is ſo uncertain
Thou canſt not promiſe that thy mirth ſhall laſt
To morrow, and not meet with any rub,
Then thou may'ſt act that part, to day thou laugh'ſt at.

Alu. I act a part? it muſt be in a Comedy then,
I abhor Tragedies; beſides, I never
Practis'd this poſture: Hey ho! woe, alas!
Why do I live? my muſick is my ſighs
Whilſt tears keep time.

Flo. You take too great a licence to your wit;
Wit, did I ſay? I mean, that which you think ſo.
And it deſerves my pity, more than anger.
Elſe you ſhould find, that blows are heavier far
Than the moſt ſtudied jeſts you can throw at me.

Alu. Faith it will be but labour loſt to beat me,
All will not teach me how to act this part;
Woe's me! alas! I'm a dull rogue, and ſo
Shall never learn it.

Flo. You're unmannerly
To talk thus ſawcily with one you know not,
Nay, hardly ever ſaw before, be gone
And leave me as you found me, my worſt thoughts
Are better company than thou.

Alu. Enjoy them then,

Here's no body desires to rob you of them.
I would have left your company without bidding,
'Tis not so pleasant, I remember well,
When I had spent all my money, I stood thus,
And therefore hate the posture ever since.
D'ye hear? I'm going to a wedding now;
If you'ave a mind to dance, come along with me,
Bring your hard-hearted Mistris with you too,
Perhaps I may persuade her, and tell her
Your Musick's sighs, and that your tears keep time.
Will you not go? Farewel then, good Tragical Actor.
Now have at thee *Melarnus*; *For 'tis but a folly*, &c. [*Exit.*

Flo. Thou art a Prophet, Shepherd; She is hard
As rocks which suffer the continual siege
Of Sea and wind against them; but I will
Win her or lose (which I should gladly do)
My self: my self? why so I have already:
Ho! who hath found *Florellus*? he is lost,
Lost to himself, and to his Parents likewise,
(Who having miss'd me, do by this time search
Each corner for to find me) Oh! *Florellus*,
Thou must be wicked, or for ever wretched,
Hard is the Physick, harder the Disease.

The end of the fourth Act.

Act V. Scene I.

Enter *Alupis*, *Palæmon*, *Ægon*.

Pal. THe Gods convert these *omens* into good,
And mock my fears; thrice in the very threshold,
Without its Masters leave my foot stood still,
Thrice in the way it stumbled.

Alu. Thrice, and thrice
You were a fool then for observing it.
Why these are follies the young years of *Truga*
Did hardly know; are they not vanisht yet?

Alu. Blame not my fear: that's *Cupid*'s usher always;
Though *Hylace* were now in my embraces,
I should half doubt it.

Alu. If you chanc'd to stumble.

Æg. Let him enjoy his madness, the same liberty
He'l grant to you, when you're a Lover too.

Alu. I, when I am, he may; yet if I were one
I should not be dismay'd because the threshold—

Pal. Alas! that was not all, as I came by

The Oak to *Faunus* ſacred, where the Shepherds
Exerciſe rural ſports on Feſtivals,
On that trees top an inauſpicious Crow
Foretold ſome ill to happen.
Æg. And becauſe Crows
Foretel wet weather, you interpret it
The rain of your own eyes; but leave theſe tricks
And let me adviſe you.
Melarnus *ſpeaking to* Hylace *within his door.*
Mel. Well come, no matter for that; I do believe thee, girl,
And would they have ſuch ſport with vexing me!
But's no matter for that; I'le vex them for't,
I know your fiery lover will be here ſtrait,
But I ſhall cool him; but come, no matter for that:
Go get you in, for I do ſee them coming.
Æg. Here comes *Melarnus.*
Pal. He looks chearfully, I hope all's well?
Æg. Melarnus, opportunely: we were acoming
Juſt now unto you.
Mel. Yes, very likely; would you have ſpoken with me?
Æg. Spoken with you?
Why, are you mad? have you forgot your promiſe?
Mel. My promiſe? oh! 'tis true, I ſaid indeed
I would go with you to day to ſell ſome Kine,
Stay but a little, I'le be ready ſtraight.
Pal. I am amaz'd; good *Ægon* ſpeak to him.
Alu. By this good light,
I ſee no likelihood of any marriage,
Except betwixt the Kine and Oxen. Hark you hither;
A rot upon your Beaſts; is *Hylace* ready?
Mel. It's no matter for that! who's there? *Alupis?*
Give me thy hand 'faith, thou'rt a merry fellow,
I have not ſeen thee here theſe many days,
But now I think on't, it's no matter for that neither.
Alu. Thy memory's fled away ſure with thy wit.
Was not I here leſs than an hour ago
With *Ægon*, when you made the match?
Mel. Oh! then you'l go along with us,
Faith do; for you will make us very merry.
Alu. I ſhall, if you thus make a fool of me.
Mel. Oh no! you'l make you ſport with vexing me.
But mum; no matter for that neither; there
I bob'd him privately, I think. [*Aſide.*
Æg. Come, what's the buſineſs?
Alu. The buſineſs? why he's mad, beyond the cure
Of all the herbs grow in *Anticyra.*
Æg. You ſee we have not fail'd our word *Melarnus*,
I and my Son are come.
Mel. Your Son! good lack!
I thought, I ſwear, you had no other child

Beſides

Beſides your Daughter *Bellula.*
Æg. Nay, then
I ſee you are diſpos'd to make us fools,—
Did not I tell you that 'twas my intent
To adopt *Palæmon* for my Son and Heir?
Alu. Did not you examine
Whether he would leave him all, leſt that he ſhould
Adopt ſome other Heir to the Cheeſe-preſſes,
The Milking-pails, the Cream-bowls? did you not?
Mel. In troth 'tis well; but where is *Bellula?*
Æg. Nay, prithee leave theſe tricks, and tell me
What you intend, is *Hylace* ready?
Mel. Ready? what elſe? ſhe's to be married preſently
To a young Shepherd; but's no matter for that.
Pal. That's I, hence fears;
Attend upon the infancy of love,
She's now mine own.
Alu. Why I; did not the Crow on the Oak foretel you this?
Mel. Hylace, Hylace, come forth,
Here's ſome are come to dance at your Wedding,
And they're welcome. [*Enter* Hylace.
Pal. The light appears, juſt like the riſing Sun,
When o're yon hill it peeps, and with a draught
Of morning dew ſalutes the day, how faſt
The night of all my ſorrow flies away,
Quite baniſh'd with her ſight!
Hyl. Did you call for me?
Mel. Is *Dametas* come? fie, how ſlow he is
At ſuch a time? but it's no matter for that;
Well get you in, and prepare to welcome him.
Pal. Will you be gone ſo quickly? oh! bright *Hylace,*
That bleſſed hour by me ſo often begg'd,
By you ſo oft deny'd, is now approaching.
Mel. What, how now? what do you kiſs her? [*Exit* Hylace.
If *Damætas* were here, he would grow jealous,
But 'tis a parting kiſs, and ſo in manners
She cannot deny it you; but it's no matter for that.
Alu. How?
Mel. What do you wonder at?
Why do you think as ſoon as they are married,
Damætas ſuch a fool, to let his Wife
Be kiſt by every body?
Pal. How now *Damætas?*
Why what hath he to do with her?
Mel. Ha, ha!
What hath the Husband then to do with's Wife?
Good: 'tis no matter for that though; he knows what.
Æg. You mean *Palæmon* ſure, ha, do you not?
Mel. 'Tis no matter for that, what I mean, I mean.
Well, reſt ye merry Gentlemen, I muſt in

And ſee my Daughters wedding, if you pleaſe
To dance with us; *Demetas* ſure will thank ye;
Pray bring your Son and heir *Palæmon* with you,
Bellula's caſt away, ha, ha, ha, ha!
And the poor fool *Melarnus* muſt be cheated,
But it's no matter for that; how now *Alupis*?
I thought you would have had moſt excellent ſport
With abuſing poor *Melarnus*? that ſame coxcomb,
For he's a fool; but it's no matter for that,
Ægon hath cheated him, *Palæmon* is
Married to *Hylace*, and one *Alupis*
Doth nothing elſe but vex him, ha, ha, ha!
But it's no matter for that; farewel genteles,
Or if ye'l come and dance, ye ſhall be welcome,
Will you *Palæmon*? 'tis your Miſtris wedding.
I am a fool, a coxcomb, gull'd on every ſide,
No matter for that though; what I have done, I have done:
Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Æg. How now? what are you both dumb? both thunder-ſtrook?
This was your plot *Alupis*.

Alu. I'le begin.
May his ſheep rot, and he for want of food
Be forc'd to eat them then; may every man
Abuſe him, and yet he not have the wit
To abuſe any man; may he never ſpeak
More ſenſe than he did now; and may he never
Be rid of his old Wife *Truga*; may his Son-
In-law be a more famous Cuckold made
Than any one I knew when I liv'd in the City.

Pal. Fool as thou art, the Sun ſhall loſe his courſe,
And brightneſs too, e're *Hylace* her chaſtity.
Oh no! ye Gods, may ſhe be happy always,
Happy in the embraces of *Dametas*;
And that ſhall be ſome comfort to my ghoſt
When I am dead; and dead I ſhall be ſhortly.

Alu. May a diſeaſe ſeize upon all his Cattle,
And a far worſe on him, till he at laſt
Be carried to ſome Hoſpital i'th City,
And there kill'd by a Chirurgion for experience.
And when he's gone, I'le wiſh this good thing for him,
May the earth lie gently on him——that the dogs
May tear him up the eaſier.

Æg. A curſe upon thee!
And upon me for truſting thy fond counſels!
Was this your cunning trick? why thou haſt wounded
My conſcience, and my reputation too,
With what face can I look on the other Swains?
Or who will ever truſt me, who have broke
My faith thus openly?

Pal. A curſe upon thee,

This

This is the ſecond time that thy perſuaſions
Made me not only fool, but wicked too;
I ſhould have died in quiet elſe, and known
No other wound, but that of her denial;
Go now, and brag how thou haſt us'd *Palæmon*;
But yet methinks you might have choſe ſome other
For ſubject of your mirth, not me.

Æg. Nor me.

Alu. And yet if this had proſpered (as I wonder
Who it ſhould be, betray'd us, ſince we three
And *Truga* only knew it, whom, if ſhe
Betray'd us, I——) if this, I ſay, had proſpered,
You would have hugg'd me for inventing it,
And him for putting it in act; fooliſh men
That do not mark the thing but the event!
Your judgments hang on fortune, not on reaſon.

Æg. Do'ſt thou upbraid us too?

Pal. Firſt make us wretched,
And then laugh at us? believe, *Alupis*,
Thou ſhalt not long have cauſe to boaſt thy villany.

Alu. My villany? do what ye can: you're fools,
And there's an end; I'le talk with you no more,
I had as good ſpeak reaſon to the wind
As you, that can but hiſs at it.

Æg. We will do more; *Palæmon*, come away,
He hath wrong'd both, and both ſhall ſatisfie.

Alu. Which he will never do; nay, go and plod,
Your two wiſe brains will invent certainly
Politick ginns to catch me in. [*Exeunt.*
And now have at thee *Truga*, if I find
That thou art guilty; mum,——I have a Ring——
Palæmon, *Ægon*, *Hylace*, *Melarnus*
Are all againſt me; no great matter: hang care,
For 'tis but a folly, &c. [*Exit.*

Enter Bellula.

This way my *Callidorus* went, what chance
Hath ſnatch'd him from my ſight? how ſhall I find him?
How ſhall I find my ſelf, now I have loſt him?
With ye my feet and eyes I will not make
The ſmalleſt truce, till ye have ſought him out. [*Exit.*

Enter Callidorus *and* Florellus.

Come, now your buſineſs.

Flo. 'Tis a fatal one,
Which will almoſt as much ſhame me to ſpeak,
Much more to act, as 'twill fright you to hear it.

Cal. Fright me? it muſt be then ſome wickedneſs,
I am accuſtom'd ſo to miſery,
That cannot do't.

Flo. Oh! 'tis a ſin young man,
A ſin which every one ſhall wonder at,

None

None not condemn, if ever it be known?
Methinks my blood ſhrinks back into my veins,
And my affrighted hairs are turn'd to briſtles.
Do not my eyes creep back into their cells;
As if they ſeem'd to wiſh for thicker darkneſs,
Than either night or death to cover them?
Doth not my face look black and horrid too?
As black and horrid as my thoughts? ha! tell me.
Cal. I am a novice in all villanies,
If your intents be ſuch, diſmiſs me, pray,
My nature is more eaſie to diſcover
Than help you; ſo farewel.
Flo. Yet ſtay a little longer; you muſt ſtay;
You are an actor in this Tragedy.
Cal. What would you do?
Flo. Alas! I would do nothing; but I muſt—
Cal. What muſt you do?
Flo. I muſt— Love thou haſt got the victory —
Kill thee.
Cal. Who? me? you do but jeſt,
I ſhould believe you, if I could tell how
To frame a cauſe, or think on any injury
Worth ſuch a large revenge, which I have done you.
Flo. Oh no! there's all the wickedneſs, they may ſeem
To find excuſe for their abhorred fact;
That kill when wrongs, and anger urgeth them;
Becauſe thou art ſo good, ſo affable,
So full of graces, both of mind and body,
Therefore I kill thee, wilt thou know it plainly,
Becauſe whilſt thou art living, *Bellula*
Proteſted ſhe would never be anothers,
Therefore I kill thee.
Cal. Had I been your Rival
You might have had ſome cauſe; cauſe did I ſay?
You might have had pretence for ſuch a villany:
He who unjuſtly kills is twice a murtherer.
Flo. He whom love bids to kill is not a murtherer.
Cal. Call not that love that's ill; 'tis only fury.
Flo. Fury in ills is half excuſable:
Therefore prepare thy ſelf; if any ſin
(Though I believe thy hot and flouriſhing youth
As innocent as other mens nativities)
Hath flung a ſpot upon thy purer conſcience,
Waſh it in ſome few tears.
Cal. Are you reſolv'd to be ſo cruel?
Flo. I muſt, or be as cruel to my ſelf.
Cal. As ſick men do their beds, ſo have I yet
Enjoy'd my ſelf, with little reſt, much trouble:
I have been made the Ball of Love and Fortune,
And am almoſt worn out with often playing;

And therefore I would entertain my death
As ſome good friend whoſe coming I expected;
Were it not that my Parents——
Flo. Here; ſee, I do not come [*Draws two Swords from under his garment and offers one to* Cal.
Like a foul murtherer to intrap you falſly,
Take your own choice, and then defend your ſelf.
Cal. 'Tis nobly done; and ſince it muſt be ſo,
Although my ſtrength and courage call me woman,
I will not die like ſheep without reſiſtance,
If innocence be guard ſufficient,
I'm ſure he cannot hurt me.
Flo. Are you ready? the fatal Cuckow on yon ſpreading tree
Hath ſounded out your dying knell already.
Cal. I am.
Flo. 'Tis well, and I could wiſh thy hand
Were ſtrong enough; 'tis thou deſerveſt the victory,
Nay, were not th' hope of *Bellula* ingraven
In all my thoughts, I would my ſelf play booty
Againſt my ſelf; But *Bellula*——come on. [*Fight.*

Enter Philiſtus.

This is the Wood adjoyning to the Farm,
Where I gave order unto *Clariana*
My Siſter, to remain till my return;
Here 'tis in vain to ſeek her, yet who knows?
Though it be in vain I'le ſeek; to him that doth
Propoſe no journeys end, no path's amiſs.
Why how now? what do you mean? for ſhame part Shepherds,
I thought you honeſt Shepherds, had not had [*Sees them fighting.*
So much of Court and City follies in you.
Flo. 'Tis *Philiſtus*; I hope he will not know me,
Now I begin to ſee how black and horrid
My attempt was; how much unlike *Florellus*,
Thanks to the juſter Deities for declining
From both the danger, and from me the ſin.
Phil. 'Twould be a wrong to charity to diſmiſs ye
Before I ſee you friends, give me your weapons.
Cal. 'Tis he: why do I doubt? moſt willingly,
And my ſelf too, beſt man; now kill me Shepherd——
Phil. What do you mean! [*Swoons.*
Riſe, prithee riſe; ſure you have wounded him.

Enter Bellula.

Deceive me not good eyes; what do I ſee?
My *Callidorus* dead? 'Tis impoſſible!
Who is it that lies ſlain there? are you dumb?
Who is't I pray?
Flo. Fair Miſtris——
Bell. Piſh, fair Miſtris,——
I ask who 'tis; if it be *Callidorus*——
Phil. Was his name *Callidorus*? it is ſtrange.
Bell. You are a villain, and you too a villain,

Wake

Wake *Callidorus*, wake, it is thy *Bellula*
That calls thee, wake, it is thy *Bellula*;
Why Gentlemen? why Shepherd? fie for ſhame,
Have you no charity? O my *Callidorus!*
Speak but one word—
Cal. 'Tis not well done to trouble me,
Why do you envy me this little reſt?
Bell. No; I will follow thee, [*Swoons.*
Flo. O help, help quickly,
What do you mean? your *Callidorus* lives.
Bell. Callidorus!
Flo. And will be well immediately, take courage,
Look up a little: wretched as I am,
I am the cauſe of all this ill.
Phil. What ſhall we do? I have a Siſter dwells
Cloſe by this place, let's haſte to bring them thither.
But let's be ſudden.
Flo. As wing'd lightning is.
Come *Bellula* in ſpight of Fortune now
I do embrace thee.
Phil. I did proteſt without my *Callidora*
Ne're to return, but pity hath o'recome.
Bell. Where am I?
Flo. Where I could always wiſh thee: in thoſe arms
Which would infold thee with more ſubtle knots,
Than amorous Ivy, whilſt it hugs the Oak.
Cal. Where do ye bear me? is *Philiſtus* well?
Phi. How ſhould he know my name? 'tis to me a riddle,
Nay Shepherd find another time to court in,
Make haſte now with your burthen. (*Exeunt.*
Flo. With what eaſe ſhould I go always were I burthened thus!

Enter Aphron.

She told me ſhe was Siſter to *Philiſtus*,
Who having miſt the beauteous *Callidora*,
Hath undertook a long, and hopleſs journey
To find her out; then *Callidora*'s fled,
Without her Parents knowledge, and who knows
When ſhe'l return, or if ſhe do, what then?
Lambs will make peace, and joyn themſelves with Wolves
E're ſhe with me, worſe than a Wolf to her:
Beſides, how durſt I undertake to court her?
How dare I look upon her after this?
Fool as I am, I will forget her quite,
And *Clariana* ſhall henceforth—but yet
How fair ſhe was! what then? ſo's *Clariana*;
What graces did ſhe dart on all beholders?
She did; but ſo does *Clariana* too,
She was as pure and white as *Parian* Marble,
What then? She was as hard too; *Clariana*
Is pure and white as *Ericina*'s Doves,

And

And is as ſoft, as galleſs too as they,
Her pity ſav'd my life, and did reſtore
My wandring ſenſes, if I ſhould not love her,
I were far madder now, than when ſhe found me,
I will go in and render up my ſelf,
For her moſt faithful ſervant.
Wonderful! [*Exit. Enter again*
She has lockt me in, and keeps me here her priſoner:
In theſe two chambers; what can ſhe intend?
No matter, ſhe intends no hurt I'm ſure,
I'le patiently expect her coming to me. [*Exit.*

Enter *Demophil, Spodata, Clariana, Florellus, Callidora, Bellula, Philiſtus.*

Dem. My Daughter found again, and Son return'd!
Ha, ha! methinks it makes me young again.
My Daughter and my Son meet here together!
Philiſtus with them too! that we ſhould come
To grieve with *Clariana*, and find her here.
Nay, when we thought we had loſt *Florellus* too
To find them both, methinks it makes me young again.

Spo. I thought I never ſhould have ſeen thee more
My *Callidora*; come wench, now let's hear,
The ſtory of your flight and life in the Woods.

Phi. Do happy Miſtris for the recordation,
Of fore-paſt ills, makes us the ſweetlier reliſh
Our preſent good.

Cal. Of *Aphrons* love to me, and my antipathy
Towards him, there's none here ignorant, you know too.
How guarded with his love, or rather fury,
And ſome few men he broke into our houſe
With reſolution to make me the prey
Of his wild luſt.

Spo. I, there's a villain now; oh! that I had him here.

Cla. Oh! ſay not ſo:
The crimes which Lovers for their Miſtris act,
Bear both the weight and ſtamp of piety.

Dem. Come girl; go on, go on. His wild luſt—

Cla. What ſudden fear ſhook me, you may imagine,
What ſhould I do; you both were out of Town,
And moſt of the ſervants at that time gone with you.
I'on the ſudden found a corner out,
And hid my ſelf, till they wearied with ſearching,
Quitted the houſe, but fearing leſt they ſhould
Attempt the ſame again e're your return,
I took with me money and other neceſſaries;
And in a ſute my Brother left behind
Diſguis'd my ſelf: thus to the Woods I went,
Where meeting with an honeſt merry Swain,
I by his help was furniſh'd, and made Shepherd.

Spo. Nay, I muſt needs ſay for her, ſhe was always

A witty wench.
Dem. Piſh, piſh: and made a Shepherd——
Cal. It hapned that this gentle Shepherdeſs
(I can attribute it to nought in me
Deſerv'd ſo much) began to love me.
Phil. Why ſo did all beſides I'le warrant you,
Nor can I blame them, though they were my rival.
Cal. Another Shepherd with as much deſire
Wooed her in vain, as she in vain wooed me,
Who ſeeing that no hope was left for him,
Whilſt I enjoy'd this life t' enjoy his *Bellula*,
(For by that name she's known) ſought to take me
Out of the way as a partition
Betwixt his Love and him, whilſt in the fields
We two were ſtrugling, (him his ſtrength defending,
And me my innocence.)
Flo. I am aſham'd to look upon their faces.
What ſhall I ſay? my guilt's above excuſe.
Cal. Philiſtus; as if the Gods had all agreed
To make him mine, juſt at the nick came in
And parted us, with ſudden joy I ſounded,
Which *Bellula* perceiving (for even then
She came to ſeek me) ſudden grief did force
The ſame effect from her, which joy from me.
Hither they brought us both, in this amazement,
Where being ſtraight recovered to our ſelves,
I found you here, and you your dutiful Daughter.
Spo. The Gods be thankt.
Dem. Go on.
Cal. Nay, you have all Sir.
Dem. Where's that Shepherd?
Flo. Here.
Dem. Here, where?
Flo. Here, your unhappy Son's the man; for her
I put on Sylvan weeds, for her fair ſake
I would have ſtain'd my innocent hands in blood,
Forgive me all, 'twas not a ſin of malice,
'Twas not begot by luſt, but ſacred love;
The cauſe muſt be the excuſe for the effect.
Dem. You ſhould have us'd ſome other means, *Florellus*.
Cal. Alas! 'twas the Gods will Sir, without that
I had been undiſcovered yet; *Philiſtus*
Wandred too far, my Brother yet a Shepherd,
You groaning for our loſs, upon this wheel
All our felicity is turn'd.
Spo. Alas! you have forgot the power of love, ſweet-heart.
Dem. Be patient Son, and temper your deſire,
You ſhall not want a Wife that will perhaps
Pleaſe you as well, I'm ſure befit you better.
Flo. They marry not, but ſell themſelves t'a wife,

Whom

Whom the large dowry tempts, and take more pleaſure
To hug the wealthy bags than her that brought them.
Let them whom nature beſtows nothing on
Seek to patch up their want by Parents plenty;
The beautiful, the chaſte, the vertuous,
Her ſelf alone is portion to her ſelf.

Enter Ægon.

By your leave; I come to ſeek a Daughter.
O! are you there, tis well.

Flo. This is her Father,
I do conjure you Father, by the love
Which Parents bear their Children, to make up
The match betwixt us now, or if you will not
Send for your friends, prepare a Coffin for me
And let a Grave be digg'd, I will be happy,
Or elſe not know my miſery to morrow.

Spo. You do not think what ill may happen Husband,
Come, let him have her, you have means enough
For him, the wench is fair, and if her face
Be not a flatterer, of a noble mind,
Although not ſtock.

Æg. I do not like this ſtragling, come along,
By your leave Gentlemen, I hope you will
Pardon my bold intruſion.

Cla. You're very welcome.
What are you going *Bellula?* pray ſtay,
Though nature contradicts our love, I hope
That I may have your friendſhip.

Æg. Bellula!

Bell. My Father calls; farewel; your name, and memory
In ſpite of Fate, I'le love, farewel.

Flo. Would you be gone, and not beſtow one word
Upon your faithful ſervant? do not all
My griefs and troubles for your ſake ſuſtain'd,
Deſerve, Farewel *Florellus?*

Bell. Fare you well then.

Flo. Alas! how can I, Sweet, unleſs you ſtay,
Or I go with you? you were pleas'd e're while
To ſay you honored me with the next place
To *Callidorus* in your heart, then now
I ſhould be firſt: do you repent your ſentence?
Or can that tongue ſound leſs than Oracle?

Bell. Perhaps I am of that opinion ſtill,
But muſt obey my Father.

Æg. Why *Bellula?* would you have ought with her Sir?

Flo. Yes, I would have her ſelf; if conſtancy
And love be meritorious, I deſerve her.
Why Father, Mother, Siſter, Gentlemen,
Will you plead for me?

Dem. Since 't muſt be ſo, I'le bear it patiently,

Shepherd, you ſee how much our Son is taken
With your fair Daughter, therefore if you think
Him fitting for her Husband ſpeak, and let it
Be made a match immediately, we ſhall
Expect no other dowry than her vertue.
Æg. Which only I can promiſe; for her fortune
Is beneath you ſo far, that I could almoſt
Suſpect your words, but that you ſeem more noble.
How now, what ſay you girl?
Bell. I only do depend upon your will.
Æg. And I'le not be an enemy to thy good fortune.
Take her Sir, and the Gods bleſs you.
Flo. With greater joy than I would take a Crown.
Alu. The Gods bleſs you.
Flo. They have don't already.
Æg. Leſt you ſhould think when time, and oft enjoying
Hath dull'd the point, and edge of your affection,
That you have wrong'd your ſelf and Family,
By marrying one whoſe very name, a Shepherdeſs,
Might fling ſome ſpot upon your Birth, I'le tell you,
She is not mine, nor born in theſe rude Woods.
Flo. How! you ſpeak myſtick wonders.
Æg. I ſpeak truths Sir,
Some fifteen years ago, as I was walking,
I found a Nurſe wounded, and groaning out
Her lateſt ſpirit, and by her a fair Child,
And, which her very dreſſing might declare,
Of wealthy Parents; as ſoon as I came to them,
I ask'd her who had us'd her ſo inhumanely:
She anſwered Turkiſh Pyrats; and withal
Deſired me to look unto the Child,
For 'tis, ſaid ſhe, a Noblemans of *Sicily*,
His name ſhe would have ſpoke, but death permitted not.
Her as I could, I cauſed to be buried,
But brought home the little Girl with me,
Where by my Wives perſuaſions we agreed,
Becauſe the Gods had bleſt us with no iſſue,
To nouriſh as our own, and call it *Bellula*,
Whom now you ſee, your Wife, your Daughter.
Spo. Is't poſſible?
Flo. Her manners ſhew'd her noble.
Æg. I call the Gods to witneſs, this is true.
And for the farther teſtimony of it,
I have yet kept at home the furniture,
And the rich mantle which ſhe then was wrapt in,
Which now perhaps may ſerve to ſome good uſe
Thereby to know her Parents.
Dem. Sure this is *Aphrons* Siſter then, for juſt
About the time he mentions, I remember,
The Governor of *Pachinus*, then his Father,

Told

Told me that certain Pyrats of *Argier*
Had broke into his houſe, and ſtoln from thence
With other things his Daughter, and her Nurſe,
Who being after taken, and executed,
Their laſt confeſſion was, that they indeed
Wounded the Nurſe, but ſhe fled with the Child,
Whilſt they were buſie ſearching for more prey.
Whom ſince, her Father neither ſaw nor heard of.
Cla. Then now I am ſure Sir, you would gladly pardon
The raſh attempt of *Aphron*, for your Daughter,
Since fortune hath joyn'd both of you by kindred.
Dem. Moſt willingly.
Spo. I, I, alas! 'twas love.
Flo. Where ſhould we find him out?
Cla. I'le ſave that labour. [*Exit* Clariana.
Cal. Where's *Hylace*, pray Shepherd? and the reſt
Of my good Sylvan friends? methinks I would
Fain take my leave of them.
Æg. I'le fetch them hither.
They're not far off, and if you pleaſe to help
The match betwixt *Hylace* and *Palæmon*,
'Twould be a good deed, I'le go fetch them. [*Exit.*

Enter *Aphron*, *Clariana.*

Aph. Ha! whither have you led me *Clariana?*
Some ſteepy mountain bury me alive,
Or rock intomb me in its ſtony entrails,
Whom do I ſee?
Cla. Why do you ſtare, my *Aphron?*
They have forgiven all.
Dem. Come, *Aphron*, welcome,
We have forgot the wrong you did my Daughter,
The name of love hath cover'd all; this is
A joyful day, and ſacred to great *Hymen*
'Twere ſin not to be friends with all men now.
Spo. Methinks, I have much ado to forgive the raſcal. [*Aſide.*
Aph. I know not what to ſay; do you all pardon me?
I have done wrong to ye all, yea, to all thoſe
That have a ſhare in vertue. Can ye pardon me?
All. Moſt willingly.
Aph. Do you ſay ſo, fair Virgin?
You I have injur'd moſt: with love,
With ſaucy love, which I henceforth recal,
And will look on you with an adoration,
Not with deſire hereafter; tell me, pray,
Doth any man yet call you his?
Cal. Yes; *Philiſtus.*
Aph. I congratulate it, Sir.
The Gods make ye both happy: fool, as I am,
You are at the height already of felicity,
To which there's nothing can be added now,

But

But perpetuity; you ſhall not find me
Your rival any more, though I confeſs.
I honor her, and will for ever do ſo.
Clariana, I am ſo much unworthy
Of thy love. That—
Cla. Go no farther, Sir, 'tis I ſhould ſay ſo
Of my own ſelf.
Phil. How Siſter? are you two ſo near upon a match?
Apu. In our hearts Sir,
We are already joyn'd, it may be though
You will be loth to have unhappy *Aphron*,
Stile you his Brother?
Phil. No Sir, if you both
Agree, to me it ſhall not be unwelcome.
Why here's a day indeed; ſure *Hymen* now
Means to ſpend all his torches.
Dem. 'Tis my Son Sir;
Now come from travel, and your Brother now.
Aph. I underſtand not.
Dem. Had you not a Siſter?
Aph. I had Sir; but where now ſhe is none knows,
Beſides the Gods.
Dem. Is't not about ſome fifteen years ago
Since that the Nurſe ſcap'd with her from the hands
Of Turkiſh Pyrats that beſet the houſe?
Aph. It is Sir.
Dem. Your Siſter lives then, and is married
Now to *Florellus*; this is ſhe, you ſhall be
Inform'd of all the circumſtances anon.
Aph. 'Tis impoſſible
I ſhall be made too happy on the ſudden.
My Siſter found, and *Clariana* mine!
Come not too thick good joys, you will oppreſs me.
Enter *Melarnus*, *Truga*, *Ægon*, *Hylace*, *Palæmon*.
Cal. Shepherds you're welcome all; though I have loſt
Your good ſociety, I hope I ſhall not
Your friendſhip, and beſt wiſhes.
Æg. Nay, here's wonders;
Now *Callidorus* is found out a woman,
Bellula not my Daughter, and is married
To yonder Gentleman, for which I intend
To do in earneſt what before I jeſted,
To adopt *Palæmon* for my heir.
Mel. Ha, ha, ha!
Come it's no matter for that; do you think
To cheat me once again with your fine tricks?
No matter for that neither. Ha, ha, ha!
Alas! ſhe's married to *Dametas*.
Æg. Nay, that was your plot *Melarnus*,
I met with him, and he denies it to me.

Hyl. Hence-

Hyl. Henceforth I must not love, but honor you—to *Callidora.*
Æg. By all the Gods I will.
Tru. He will, he will; Duck.
Mel. Of every thing?
Æg. Of every thing; I call
These Gentlemen to witness here, that since
I have no child to care for; I will make
Palæmon heir to those small means the Gods
Have blest me with, if he do marry *Hylace.*
Mel. Come it's no matter for that, I scarce believe you.
Dem. We'l be his sureties.
Mel. Hylace,
What think you of *Palæmon?* can you love him?
H'as our consents, but it's no matter for that,
If he do please you, speak, or now, or never.
Hyl. Why do I doubt fond Girl? she's now a woman.
Mel. No matter for that, what you do, do quickly.
Hyl. My duty binds me not to be averse
To what likes you.——
Mel. Why take her then *Palæmon*; she's yours for ever.
Pal. With far more joy
Than I would do the Wealth of both the *Indies*:
Thou art above a Father to me, *Ægeon.*
W'are freed from misery with sense of joy,
We are not born so; oh! my *Hylace,*
It is my comfort now that thou went hard,
And cruel till this day, delights are sweetest.
When poisoned with the trouble to attain them.

Enter Alupis.

For 'tis but a folly, &c.
By your leave, I come to seek a woman,
That hath out-lived the memory of her youth,
With skin as black as her teeth, if she have any,
With a face would fright the Constable and his Watch
Out of their wits (and that's easily done you'l say) if they should meet her at midnight.
O! are you there? I thought I smelt you somewhere;
Come hither my she Nestor, pretty *Trnga,*
Come hither, my sweet Duck.
Tru. Why? are you not asham'd to abuse me thus,
Before this company?
Alu. I have something more;
I come to shew the Ring before them all;
How durst you thus betray us to *Melarnus?*
Tru. 'Tis false, 'twas *Hylace* that over-heard you;
She told me so; but they are married now.
Alu. What do you think to flam me? why ho! here's news.
Pal. *Alupis* art thou there? forgive my anger,
I am the happiest man alive, *Alupis,*
Hylace is mine, here are more wonders too,

Thou

Thou ſhalt know all anon.
Tru. Alupis, give me.
Alu. Well, rather than be troubled.
Æg. Alupis welcome, now w'are friends I hope?
Give me your hand.
Mel. And me.
Alu. With all my heart,
I'm glad to ſee ye have learn'd more wit at laſt.
Cal. This is the Shepherd, Father, to whoſe care
I owe for many favours in the Woods,
You're welcome heartily; here's every body
Pair'd of a ſudden; when ſhall's ſee you married?
Alu. Me? when there are no ropes to hang my ſelf,
No rocks to break my neck down; I abhor
To live in a perpetual Belfary;
I never could abide to have a Maſter,
Much leſs a Miſtris, and I will not marry,
Becauſe, *I'le ſing away the day,*
For 'tis but a folly to be melancholly,
I'le be merry whilſt I may.
Phil. You're welcome all, and I deſire you all
To be my gueſts to day; a Wedding dinner,
Such as the ſudden can afford, we'l have,
Come will ye walk in Gentlemen?
Dem. Yes, yes,
What croſſes have ye born before ye joyn'd!
What ſeas paſs'd through before ye toucht the port!
Thus Lovers do, e're they are crown'd by Fates
With Palm, the tree their patience imitates.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by *ALUPIS.*

THE Author bid me tell you---'faith, I have
Forgot what 'twas; and I'm a very ſlave
If I know what to ſay; but only this,
Be merry, that my Counſel always is.
Let no grave man knit up his brow, and ſay
'Tis fooliſh: why? 'twas a Boy made the Play.
Nor any yet of thoſe that ſit behind,
Becauſe he goes in Pluſh, be of his mind.
Let none his Time, or his ſpent Money grieve,
Be merry; give me your hands, and I'le believe.
Or if you will not, I'le go in, and ſee,
If I can turn the Author's mind, with me
To ſing away the day,
For 'tis but a folly
To be melancholly,
Since that can't mend the Play.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by AEVPIS.

THE Author bid me tell you---faith, I have
Forgot what 'twas; and I'm a very slave
If I know what to say; but only this,
Be merry, that my Counsel always is.
Let no grave man knit up his brow, and say
'Tis foolish: why? 'twas a Boy made the Play.
Nor any yet of those that sit behind,
Because he goes in Plush, be of his mind.
Let none his Time, or his spent Money grieve,
Be merry; give me your hands, and I'le believe.
Or if you will not, I'le go in, and see,
If I can turn the Author's mind, with me
To sing away the day,
For 'tis but a folly
To be melancholly,
Since that can't mend the Play.

NAUFRAGIUM JOCULARE:

Comœdia,

Publice coram ACADEMICIS Acta, in Collegio SS. & individuæ Trinitatis.

4°. Nonas *Feb.* Ann. Dom. 1638.

Authore *Abrahamo Cowley.*

Mart.——*Non diſplicuiſſe meretur*
Feſtinat, Lector, qui placuiſſe tibi.

LONDINI:

Typis *M.C.* veneunt apud *C. Harper*, & *J. Tonſon.*
MDCLXXXI.

Doctiſſimo, Graviſſimoque Viro

Domino D. *COMBER*,

Decano *Carleolenſi* colendiſſimo, & Collegii S.S. & individuæ *Trinitatis*, Magiſtro vigilantiſſimo.

SIſte gradum: quónam temeraria pagina tendis,
Auratâ nimiùm facta ſuperba togâ?
Subdita Virgifero te volvat turba Tyranno;
Et tamen, ah, nucibus ludere pluris erit.
I, pete, ſollicitos quos tædia docta Scholarum,
Et Logicæ pugno carmina ſcripta tenent.
Poſt Ca. vel Hip. Qualis? ne. vel, af. un. Quanta? par. in. fin.
Deſtruit E dictum, deſtruit Ique modum.
Tum Tu grata aderis, tum blandiùs ore ſonabis;
Setonus, dicent, quid velit iſte ſibi?
I, pete Cauſſidicos: poteris ſic culta videri,
Et benè Romanis fundere verba modis.
Fallor: poſt Ignoramum gens cautior ille eſt;
Et didicit Muſas, Granta, timere tuas.
I, pete Lectorem nullum; ſic ſalva latebis;
Et poteris Criticas ſpernere tuta manus.
Limine ab hoc caveas: Procul ô, procul ito profana.
Diſſimile hìc Domino nil decet eſſe ſuo.
Ille ſacri calamo reſerat myſteria verbi,
Non alia illius ſancta lucerna videt.
Talis in Altari trepidat Fax pænè timenda,
Et flavum attollit ſic reverenda caput.
At ſcio, quid dices: Noſtros Academia luſus
Spectavit; nugæ tùm placuere meæ.
Pagina ſtulta nimis! Granta eſt Hic altera ſolus;
Vel Grantæ ipſius non Caput, at Cerebrum.
Sed ſi Authore tuo, pergas, audacior, ire:
(Audacem quemvis candidus ille facit.)
Accedas tanquam ad Numen formidine blandâ
Triſtis, & hæc illi paucula metra refer.

Sub veſtro auſpicio natum bonus accipe carmen,
Viventi auſpicium quod ſibi vellet idem.
Non peto, ut iſta probes; tantùm, Puerilia, dicas,
Sunt, fateor; Puerum ſed ſatis illa decent.
Collegiî nam qui noſtri dedit iſta Scholaris,
Si Socius tandem ſit, meliora dabit.

Veſtri favoris ſtudioſiſſimus,

A. Cowley.

Ad Lectorem.

NON ſum neſcius quanto cum periculo, emanare in vulgus hanc fabulam paſſus ſim; tantum intereſt Spectator, an Lector ſis Comœdiæ, quamvis amicus, adeo ut miſellum hoc opus, quod ſatis ex ſe deforme eſt, pulchritudinem ſuam amittere neceſſe ſit, quam illi Lucernæ, Veſtes, Actor, nobiliſsima Frequentia addiderunt. Sed hoc cum cæteris commune, illud noſtræ proprium eſt, quod plurimis in locis, eiſque, qui, neſcio quo fato, maximè placuerunt, ne intelligi quidem, niſi à quibuſdam poſſit, ut in Morionis & Gelaſimi partibus, præcipuè verò cùm aperitur Schola, ità ut huic libro accidat, quod ſolet ignobilibus, qui, niſi in civitate ſuâ ubique ignorantur, ità naſcuntur Calendarii ſimiles in uſum unius tantùm regionis. Sed voluntati amicorum ſatisfaciendum eſt, non timori meo; & effecit benevolentia illa, quâ priores meas nugas, & veluti vagitus Poeticos (nam (proh pudor!) pænè ab infantiâ nugatus ſum) excepiſti, ut Ingrati crimen ſubeam, ſi tibi negem luſus meos; Immemoris ſi formidem. Aliquis autem dicat vir graviſſimus (& fortaſſis etiam dixit) Eóne impudentiæ ventum eſt ut hornus adhùc Academicus, Comœdiam doceat? Quod nunquam quiſquam eâ ætate aggreſſus eſt, idne ſibi arrogat inſolens puer? Egòne tale quid in me admiſi? Quod ſi crimen quidem ſit, Illius invidia nunquam tanti erit, ut huic ſaltem crimini expurgationem aliquam parem. Nam Tibi, Amice Lector, ſi audacia noſtra placuit, Ego vel iterùm tui cauſâ tam inſolens fierem.

Vale.

Scena

Scena *Dunkerka.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

GNomicus,	Tutor Gel. & Mor.
Gelaſimus,	Hæres dives, amicus Morionis.
Morion,	Suppoſititius filius Polypori.
Dinon,	Illorum ſervus.
Bombardomachides,	Miles.
Eucomiſſa,	Filia Bombardom.
Ægle,	Captiva Bombard. Æmylionis ſoror.
Pſecas,	Ancilla Eucomiſſæ.
Æmylio,	Captivus Bomb. filius Polypori.
Calliphanes, p.	Senex.
Calliphanes, F.	Ejus filius, Ægles amaſius.
Polyporus,	Mercator Anglus.
Academicus 1.	
Academicus 2.	
Mulier.	
Bajuli 2.	
Perſonæ mutæ.	
Lorarii 2.	
Bajulus.	
Exorciſta.	

Pro-

PROLOGUS.

EXi foras inepte; nullamne habebunt hic Comœdiam?
Exi, inquam, inepte: aut incipiam ego cum Epilogo.
Tun' jam Sophista junior, & modestus adhuc?
Ego nihil possum, præter quod cæteri solent,
Salvete cives attici, & corona florentissima.
Sed cedo mihi pileum, si necesse est istud agere.
Utinam illum videretis, plus hoc spectaculo
Risuros vosmet credo, quam totâ in Comœdiâ.
Jam nunc per rimam aliquam ad vos omnes adspicit.
Nisi placidè intueamini, actum est de Puero.
Tragœdia isthæc fiet, & Naufragium verum.
Dicturus modo Prologum, Novi, inquit, peccatum meum.
Prodire, nisi personatus, in hanc frequentiam
Non audet, & plus suâ rubescit purpurâ.
Illius ergò causâ, sinite exorator siem
Ut nequis Poëtæ vitio vortat novitio,
Quodque non solet fieri, insolentiam putet.
Nisi fari incæptaverit, nemo est futurus eloquens.
Qui modò pulpitum fortius, aut Scenam concutit,
Aliquandò balbutivit ac timuit loqui.
Neque annos novem poscite; non est, Spectatores optimi,
Adulta res, sed puerilis, Ludere.
Vetus Poëta Comico cessit in convitium.
Quis suum dieculæ invidet crepusculum?
Quis violæ, quòd primo oritur, extinguit purpuram?
Favetæ & huic Flori, ne tanquam Solstitialis Herbula
Repentè exortus, repentinò occidat.

ACTUS

Naufragium Joculare
COMOEDIA.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Scena Prima.

Dinon. [*Celeuſma intus*].

Siquidem adaptantur humeris onera, huc me actutum Sequimini: Ego vobis propiciam; nimium hi natuæ attrectant picem manibus: Mirum herclè eſt quin malo caveant, tam propinqui funibus Qui ſuum quotidiè fatum quaſi accuratè complicant. Ut clamarunt modò! Suſurrare præ his *Tempeſtatem* diceres. Gratias habeo quod abs ſeſe, & his ſuis nos amiſit mare. Utrúmque eſt æquè turbulentum, & ad adſpectum utriúſq; vomeres. Itáque incolumem hic te videre, ſeriò lætor, *Dinon*: *Polyporus* huc me miſit *Herus*, cum Filio ſimul Ejúſque ſodali, ut euntibus ſervirem peregrè, Quorum alter, naturâ bardus, nihil ultrà quæritat, Alter & induſtriam addidit, uti inſaniret ſtrenuè. Hos ducit quaſi *Tutor* eorum *Gnomicus*, ita homo, Qui, rectè ſi ſaperent ſtultos cis annum redderet, Nil extra carmina, átque ſententias loquitur carnifex: Vix ſoleas, niſi ex *Virgilio* poſcet, ita poetâ abutitur. Hem *Dinon*, vin'tu homini ſtulto auſcultare mihi? Succentuti jam nunc gnaviter in corde Sycophantias: Nam ſi bolus iſte tantus eripiatur ex faucibus, Numquam iterum occaſio dabitur, fortunatus ut ſies. Ignota regio; heri ſtolidi, ac divites: tum ego, *Dinon*. Plenus fallaciæ ſervus, & pecuniæ indigens. Næ Oves commiſit lupo, hos mihi qui concredidit. Atq; eccos ipſos de navi; eccum autem *Gnomicum*; Ut magnifice infert ſeſe! gradiri *Jambum* crederes, Concedam iſtùc: hem Bajuli, an dormitis ſuper ſarcinas?

Scena Secunda.

Gnomicus. Morion. Gelaſimus. Dinon.

Gno. Quod fælix fauſtúmque ſit (quâ formulâ delectabantur Veteres) Egreſſi optatâ Troes potiuntur arenâ. Ne a Virgilio noſtro poetarum omnium facile principe, Quem ego honoris causâ nomino, tranſverſum digitum, Aut unguen latum excedamus, ut pulchre in proverbio.

Mor. Tutor, gratulor tibi huc adventum meum.

Gn. Dixiſſes potius tuum, Nam hoc eſſet more Aulico.

Mor. Imò utrúmque mi Tutor Gnomice, [*Dinon Bajuli.*] Quem ego honoris causâ nomino; ſed quænam eſt hæc Regio? Nam mihi non magis nota eſt de facie, quam ſi eſſet, Terra incognita.

Din. Adſunt *Bajuli* cum ſarcinulis.

Bn. Quo portamus Domine?

Din. Ad tabernam proximam diverſoriam, ego oſtendam locum.

Gno. Quin *Bajuli* edico vobis, quod Simo ſenex in Comœdiâ, Vos iſthæc intrò auferte; abite; *Dinon*, ſequere; Non, paucis te volo.

Mor. Dinon, ſt! ego paucis te volo. Memento de vino bono.

Din. Here factum puta, Nam nihil mihi potius eſt, quam in hâc re animo tuo obſequi.

Mor. St! *Bajuli*! quin dico, ſiſtite vos mihi *Bajuli*.

Baj. Quid eſt quod nos velis?

Mor. Cavete de ſarcinulis, Ne quaſſæ ſint vehementer aut jactæ in terram fortiter.

Baj. Númnam inſunt vitra?

Mor. Non, non, non, ſed nolo aurum nimis premi. Ne forte imago regia aliquid detrimenti capiat, Et læſæ Majeſtatis reus fiam ; ſat ſapio mihi, diis gratias.

Exeunt Dinon Bajuli.

Gn. Piſh, verbum ſapienti ſat eſt : norunt quid velis, abite. Audin' lætitiam nautarum ! ferit aurea ſydera clamor.

Celeuſma intus.

Mo. O muſicos homines ! utinam ego eſſem navita : Vix me abſtineo, quin clamem.

[*Clamat.*]

Gelaſime, quid tu triſtis es ?

Gn. Quid frontem, ut dicam Metaphoricè, caperas *Gelaſime* ?

Gel. Egon' triſtis ? non ; meditabar tantùm de naturâ maris. Cui Dij Deæque malefaciant omnes, nunquam navigabo poſteà. Nam nihil navigatione magis incommodum eſt ingenio bono. Adeo non potui modo unum jocum exprimere, quem dicerem *Bajulis*. At antequam conſcendi navim ſolebant vel invito mihi effluere, Donicum omnes dicerent, ſatis, ſatis, ſatis, ſatis eſt.

Gn. Gelaſime, ut arridet tibi Navigatio tua ? quid jam de mari ?

Gel. Amara res eſt oh ! benè eſt, quod meipſum colligo : Hic primus jocus eſt quem dixi in his regionibus, Et eſt tantum parvus jocus, meliores certè ſoleo. Adeſte æquo animo, & meliores audietis poſtea.

Mor. Hei ho ! o hime !

Gno. Quid eſt *Morion* ? cur imo gemitum de pectore ducis ? Secundum poetam.

Mo. Totus contremiſco cum de rebellante meo ſtomacho cogitem, O jentaculum illud, quod ego de tabulatis totum evomui ! O ova ! ὄ vinum ! oh ſumen ! hæc omnia infælix perdidi. Obſonavi piſcibus largitèr.

Gn. Quis talia fando Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyſſi (euphoniæ gratia) Temperet a lacrymis ? video certè rectè dici à veteribus.

πῦρ, ὕδωρ, γύνη, τρία κακά.

Sive ut ego juvenis in Pentametrum Latinum tranſtuli. Sunt tria mala viris ? Ignis, Aqua, Mulier.

Mo. Præterea, Tutor, aliquid aliud certe, me nimis male habuit, Nam cum, ex alto terram procul proſpeximus : Continuò ut nos propriùs acceſſimus, illa aufugit longulè ! Idque ità ego obſervavi ipſe.

Gno. Vides ergo, quod Poſt nubem Phœbus, Dulcia non meruit qui non guſtavit amara : Multa diuque tuli : Difficilia quæ pulchra ! Per varios caſus per tot diſcrimina rerum Tendimus in Latium. Plurimáque alia Commodè a veteribus dicta ſunt in hanc ſententiam.

Gel. Omittis, *Morion*, tempeſtatem reminiſci.

Mor. Rectè mones : Nunquam tam malè metui ne ad cœlum irem ingratiis.

Gno. Jam-jam tacturos ſidera ſumma putes, Sed eho tu, adeon' vero metuis ὑπὸ δένων?

Mor. Quidni metuam ? Nolo tam durum in me dici quicquam vocabulum : ὑπὸ δένων ?

Gel. Ego meherculè tunc temporis guttam non habui ſanguinis, Præ timore, ne ſub Ponti Marmore ſepultura nobis fieret. Intelligis Tutor ? ambiguum id verbum eſt : Indo in πῶ Marmore. Numnam auditis hoc ? ſtabo promiſſis meis ſi attenditis.

Mo. Dii te perdant, adeò in omni ſermone facetus es.

Gel. Ain' vero ? túne maledicis ingenio meo ?

Mo. Quidni ? quæſo annon ad hæreditatem nati ſumus ? Tun' Filius natu maximus doctis dictis animum applicas ? Vitium, Gelaſime, vitium eſt.

Gno. Quid eſt adoleſcentes ? revocate animos, mæſtumque timorem Mittite, nam jam in vado ſumus, cum Proverbio.

Mo. Obſecro te atque etiam oro uti ne revortamur domum. Nam oppidò mihi arridet hujus loci facies.

Gno. Potin' igitur Ut ſuſtineas animum ſi nunquam patrem ſis viſurus denuo ?

Mo. Hercle vero ſatin' mihi exciderat Pater de memoriâ ? Perquam moleſta res eſt Pater, ſed niſi fallor non ſemper vivunt ſenes.

Gela. Video me fruſtra eſſe : neceſſe eſt ut revocem ad me fugitivum meum ingenium.

Mor. Nimis diu hercle eſt, ex quo ego ebrius fui, Atque adeo annus videtur, donicum in hâc regione probe madeam.

Gela. Tutor, cedo, quid faciendum eſt jam nunc : petimuſne diverſorium ? Ibique omnem hanc ex animo eximimus laſſitudinem ?

Mor. Imo illic bibamus ſtrenue.

Gel. Rectè, & poſtilla faciam carmina.

Mor. Atque ego dormiam.

Gno. Facieſne adoleſcens carmina ? At non conſtabunt tibi Pedes poſteaquàm ſtrenuè biberis, Intellextin' Gelaſime, quod velim per Pedes annon ?

Gela. Ha, ha, he, Eugepæ ! ob iſtuc te dictum amo plurimum. At niſi eripuiſſes ex ore mihi, equidem prævortiſſem te, Et certè magnus jocus eſt : donabo hunc pugillaribus, Carmina——tibi pedes——biberis——Ha, ha, ha, he [*ſcribit*]

Mor. Næ iſtos omnes jocos dii perdant : nam ante hoc temporis Madere potuiſſem, niſi quod diem malè amiſimus.

Gno. Eamus igitur ; nam ſcriptum in poetâ invenimus, Ennius ipſe Pater nunquam niſi potus ad arma proſiluit dicenda ; Ubi Pater, quia erat primus ; Arma, Metaphorice & alio

lio loco, Fœcundi calices Quem non fecere Poetam?

Gela. Pulcherrimè! Quem non fecere Poetam!

Mor. Si me certe facere poſſent, nunquam vel pitiſſarem poſtea. Poetam! vah! ſumne ego Filius Polipori natu maximus?

Gno. Bene habet: jam vos inſtituam optimis ſecundum hunc locum atq; ætatem moribus, Docebo peregrinandi artem, atque edicam Formulas. Perſuadendi, deridendi, atque adoriendi homines: Donec omnes mortales vos admirentur æq; ac me. Sed prius intrò eamus, nam melius hanc rem præſtabimus Impleti veteris Bacchi, pinguiſque ſerinæ.

Mor. Longè hercle melius. [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Tertia.

Æmylio.

Æm. Enimvero ego jam nunc incedo vir ornatiſſimus, Meque ipſe dum contemplor magis, continuò in mentem venit, Hominum catenulis ſuſpenſorum jamd' 1 in viâ regiâ: Næ illi veſtitu ſolent eſſe ad iſtam planè faciem. Neutiquam hoc placet omen: quanquam ſi eveniat, hoc volupe' eſt mihi Quod hiſce ego veſtibus commodare non poſſim carnifici. Nolo ille homo per me diteſcat: ſed interea temporis Dii voſtram fidem! quid mihi faciundum eſt miſero? Num fiam (qui hic rara avis eſt) Philoſophus denuo? Qui poſſim, niſi forte Cynicus, adeò oblatrat ſtomachus? Num impendam operam foro, ac contorquendis Legibus? At malum hercle omen eſt auſpicari id ſtudium, in Formâ Pauperis. Dicet aliquis, bono ingenio es: adjunge animum Poeticæ: Quamobrem vero? adeóne parùm inops ſum, ut fiam magis? Nam hæc recta via'ſt ad egeſtatem: præterea fruſtra hoc ſperat animus, Nunquam ego evadam Literatus homo, ſat ſcio, Unam de me ipſo niſi ſi Literam longam faciam. Quid igitur agere inſtituam? nam agendum eſſe aliquid id venter admonet: Et Plurimum præſtat manu meâ, quam Laborare in hunc modum fame: Quanquam cum magis cogito, quid eſt, opera quod conficiat mea? Niſi ſi ad abigendos Corvos metet Hortulano collocem. Quod præſtare optimè poteram cum ornatu hoc formidoloſiſſimo. At non eſt, uti nimium properem properare ad id muneris, Nam, velim nollim, ſat citò ad Corvos eundum eſt mihi. Lubet mehercule ſuſcipere meam veterem denuo provinciam. Aliquî intendenda eſt in aliquem fallacia: hoc fixum maneat.

Scena Quarta.

Æmylio, Dinon.

Æm. Sed quis hic homo eſt, qui ſermonem noſtrum arbitratur Ex adverſâ plateâ? Quantum ex vultu colligo eodem laborat morbo, quo ego Et multi magni viri laborarunt.

Din. Herus meus *Marion* cum *Tutore Gnomico*, Ejuſdem farinæ homine & *Gelaſimo* æquali ſuo Benè intus potat, ibi illi tres conveniunt optime Hos ego niſi emungam aliquî pecuniâ, Sumne ipſe ſtultus iſtorum multò maximus? Nam heri *Poliporus* pater adprimè dives eſt, Neſcit, quid faciat auro; at ego quid faciam ſcio.

Æm. Ædepol ſervum graphicum! ex amuſſim ſententiam meam Locutus eſt adeò: hunc mihi notum eſſe oportuit, Nam idem ſentimus ambo, quod eſt in propinquâ parte amicitiæ.

Din. Age *Dinon.*

Æm. Oh, idne tibi nomen eſt?

Din. Nunc ſpecimen ſpecitur *Dinon* ingenii tui, Niſi aliquam fabricam facias, non cauſam dico, Quin omnes te uno ore prædicent ſervum minimi pretii.

Æm. A me non impetro hercle, ut abſtineam diutiùs, Ita hominem amo perditè. *Dinon*, ſalve, Gaudeo ſanè, quandoquidem huc ſalvus veneris, Valuiſtin' uſque?

Din. Quænam hæc larva eſt? Quantum de veſte conjecto hic ſtipem petit; Oh! ſcio quid dicturus: Miles ſum, potitus hoſtium, Occiſus jam bis in bello, confoſſus millies &c. Parcas labori tuo: nihil do: benè vale.

Æm. Quaſi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte has nugas, *Dinon*. Ubi eſt Herus tuus? pulchrè os ſublinemus homini.

Din. Quid (malum) vis tibi? tun' herum noſti meum:

Æm. Tanquam te. *Din.* Ita ſentio.

Æm. Non novi fungum illum? Bardum, Baronem, ſtipitem, aſinum, ovem? Quem tondebimus auro hodiè uſq; ad vivam cutem.

Din. Hic pol herum meum (quicquid id eſt) ſuo appellat nomine. Jurares noviſſe hominem, ità depinxit probè. Quoniam verò tam familiaris es; facito ut ſciam, Quod nomen tibi ſit amico atque neceſſario meo.

Æm. Quaſi verò obliviſci potis ſis, facetus es, *Dinon*. [*Amplectitur.*]

Din. Non non, quæſo move te abs me longius, nam licet te amem, Memini me ſemper odiſſe ſervulos tuos, nihili beſtias.

Æm. Quos ſervulos memoras? Ego meos reliqui domi.

Din.

Din. Nempe à tergo ſunt, funguntur officio ſuo, Nam tu, tanquam alter Bias, omnes tuos tecum portas.

Æm. Ah nequam! idem es, video, qui fuiſti prius. A puero te novi, ſemper mordebas aliquem.

Din. Egon' mordebam verò? id ſervuli faciunt tui.

Æm. Non eſt ut ab illis timeas, *Dinon*, licet confitear, Me feſtas meas veſtes non induiſſe hodie. Cogitabam domi me manſurum, ſed quid refert? Omnes me norunt, non eſt uti laborem de veſtitu.

Din. Falſum: ego te non novi, Diis gratias, Sed rectè, mi vetus amice, adeò ornatum negligis, Nam virtute formæ evenit, te, ut, quicquid habeas, deceat. Sed ſi tenebris fortè ſurgeres, diligentiâ opu'ſt Ne induas ſubligacula in diploidis loco, Adeo difficile eſt utrumque in te diſtinguere.

Æm. Æſtive tectus ſum de induſtria; ſudor me enecat.

Din. Conſilium dabo, amice, ſi me audias, perbonum, In rem tuam eſſe arbitror, ut moriaris quam primum poteris; Nam tunc te, Ædiles forſitàn ad ſepulturam duint, Et, quod anno non feciſti, obvolutus jacebis linteo.

Æm. Nolo obſonare vermes.

Din. Quàm pediculos ſatius eſt. Obſecro Amice, quo avolavit collare, & ſubucula? Ne tantillum quidem uſquequáq; gerit lintei Quod digitum tegat, ſi eum caſu vulneret.

Æm. Lotrix habet, quid tua?

Din. Iſte galerus jam cribrum eſt. Revereri me neceſſe eſt; operire non potes caput.

Æm. Admitti ſolem volo: quæſo an id invides?

Din. Nunquam anteà oculis vidi meis ambulare ſterquilinium.

Æm. Nunquid dignum habes familiarem ludo ludere? Si ſerio faceres——

Din. Quid tum?

Æm. Acciperem joco.

Din. Ædepol hominem perpaucorum hominum! ingenium perplacet. Sed negotioſum me decet eſſe aliis negotiis. Vale, bone vir, cum revocârim in memoriam qui ſis, revortar tibi.

Æm. Obſecro, num amicum deſeris? quid faciam? *Din.* Teipſum penſilem.

Æm. Da igitur drachmam, non placet ità prodigere de meo. Quin morare, verbo expediam quid eſt quod te velim. In Morionem herum tuum tragulam injicere Animum induxiſti, ne nega; induxti, ſcio. Hanc ſi devolvas mihimet provinciam, Ita argento illum circumvortam conſutis dolis, Ut reverà me dicas poſteà neceſſarium tuum. Miles hanc domum noſtræ commiſit fidei Servandam in reditum ſuum *Bombardomachides*. Peropportunus iſtic locus eſt, tum autem ego (Dimidium mearum Laudum prætereo præ modeſtiâ,) Ita retexo omnes mortales, quemq; prehendero, Ut oppidò ſe tactos credant modo ſi conſpexerim.

Din. Ut loquitur, ne crumena pertunſa ſit, mihi valide cautio'ſt. Nimio fuit familiaris.

Æm. Idem à te caveo *Dinon*, Nam propè adſtitiſti: ſalva res, nihil nactus es.

Din. Dij me amant, quandoquidem hunc hominem objecerunt mihi, nunc aggrediar facinus auſpicio liquido. Nam cum iſthoc comite vel ipſi Mercurio verba darem, ità omnes articulos callet Sycophantiæ. Quod nomen tibi dicam eſſe? *Æm. Æmylium.*

Din. Tum bone *Æmylio* da mihi manum, conditionem accipio. Dabin' verò jusjurandum te fidelem fore?

Æm. Do deos teſtes tibi: quæſo cui mortalium Præſtanda eſt, fidem ſi inter noſmet frangimus? Sed moram dictis creas, dic qui ſint homines, Unde, quid veniant, nam adibo, quaſi ætatem noſſem. It dies, & nondum pecuniæ injicio ungulas.

Din. In viâ tibi dicam omnia: ſed cum iſtoccine Ornatu, mi *Æmylio?*

Æm. Piſh, potin't quieſcas? Annon veſtitus tibi videor ſatis baſilicè?

Din. Ut voles, eſto: ſatin' ex improviſo tandem Amicitia tanta icta eſt?

Æm. Meus bonus Genius!

Din. Meus alter idem! *Æm.* Meus Pilades!

Din. Oreſtes meus!

Æm. Meus—— Ἀνὴρ ἀνὴρ μαχανῆς!

Din. Mitte tricas, I præ ſequar.

Æm. Quaſi eſſem tam malè moratus, mi Pilades? Peregrino ſemper——

Din. Vis audeo te à tergo relinquere. Tibi herclè locum cedo, tu nebulo major es.

Æm. Eamus ergò ſimul, mea commoditas.

Din. Mea opportunitas, eamus. [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Quinta.

Gnomicus, Gelaſimus, Morion, Puer.

Gn. Uti in primo Actu Menæchmi, Scenâ ſecundâ dicitur Sepulchrum habeamus, & hunc comburamus diem. Eugè Plautus, ὦναξ πλαῦτε dictus! ſic Horatius Diem condere, & ὁ ποιητὴς Latiè per excellentiam, Jamque diem clauſo componit veſper Olympo.

Gel. An dies mortua eſt? ha, ha, ha, ha, an inquam dies mortua'ſt Tutor?

Mor. Moriatur ſanè, aut ſuſpendat ſe, ſi volt. *Puer*, cedo vinum. Hum——nullumne magi' vetus?

Pu. Illicó, Illicó. [*Exibit.*]

Nullus

Nullus eſt in totâ urbe qui tibi melius præbeat, Si ejus frater eſſes.

Mor. Frater, carnifex? Non ſum ego Polyporo unicus? ſed periclum faciam,—— [*bibit.*]

Pu. Ut ſcintillulat, quaſi——

Mor. Scintillulat? videam Fortaſſis hoc præſtat——certè ſcintillat probè. [*bibit.*] Quid (malum) an captas pedes meos?

Pu. Egon' Domine?

Mor. Dimidiatum tibi cyathum nunquam Tutor, porrigam. Moratus ſum melius——da Tutori, *Puer.* [*bibit.*]

Pu. Illico, illico, inquam, non poſſum eſſe hic & illic ſimul.

Gel. Obſtupefaciam jam ego puerum ingenio meo. Adi ſis.

Pu. Maxime.

Gel. Adeſdum verò Minime. Ut verbum retorqueo? quid agis Minime?

Pu. Vides.

Gel. Ita nimiò exiguus fueras, ut vix hercle poteram.

Pu. Illico, illico, jam venio, jam, jam, vinum ocyus in Coronam.

Gel. Avolavit: unico planè dicto occidi hominem. Ita omnes quibuſcum loquor ſemper macto infortunio. Hominem tetigi jocis quarto Nonas Februarii ſub ſigno Roſæ. [*Scribit.*]

Gno. Ah parcas irridere illum *Gelaſime.* Ingenui vultus puer eſt, ingenuique pudoris. Adi ſis propiùs: quid oculos defigis adeo? attollas caput, Neſcis derivari ἀνθρωπος ἀπὸ τῦ ἄνω ὀπῆν? Pronaque cum ſpectent animalia cœtera terram, Os homini ſublime dedit, cœlumque tueri Juſſit, & erectos ad ſidera tollere vultus.

Gel. Non quit reſpondere: ita joco interfeci modò. Euge *Gelaſime*, nunquam commutatus clues.

Mor. Puer pete ocyùs vinum: quid horas bonas perdimus?

Gno. Audin'? ſit Coum, Maſſicum, vel Leucadium, Falernum, Lesbium, Cœcubum, atque audin'? ne ſit Aut Vaticanum, aut Vejentanum, aut Laletanum cave, Namque hæc in aliam partem accepta apud Authores legimus.

Pu. Factum puta: Vinum ocyus in Roſam.

Mo. Puer revertere ſis: Fac poculum teipſo majus uti ſimul afferas. Nam pro vitello ovi ebibere te ex cyatho poteram.

Scena Sexta.

Æmylio, iiſdem.

Pu. Quo pergis bone vir? nolunt hi ſidicinem: Abi cum cantiunculis novis.

Æm. Ain' Nanule, Ramentum! Trientál hominis! Naturæ avaritia! Non licet amicos alloqui?

Pu. Amicos tuos? In popinâ cæcâ quærites: vinum non bibunt, Niſi fortè in Principis natali cum ex canalibus funditur.

Æm. Quin abi in malam rem furciferule.——

Pu. Illico, illico. [*Exit.*]

Æm. Salvere vos plurimùm jubet amicus voſter vetus: Et vivos valenteſque huc adveniſſe id volupe eſt mihi. Facit hoc fortaſſe veſtis inſolentia Ut fugiat vos memoria qui ſim.

Gel. Non multum falleris.

Gno. Rem acu tetigiſti, nam ſic melius dictum reor.

Æm. At veſtrum ego & memini, & ſemper faciam ut meminero. Nam Morionis patri *Polyporo* jam olim ſummus fui, Poſtquam peregrè advenientem hoſpitio me exceperat.

Gno. Næ bonâ memoria es: didiciſſe artem, arbitror, Quam (referente Cicerone) inveniſſe dicitur *Simonides.*

Æm. Gelaſime ſalve (Dii faciant ne falſus ſim) ſalve *Morion.*

Mor. Ego non magis te novi quam Hominem in Lunâ. Sed ſi vis, ſalve.

Gel. Hunc etiam hominem ludos faciam. Nunquid veſtes etiam tuæ (ha, ha, hæ,) abierunt peregrè?

Æm. Modò admodum ex bello redii, commutare non licuit. Ita vos ut audivi adveniſſe properavi viſere.

Gel. Ædepòl veſtes malas! an ex bello aufugerunt? An oſtenderunt terga? tua terga hic intelligo.

Æm. Oh; benè hercle gaudeo quod ſignificaras mihi, Nam illic jocus eſt, *Gelaſime*, antiquum obtines.

Gel. Novit me iſte proculdubiò, non urgebo ampliùs, Ha, ha, ha! An oſtenderunt terga? Nolo jam coram peregrino, poſt ſcribam tamen.

Æm. Hanc mihi quam videtis, ſtragem effecerunt gladii, Tum galerum cernite, eccam tormentorum operam, Annon odos Pyrii pulveris objectu'ſt naribus?

Gel. O bellum quaſi minimè bonum! Ibi ego iterum; nunquam ceſſabo hodie.

Gno. Bella per Æmathios pluſquam civilia campos, Satin' hic homo excidit mihi de memoriâ? Pudet obliviſci familiaris tam malè. Ne ſuperbum dicat, aſſimulabo quaſi ſciam. Incertus ſum quis fiet, ſed hoc nil refert, Amicus certus in re incertâ cernitur.

Æm. Ut valet uxor *Polypori*? ut ſenectutem fert?

Gel. Quasi injuriam Malè, si centum peregrini adsint. Nunquam tamen omittam istoc scribere. [*Scribit.*]

Gno. Ohe! jam satis est, nunc salve, amice optime, Dissimulavi per jocum (ut aiunt) quasi non nossem prius.

Gel. Nostin' verò, Tutor, seriò? dic nomen obsecro.

Gn. Nomen? quasi—vorsatur mihi in labris primoribus.

Æm. Perii: nomen amisi: oh! Peripolemarchus est.

Gno. Dii boni! ita est profectò: sæpè obliviscimur Quæ callemus, ut proverbium facetissimè, tanquam digitos.

Gel. Certè quoque cum animo cogitem, quasi per nebulam memini Me vidisse illam faciem.

Mor. Tum ego memini quoque. Itaque propinabo tibi. Hem! Peripo—Periplome—Non multum refert, nosti quid velim, tibi præbibo.

Gno. Sedeamus omnes, in re omni servanda est Methodus. Sic melius carpemus munera Bacchi. Clama puerum *Gelasime.*

Gel. Non parebit mihi Tutor, ità derisi modó.

Gno. Heus puer, ascende ad culmina tecti.

Pu. [*Subit.*] Statim venio, illico.

Gno! At citius quam coquuntur asparagi, En, age segnes Rumpe moras.

Æm. Prædam habeo: salvus sum: tres hosce Asinos Duæ res statim pessundabunt, Ebrietas & Ego. Eho tu! dum vos hic largiter siccamus cyathos, Jube cytharistria intùs nos oblectet cantiunculâ. Circumfertur merum; da bibere plenis cantharis. A summo incipe.

Gno. Peripolemarche, pulchrè admones. Juvat insanire.

Mor. Nimio nimis sum sanus diu. St! Pax! oh harmoniam! ut vibrissat! [*Cantio.*]

Gno. Hem *Morion* clauduntur lumina somno?

Mor. Non, non, non. Sine me esse nihili.

Gel. Madet pol *Morion.*

Mor. Madeo? *Gelasime?* An ego madeo, Tutor? cedo gladium Peripomarchides.

Gel. Videon' ego circumfusam illic turbam hominum? Planè ebrius es *Gelasime*, per Deos immortales ebrius es.

Gno. Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris Italiam fato profugus—hic illius arma Hic currus fuit—circumfer merum, carnufex. Multum ille & terris jactatus & alto Vi superum, sævæ memorem—porrige mihi poculum. Amice, benè me, benè te, benè noster Virgilius. Arma virumque cano—. [*Bibit.*]

Mor. Benè habet: ego iterum potabo ne me credant ebrium. [*Supra.*]

Din. Horunce hic ego facta & sermones legam. Quam strenuè Genio indulgent! faxo, si vivus vivam, Plus uti cras lacryment, quam ebiberunt hodiè. Tum nos, si Baccho placet, in hunc modum, hilarem Sumemus diem, atque amænum: Ebrietatem sitio.

Æm. Nisi dissimulem quasi biberem, herclè me evertent cyathis, Ita properant, interire: Dii me beatum volunt.

Mo. Ego non sum ebrius *Gelasime.*

Gel. Neque ego.

Mo. Neque ego.

Gel. Benè igitur; salutem tibi.

Mo. Enimverò ego sum ingeniosissimus.

Gel. At ego multò magis.

Mo. Tun' magis?

Gel. Inquam, Magis.

Mo. Benè, sum tamen ingeniosissimus, hem! propino tibi.

Gel. Vix lacrymis abstineo equidem, ità te amo *Morion.*

Mo. O *Gelasime!*

Gel. O *Morion!*

Gno. Move manus ocyús; [*Puer Exit.*]

[*Dimon intùs sonitum facit & celeusma.*]

Quid stas? colaphum impingam tibi grandem cum Comico.

Mo. Dii vostram fidem! tempestatem magnam! eamus oratum Tutor.

Gel. Tempestatem verò! certo certius turbo oxortus est, Ità vehementer conquassat navim, ut vix queam stare.

Gno. Ecce autem, clamorq; virum, stridórq; rudentum! Satin' in navi nos esse oblitus fui? hem! curate navitæ, Ne navis confringatur, neve impingat forsitàn in Scopulum, Tempestas increbrescit.

Din. Pol mortales graphicos! Periimus, navis periit, ad extrema se paret quisque. Nesciunt jam vocem meam; ego, pulchrè delusos dabo.

Æm. Dinonis illa vox est; Eugepæ! factum est optimè.

Gno. Apparent adhùc sydera: hic Pollux, illic Castor est. [*ad lucernas*]

Æm. Hem! nauclere, nauclere inquam! quamdiu vivimus?

Din. Vix horæ dimidium; periimus!

Mo. Heu quid faciam miser? Præ timore intrùm vomam; si jam undis obruar, Nunquam navigabo posteà.

Æm. Adesdum, adesdum inquam, *Gnomice.* Viden' fluctum illum decimum?

Gno. Decimus venit impetus undæ; Posterior nono est, undecimoque prior.

Gel. O si quis bibere jam queat Salutem mihi! Non possum non jocari hoc ipso in articulo. Expirabo animum joco.

Mo.

Mo. Non poſſum pati me mori.
[*genu flectit*]
O quoties peccavi ego! [*bibit*] Madui quoties! [*bibit*] Quoties ſcortatus ſum! [*bibit*] numquam videbo patrem, Nunquam poſt hæc bibam, [*bibit*] abi ſis uter miſer.
[*frangit*]
Convertamus nos Tutor, ad preces illicò.

Gno. Maximè:
O terque quaterque beati,
Queis ante ora Patrum, Trojæ ſub mœni- (bus altis
Contigit oppetere.

Pu. Ecquid nos vocaſtis?

Æm. Dii te perdant, ità inopportunè hùc te conjicis. Abi ſis furcifer. [*extrudit*]

Gno. Quod ſit?

Æm. Rogas? Vidiſtin' ut ad proram modò Deus aliquis marinus adſtitit?

Gel. Non, erat piſcis magnus.

Æm. Piſcis?

Gel. Piſcis mehercule, Mehercule, inquam, piſcis, ex voce id ſatis colligo.

Din. Funes rupti ſunt, disjecta vela, navis lacera eſt. Actum de nobis, Socii.

Mo. O mortem —— quid faciam?
Obſecro atq; oro vos piſces mihi parcite.
Ego filius ſum Polypori natu maximus.

Din. Exonerabo hunc ego congium in eorum capita. Periimus, ho! ſocii, perimus, abſorbet nos mare, [*dejicit*]
Jam, jam abſorbet, periimus.

Gn. O nos miſeros! viden' ut aquas puppis combibit? Servare hanc familiam ipſa non poterit Salus, Ut peſſime Comicus. O Peripolemarche, quæſo duc me in inferiora navis.

Gel. Et me, me, me, me etiam obſecro.
[*Detrudit in cellam Bombard.*]

Mo. Valete; ego jam moriar. [*cadit*]

Din. Ha, ha, ha! dii voſtram fidem, rem venuſtam, & lepidam! Non potuit evenire melius, quam evenit iſthæc fabrica.

Æm. St! ſt! *Dinon*, ſt! deſcende, altum dormiunt; [*Dinon deſcendit*]
Næ ego multum fallor, niſi hi homines naufragium verum fecerint.

Puer ingreditur.

Pu. Non, non, non; repræſentatam prius Pecuniam oportet eſſe pro his quos fecerunt ſumptibus, Antequam hunc etiam auferas.

[*Morionis loculos ſpoliat, & dat puero pecun.*]

Æm. Pecuniam? lubentiſſimè, lubentiſſimè accipe ſis.

Pu. Jam habe tibi hunc aſinum; illicò, illicò. [*Exit.*]

Æm. O Jovem, cæteroſque cælites!
[*Tollunt Morionem*]
Neceſſe eſt riſu ſpectatores emoriier
Si rem transferret iſtam in Comœdiam quiſpiam. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Scena Prima.

Dinon, Æmylio habitu *Mor.*

Din. Æ*Mylio*, ecquid ſtas animo? quin iterum, inquam, *Æmylio*: Hæredis illæ veſtes ſunt; vereor ne cerebro incommodent.

Æm. Para tibi ornatum novum, & tum mecum fabulator poſtea, Quamquam inſolens fecero, ſi ſermonem ſeram cum ſervulo, Fortunas haſce meas ſublatus animus decet. Siquidem fidelem re præſtitiſti, hèm manum ad oſcula.

Din. Faxo pol oſculeris meam, ſiquidem in os pugnos ingeram.

Æm. Siquidem hercle ingeras, faxo mihi os eſſe ſenſeris. Sed ne accedas adeo, odi ſemper ſervulos tuos, nimiſi beſtias, Scio quid dicturus, miles ſum, potitus hoſtium, Occiſus bis in bello, conſoſſus miſſes, &c. Parcas labori tuo: nihil do: benè vale.

Dyn. Quaſi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte nugas *Æmylio*.

Æmy. Ego Comes *Æmylio* vocor, ne nomen neſcias.

Din. Ergo comes & amice mi *Æmylio*, reſpondeas velim.

Æm. Rogandi copiam tibi facio, audacter loquere.

Din. Dii te perdant nugivendule, hoc primum Deos rogo: Nunc te, ſcripſiſtin' literas ad *Polyporum*?

Æm. Hum! quid ais? nos magni viri negotiis Majoribus impediti, ſæpe non advertimus quæ dicta ſunt.

Din. Exemplar, literarum ad *Polyporum* videre velim, jamne audis?

Æm. Hum! Litterarum? poteſt fieri ut oſtendam tibi.

Din. Poteſt fieri ut diminuam tibi caput niſi mittas has tricas.

Æm. Obloqueris mihi ſic ornato? lege has, inquam, ocyus.

Din. Diis gratias cunctis, Marti & ſeorſim, meo Domino atq; Amico bono, quem colo lubens. Fera inter pelagi monſtra, Nerei greges, Solitâ virtute filium cepi tuum, Duoſque amicos; ſervo nunc vinctos domi, Victore me ſuperbientes plurimum. Huc properes, redimi ſi cupis, tantum eſt, Vale. *Dux Bombardomachides.* Obſecro an in hunc modum ſcribit *Bombardomachides*?

Æm. Sic loquitur quotidie: linguam cothurnatam gerit.

Din. Avi ſiniſtrâ hæc res procedit, atq; ex ſententiâ. Quid agimus nunc jam?

Æm. Ego agam *Bombardomachidem*. Tu cuſtodem; barbam induas, atque ornamenta cætera. [*Induit*] Hem iſtuc ocyus: jam Cuſtos purus putus es. Abi, atque educ captivos, narra rem ordine, Ut capti ſint vi, armis: hic vos operibor, abi. [*Exit Din.*] Poteram ego nunc univerſos Mortales ludos facere; Equidem meipſum pæne metuo: ne perſonatus *Bombardomachides* [*ornat ſe*] Verum *Æmylionem* fallat. Adeon' pervorſa es, *Chlamis*? Efficiam uti rectius, ſedeas: Hei! iſthæc tiara'ſt, *Pyramis*. Exædificabo cum hâc caput meum tanquam Elephantus, Turrim geſto, Hem. Ego ſum *Bombardomachidiſſimus*.

Gn. Una ſalus victis nullam ſperare ſalutem. [*Intus*]

Gel. Quid ego tunc egi? nonne pugnabam quemadmodum, Hyrcana Tigris, cum tenelli abripiuntur catuli?

Din. Strenuiſſimè omnium.

Gel. Certè: niſi multum me fallit memoria.

Mo. Ego etiam aliquid feci.

Gel. Vincuntur ſæpè fortiſſimi; Tutor, bono animo es.

Gn. Maximè: nam dictum eſt veriſſime, In re malâ animo ſi bono utare, juvat:

Di. Sequimini: [*Exit.*]

Æm. Adſunt; ego nondum comparebo.

Scena Secunda.

Dinpn, Gnamicus, Gelaſimus, Morion (habitu *Æmyl.*)

Mo. Hei! Tutor! Tutor; ego non ſum *Morion*.

Gn. Quid ais?

Mo. Per Deos immortales non ſum, ego novi Morionem ſat benè.

Gn. De cælo deſcendit γνῶθι σεαυτὸν. Noſcis teipſum.

Mo. Non, non, non novi mehercule.

Gn. Quis igitur es?

Mo. Quomodo ego ſcire poſſim?

Gel. Phy, phy, idem es.

Mo. Súmne? bene habet: ſed undè hæ veſtes *Gelaſime*?

Gel. Sane neſcio.

Mo. Neſcis *Gelaſime*? an hoc ſufficit! quid ego reſpondeam patri? Quid faciam? Tutor viden'?

Gn. Non equidem invideo miror magis ——

Mo. Hei! Galerum! video vos omnes per iſthæc foramina.

Gel. Quaſi feneſtras habet.

Mo. Feneſtras! imo fores: habet fores *Gelaſime*, hei mihi.

Gel. Omnes ingenioſi ſunt infælices propemodùm. Utinam caviſſem iſthoc crimine: parentes prædixerunt mihi.

Mor. Et mihi, ſed ego morem geſſi, & tamen veſtes perdidi.

Gn. Ego idem te admonui, ſeu potius, admonitum habui, Odi puerum præcocis ingenii, inquit, Vir admirabilis. Sed quid ego ità compte loquor in miſeriis? Jam licet tibi verè dicere *Gelaſime*. Ingenio perii Naſo Poëta meo.

Din. Niſi aliter vobis viſum eſt accerſam herum, Nam vos conventos velit.

Gn. Imo; pro libitu tuo: Siquid me velit, Poëta reſpondere docuit, Coram, quem quæritis, adſum, Trojus Æneas.

Mor. Mene ut videat cum his veſtimentis? dic, qui ſim, Tutor.

Din. Expectant te; cave ſis titubes; átque audin' etiam? Fac riſum teneas, nam periculum id eſt.

Æm. Piſh: vultum in manu habeo. *Æmylio.*

Gel. Baſilicè ſe infert, tanquam lapis ille Indicus, Qui ſpectatorum omnium oculos fertur perſtringere.

Gn. Ora humeróſque Deo ſimilis!

Mor. Totus horreo tremóque; ego ſtatim vomam.

Æm. Tonitru cum hoſtes vicimus feros bellico, Vincere & noſmet quimus, ac vitam dare. Mens noſtra frangi neſcit, at flecti poteſt.

Gn. O quem te memorem, Miles, námq; haud tibi vultus Mortalis, nec vox hominem ſonat, O Dea certé!

Æm. Eripere poſſumus lucem & lucem dare. Sic fulminantis fertur poteſtas Jovis,

vis, Medio ſic bello valet Gradivus meus,
Quid armis poſſim, eſtis vos experti fatis,
Dabimus alterna, ſic viſum eſt Fato & mihi.

Mor. Quid faciam? timor in poſteriora decidit, Anima exire noſtra per poſticum cupit.

Gel. Ut bellicè loquitur! non audeo hunc hominem jocis ludere.

Æm. Ob hoc Polyporo celerem miſi Nuncium, Hinc uti vos ſalvos ducat.

Gn. Mecænas atavis edite Regibus,
O & præſidium, & dulce decus meum!

Mor. Ego iterùm reviviſcam nam aquam vitæ loquitur.

Gel. Ut jam miteſcit ferox! haud multùm aliter Hyæna (mirum) ex mare in fœminam migrat, Boni ingenii eſt ſimilitudines rerum fingere, Et concinnam ego comparationem aliquando jocis præfero.

Æm. Quis tu? vel fare nomen, vel longùm ſile.

Mo. Ego? ſervus tuus ——

Æm. Quid aures tundit meas? ha!

Mo. Favoris tui ſtudioſiſſimus.

Æm. Ambages mittito.

Mor. Filius natu maximus patris mei Ego.

Æm. Nomen rogo.

Mor. Utinam eſſet dignum quod exaudias.

Æm. Fruſtrà ſum: tuum?

Gel. Quemadmodum (cum bonâ tuâ veniâ) tu vocaris *Bombardomachides*, Eodem planè modo delector ego nomine *Gelaſimi*.
Facetè meum nomen cum illius confero, quo illi aſſentari poſſim magis. [*Scribit.*]
Inſinuavi me callidè ad *Bombardomachidem* quarto Nonas *Feb.*

Æm. Tuum.

Gn. Sed ſi tantus amor nomen cognoſcere noſtrum Quanquam animus meminiſſe horret, luctuque refugit Incipiam —— *Gnomicus* (ſi tibi viſum fuerit) ſeu *Gnomico* nomen eſt mihi.

Æm. Fac ſerve officium: rurſum revortar intrò. [*Exit.*

Gel. Certo certius abiens mihi toto annuebat capite, Admiratur ingenium meum: medius fidius captu'ſt.

Mor. Non reſpondebam illi ruſticè *Gelaſime*. Euge *Morion*; nolo me indoctum prædicent, Licet indigeam veſtium.

Di. Placetne hinc vos? *Ge.* Quo?

Di. Unde educti.

Ge. In cellam illam anguſtam ac tenebricoſam obſecro? Quam ego Orci januam per jocum nominavi modo.

Di. Scilicet; donec vos Polyporus.

Mor. Eamus igitur; placent tenebræ, Nam ſi diutiùs hos pannos conſpiciam, lacrymabo largitèr.

Gn. Plautus Comediam ſcripſit, cui Captivi titulus. Vates ô Plaute fueras, nam vates nomen ambiguum'ſt. Nos jam Captivi. Διὸς δ' ἀτελεύτητος βουλή.

Mor. Tutor, Tutor, revortere ſis ocyùs Tutor.

Gno. Quid eſt?

Mor. Nihil jam; ſed aliquis momordit me de tergo: eamus ſodes. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Æmylio, Dinon.

Æm. Abſumptus ſum planiſſimè: *Gnomici* me expetant pedicæ.
Neque unam ex illius ſententiis habeo, quâ me conſoler miſerum.
Nempe hoc in more poſitum eſt, Generoſus factus continuo ut vapulet.
Incertum eſt quid agam, ita iſthæc res ſubitaria'ſt.
Heus *Dinon*, huc te ocyùs, inquam *Dinon*. [*Intrat Dinon*]

Di. Satin' es apud te? quid vis?

Æm. Qui poſſim? modò in viâ ——

Din. Bombardomachidem?

Æm. Dixti. Nullus ſum.

Din. Quam mox aderit obſecro?

Æm. Quin adeſt: vix punctum temporis ad conſilium datur.
Jacebit in fermento totus, tum loquetur meros lapides.

Din. Imo piſtrinum, fuſtes, vincula: inſtæc ne loquatur plus metuo.
Nullamne expurgationem habes?

Æm. Hum! nimium hoc callidum eſt: imo ſic erit ——
Dinon, ita facito.

Din. Quid?

Æm. Hem, tarde, nondum intelligis?

Din. Quid (malum) an ex vultu conjecturam capiam, quid me velis?

Æm. Ad ſummam domum aſcendas ocyùs, & continuo ubi ille In ædes ſe penetrârit, fac ſonitum horrendum facias. Quaſi (intellextin'?) quaſi eſſes Dæmon aliquis.

Din. Quamobrem?

Æm. Piſh, id mora eſt dicere, abi.

Din. Abeo: ſed vidiſtin' ipſe Militem?

Æm. Duobus his, inquam, oculis: moleſtus es.

Din. Abeo: verum dices Dæmonem. [*Exit.*

Æm. Ecce autem adeſt! morari certum eſt aliquî hominem.

Scena Quarta.

Bombardomachides, Æmylio.

Bom. Quis hic locus, quæ regio, quæ mundi plaga?
Ubi ſum? ſub ortu Solis, an ſub cardine
Glacialis urſæ? numquid Heſperii maris
Extrema tellus hunc dat Oceano modum!
O ſalve Domus, veſque Penates Dei.
Videon' te Patria? ludit an oculos meos
Imago fallax, non ludit: video ſatis.

Æm. Non opus eſt; mane dum, & ego te ludam ſatis. Hum —— plenum id periculi eſt —— hanc prius inſiſtam viam.

Bom. Fores pulſabo noſtras, pulſabo pede,
Anticipat quis me? mortem quis quærit ſibi? [*Æm. pulſat.*]
Verumne cerno corpus? an fallor malâ
Deceptus umbrâ? verum eſt? quid velit ſciam.

Æm. Expergiſcere enſis: teque ad officium para: Nam fartum ex milite faciam, & comedam poſteà.

Bom. O Scelus! quis hoc Scythico natus nemore,
Sit licet Tigris mater, aut genitor *Leo*,
Quis unquam dixit orbis formido ultimi,
Cannibal, humanos ore eructans cibos?
Abibo, atque iſti cedam furori locum,
Pati nam mortem poſſum, at exedi pudet,
Pars magna fortitudinis prudentia eſt.

Æm. Quis iſtic? hem! revortere, ſi malo caveas.

Bom. Nihil formido, ſed tamen totus tremo, Ego miles juvenis, non ſum, credo, falleris.

Æm. Proh deos, deaſque omnes! men' falli dicis?

Bom. Non dico, at magni ſæpè falluntur viri. Iratus ne ſis; ira nam res eſt mala.

Æm. Tun' noſti ubi ſit gentium *Bombardomachides*?

Bom. Non novi.

Æm. At niſi jurato non credam tibi.

Bom. Per cœlum, & cœli faces non notum eſt mihi. Linguâ juro, mentem injuratam gero.

Æm. Sed noſti probè hominem.

Bom. Novi aliquo modo.
Imo fortè novi, & non novi fortitàn,
Videtur ille fortis, nec non vir bonus.

Æm. Itane coram in os immicum laudas meum?

Bom. Videtur tantum dixi, non eſt vir bonus.

Æm. Rectè animum tuum advertis ad animum meum.
Si has in ædes intrà menſem ſe cojiciat,
Intà inornatum dabo ſecundum virtutes ſuas,
Ut iſtum perpetuò locum pejus angue, oderit.

Bom. Ego rus revortar: periclum ſapiens fugit.

Æm. Ha, ha, ha, ha, veſtis commutata quid facit?

Bom. Quæ verba fundit? —— faciem vidi prius ——
Quin redeas, inquam, revorti aliquandò bonum eſt.
Ipſus eſt; dominum ſervus deludis tuum?
Quis me per auras turbo præcipitem velit,
Atraque nube involvet, ut tantum nefas
Eripiat oculis?

Æm. Occiſa res eſt, perii.
Adveniſſe ſalvum gaudeo; valviſtin' uſque athleticè?
Per jocum hoc feci adeò, joco veniam rogo.

Bom. Rogas? timendum eſt; aliquis hic errat dolus.

Æm. Nunc homini ſubpalpabor: experiri volui, Utrum iſtoc ſub ornatu ſatis delitescerem, Tu noſti uſque in initio quanquam diſſimulaſti ſedulò, Operam profectò ludet, tibi verba qui daturus eſt.

Bom. Antequam vidi, novi, per magnum jovem, Sed in jocantes rursus jocari placet.

Æm. Scio, ſed ubi eſt Eucomiſſa, & ſoror mea?

Bom. Sequuntur ponè, men' comitari virgines?

Æm. Quid hic ſermones audimus: ibo illis obviam, Et dicam ut revortantur domum.

Bom. Effare quamobrem.

Æm. Quia enim ubi hic habitabunt gentium? *Bom.* Demi.

Æm. Quid? annon menſis eſt cum nemo homo intro pedem retulit.

Bom. Deſine: jocari nolo.

Æm. Hem! nondum hoc dixi tibi? Satin' oblitus ſui; adeò mihi nunc jam res vetus eſt? Spectrorum, Cacodæmonum, malorum Geniorum iſthæc habitatio'ſt. Quotidiè colloquuntur, ejulant, gemunt, lacrymant, Crepant, exclamant, mille diverſos ſonos faciunt, Dies me deficeret, ſi, quæ monſtra hic ſunt dicerem.

Bom. Loqueris rem miram: nulla quam credet dies, Sed nec tacebit: bonân' hæc dicis fide?

Æm. Quin, inquam, decem plus minus dies incolumi capite non eram,
Tantum hæc mihi res de improviſo incuſſit metum.

Bom. Metuiſtin'? non oportuit: ſervum meum Metuiſſe quicquam?

Æm. Rectè, ſi eſſet ſimilis tui.

Here,

Here, quoniam mihi fortasse minus fidem adhibes, age, ingredianur, faxo uti omnia ipsus audias.

Bom. Nihil timeo: sed egon' ut non credam tibi? Credam plus minùs hoc: & nihil timeo tamen.

Æm. Vellem mehercule te testem hujus rei: sed sic uti voles. Ibo illis obviam, atq; huc ducam nisi aliud imperes.

Bom. Tam prope monstra solus hic stabo? bene est. Abeas—*Æmylio* reddi—nil timeo tamen.

Æm. Id scio: obtundis.

Bom. Timeo nil per Jovem, Tantum est: abi.

Æm. Libenter. Ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*]

Bom. Pavet animus, horret, magna pernicies adest. Incendor iræ, rapior, sed quo nescio, Sed rapior: Spectra in nostra triumphant domo? Facinus hoc videt summi moderator poli, Et nondum tonitru convolvit mundum horrido? Oh Phœbe patiens, fugeris retrò licet Medioque ruptum merseris cælo Diem.

Din. [*Supra*] Oh, oh, oh,

Bom. Sero occidi—nescio quid faciam miser, nam aliquid audio—Tuque O Neptune—oh quid faciam? mortuus sum—Redeunt tempore; rerum quod primum est omnium.

Scena Quinta.

Æmylio, Eucomissa, Ægle, Pfecas, Bom. Servus.

Æm. Quid est, here, ecquid times?

Bom. Timeon' Ego? Proh Deos Deasq; omnes! æthereas prius Perfundet Arctos Pontus, & Siculi rapax Consistet æstus unda, & Ionio seges Matura pelago surget, ac lucem dabit Nox atra terris omnibus. Timeon' Ego?

Æg. Cacodæmones? O superos! audire hoc nomen mihi sebus est.

Eu. O Venus! tu & ego, mea *Ægle* dissentimus male, Nam mihi cibus & potus est, ut aiunt, de his fabularier. Plecas, quin Pfecas, inquam, surda est hæc ancillula; Tu vidisti Cacodæmonas, nonne?

Pf. Non, si placet, Sed novi aliquam quæ novit aliam, quæ vidit eos.

Eu. Qui facie erant *Pfecas*?

Pf. Unus erat caninâ facie, Ore & oculis igneis, pedibus bufonis, colore nigro, Caudâ æquè longâ ac—& clamabat Boh, Boh, tanquam Leo.

Æg. O mirum! tota trepido.

Eu. Mecastor, color vertitur. Clamabat tanquam Leo——perge *Pfecas*.

Pf. Nos omnes illico fugere.

Eu. Tun' ergo aderas?

Pf. Non si placet, Sed illa fugit quam novit familiaris mea Philocomasium.

Eu. O! jam intelligo *Pfecas*, perge porro.

Pf. Alterum fuisse dixit Tam similem viri, quam æqua æquo similis est. Et erat nudus totum corpus.

Eu. Totum? O Venus! Multum, mecastor, cupio, videre istos Cacodæmonas.

Pf. Imo si magis noveris, *Eucomissa*, magis cuperes: Nam habuit—ha, ha, ha, nequeo cogitans quin rideam.

Eu. Quid habuit *Pfecas*?

Pf. Non intelligis? habuit——

Eu. Quid? eloquere.

Pf. Tam magnam rem—Nos omnes admirari illico.

Æg. Profectò hic ipse est Cacodæmon, *Eucomissa*, quem dixi tibi Vidisse me secundum quietem nudus tertius in somnio.

Eu. Nulline Cacodæmones nocentiores istis *Pfecas*?

Pf. Imo sunt omnium generum: nam quidam latent Sub specie nigri felis cum fax pedibus. Quidam sub Vespertilionis, aliorumque etiam animalium, imo novi qui ambulant per noctem induti fundore. Atque inde evenire solet ut quod insaniant vigiles Cum Curatoribus pacis. Demergunt se aliquandiu in ganeum, Atque illic nocte tota præ timore combibunt. Post cenam, si placet, plura de re isthac disputabimus.

Eu. Nunc eamus videre spectra.

Æg. Viden' quis adest *Eucomissa*?

Eu. Mallem spectra: sed fortasse hic est ex eorum monstrorum numero.

Scena Sexta.

Calliphanes Pater, *Callipsanes* Filius, *Æmylio, Eucomissa*, &c.

Æg. Siccine tibi pro ridiculo est, cui nuptura es brevi?

Eu. Citiùs mecastor nubam Cacodæmoni, quem dixit *Pfecas* Tam Viri similem.

Æg. At ego ne Jovem præfero In se ferentem precium sine quo Jupiter nihili est.

Cal. P. Bombardomachides salve; huc te salutatum advenimus.

Bom. Gratias: sed multus animo occurrat dolor, En alta manu decora, & congestis trabes, Ut omnis lare splendet infelix domus! Quicunque regno fidit, & magna poscens Dominatur aula, nec leves metuit Deos Meminerit, & re Domus.

Cal. P. Quid ait, *Æmylio*?

Æm. Nempe quia spectrorum plena est, id dolet.

Cal. P.

Cal.P. Spectrorum? ubi ſunt? [*ut ſurſum ſpec.*] Nulla hic video *Æmylio.*

Æm. At intus potes ſine quatuor oculis.

Cal. F. Si ita eſt Pater, utantur noſtrâ domo: ſupereſt illic locus.

Cal. P. Nunquam vidi melius conſilium dari; quid tu *Bombardomachides?* Potes ibi oportune filiam tuam huic noſtro nuptum dare.

Bom. Conſilium bonum eſt, animoque arridet meo.

Cal. F. Sed ubi eſt Virgo? reliquiſtin' ruri?

Bom. Sæpe reſpicias; ſæpe, quod quæras, adeſt.

Cal.F. Latere miror poſſe tam diu ſidera. [*Oſculatur.*] Rediiſſe ſalvas gaudeo, & meum ſimul Hunc eſſe reditum credo, nam vobiſcum abfui: Condonate Amore cæco, vos ſi conſpexi minùs.

Eu. Si nunquam conſpicias poſteà lubenter tamen condonabimus, Miſericordes omnes ſumus naturâ mulieres.

Æg. Amore cæcus es *Calliphanes?* immo oculis nimium vales, Quod nec eſt, nec futurum eſt vides, cum nos appelles ſidera.

Cal. F. Immo *Ægle* verum dixi! nam ſi cæli facibus Formoſum nondum nomen imponeretur ſiderum, Propter ſimilitudinem quandam veſtrum id jam nancifci poterant.

Pſe. O Diana! toto corde amo has confabulatiunculas.

Bom. Calliphanes, oculis nil tale objectum eſt meis, Pedibus quanquam cuncta conculcavi loca Aſiæq; Europæq; Americæ atq; Africæ, Alialq; terræ partes quas taceo ſciens.

Cal. P. Memini idem accidere olim cum eſſem puer, Anno abhinc——hum——Grammaticæ tum operam dedi. Anno——hum! quinquageſimo ſecundo----hum! non convenit numerus, O----quinquageſimo tertio----is profectò annus eſt.

Eu. Licetne, Pater, videre has umbras, & malos Genios?

Bom. Videre? nata, non timeo; fac ut voles.

Eu. Aperi ſis oſtium *Æmylio.*

Æm. Perii in perpetuum modum, Nimiò nimis metuo ut ſint iſti probi Cacodæmones. Sanan' es? credin' illos aſpectui tuo objici perperam?

Eu. Num loquuntur?

Æm. Satis id quidem: ſed horrendum in modum, Cave ſis ne animam agas.

Eu. Diſputabit cum illis *Pſecas.*

Pſ. Parata ſum ſatis *Æmylio*, ante hoc temporis diſputavi cum Dæmone.

Æm. Scio te bonâ eſſe voce: proculdubio illum obrues, Si tympana, bombardas, tubas, & tintinnabula oris tui afferas.

Pſ. Itáne me accipis indignis modis? nunquid criſtas erigis De illis veſtimentis? amabo, unde habes mi *Æmylio?*

Æm. Piſh, dicam tibi, cum ſit otium. Quid ais *Calliphanes?*

Cal. F. Ubi clavis? cedo mihi ſis.

Cal. P. Quid ſtas lapis? quin aperis?

Æm. Dii te ſilicernium——Unum pedem in Charontis cymbâ habet (ſecum) Et altero tamen ambulat.

Eu. Oh! non audis malos Genios?

Bom. Ha!

Cal. F. Nihil eſt: crepuerunt fores.

Æg. Crepuerunt? O ſordidas fores. [*Supra*]

Din. Oho, oho oho, Urite, fundite, tundite, vertite domum.

Bom. Oh, oh——valete: & timeatis nihil.

Eu. Quo abis Pater?

Bom. Videre non ſuſtineo tot timidos ſimul. [*Exit Bom.*]

Eu. O Deas! hæc illa Leonis vox eſt *Pſecas.*

Æg. Abeamus obſe[illegible], *Calliphanes.* [*ſubt.*]

Gno. Flectere ſi nequeam ſuperos, Acheronta movebo.

Cal. F. O Poeticum Dæmonem!

Æg. Eſt furioſiſſimus omnium proculdubio.

Cal. P. Mira ſunt: nunquam vidi tale quid, niſi anno abhinc quinquageſimo tertio.

Mor. O! profecto ſum in Barathro. [*Subter*]

Eu. O *Pſecas*, quid faciam?

Pſ. Quid? faciam periculum in diſputatione. Quodnam eſt tibi nomen Dæmon?

Æm. Itáne ineptè ſtulta es? cave ne te rapiat in maximam malam crucem.

Pſ. Mene? non audet: ego illi oculos effodiam Carnifici.

Gn. Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἴδηθεν ἀυδήσατε, μύσατε, καὶ ποτάμοι, καὶ γαῖα, καὶ οἱ ὑπένερθε καμόντες, ὑμεῖς μάρτυροι ἔστε.

Pſ. Immo etſi loquaris Hebraicè, Ego bene intelligo.

Æm. Abi ſis ſtulta: Græcum eſt hoc tibi.

Din. Ohò meretrix!

Pſ. O ſcelus! ego introibo: ne me detine. Involabo in faciem illi: Egon' meretrix appellabor à malo Genio? Mentiris Cacodæmon, mentiris.

Æm. Medius fidius hæc mulier Cacodæmon eſt.

Æg. O Venus! nihilne vides *Encomiſſa?*

Eu. Maxime: ubi eſt?

Æg. Ingentem, nigrum urſum!

Eu. Proh Deos immortales! cum caudâ Ignea.

Cal. F.

Cal. F. Ubi eſt? ego nihil planè.
Æm. Nihil? circumſpice: ut ſcintillant oculi! *Pſeud.* cave malum: nam te devoraturus proculdubio huc venit.
Pſ. Oh!
Cal. P. Quid aiunt *Æmylio*?
Æm. Ingentem belluam illic——vide mòdo.
Cal. P. Ubi ſunt ſpecularia mea? Oh niſi fallor Leopardus eſt. Quid hoc monſtri?

Gnate, abeamus precatum Deos.
Din. Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam omnes illico [*ſonitus ſupra*]
Eu. O *Ægle!* cedo manum, & fugiamus. [*Exeunt.*]

(*Infra ſonant catena.*)

Æm. Ha, ha, hæ, deſcende ut te exoſculer bone Cacodæmon. [*Exit.*]
Din. Venio: urite, fundite, tundite, cædite, vertite, &c. [*Deſcendit.*]

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Scena Prima.

Amylio, Dinon.

Æm. AGe, incipe *Dinon.*
Din. Non, non: exemplum à te capiam.

1.

Æm. *Purgate cerebrum, Medici O inſani,*
Nec ſitis amplius Mortis Publicani.
Ob hominum peccata Orbi
Vos primum miſſi, poſteà morbi.
Doctrina capit ægrotare,
Et Seſe voluit expurgare:
Tum veſtrum quidam vomitu per ora
Exiſtis, quidam per Poſteriora:
Sic natos, via eſt inventa,
Ut vox nutrirent Excrementa.
Nos melius homines evacuamus
Et loculis Clyſteriſtm damus.
Am. *O ſacram rem! ſcientia talis*
Dicenda eſt ſola Liberalis.

2.

Din. *Sartores legum, ſtentorumque natio,*
Jam vobis Longa facta ſit Vacatio.
Veſtri parentes litigarunt
Tunc cum voſmet generarunt.
O vos miſeros ſi uxores
Similis veſtri eſſent oris!
At ſuos multa Clientes habuerunt
Tunc veſtras cauſas alii egerunt.
Rectè: nam nulli velint haberi
Cauſidicorum filii veri.
Jam vobis fallere Lege ne ſit cura,
Sed fallite nobiſcum Jure.
Am, *O ſacram rem! &c.*

3.

Æm. *Friget inter ignes ars tua, Alchymiſta,*
Argentum, niſi vivum, non habet iſta.
Cum qui ſunt & qui fuerunt
Omnes philoſophi egnerunt.
Quem fore reris divitem
Per Philoſophicum lapidem?
Huc adſis, hic ex lapide lucrum capis:
Quid aliud ſtultus, niſi Philoſophi lapis?
Hunc ſapiens coquet, diſtillabit,
Plumbeus licet, aurum dabit.
Quid ex ſyderibus quæris curſum Fati?
Prudentium gratiâ ſtulti nati.
Am. *O ſacram rem! &c.*

4.

Din. *Præteritorum, Mathematici, vates,*
Qui præter barbam nihil jam alatis.
Queis cælum creditur magis notum,
Quam Deo, qui id fecit totum.
Qui illud tam ſe putant ſcire
Illuc ut recuſent ire.
Vos, à ſecretis ſyderum——

Æm. Aufer te ocyùs Mathematicè, nam adeſt *Bombard.*
Din. Opportunè; nam hærere cæpit carmen—— *Scientia talis.*
Dicenda eſt ſola liberalis. [*Exit.*]

Scena Secunda.

Bombardomachides.

Bom. Æmylio.

Æm. Hem!

Bom. Quis somnus aures, quis vapor claudit tuas? *Æmylio*, rursus voce non parcâ tono.

Æm. Et ego rursus tono, Hem tibi.

Bom. Opaca linquens Ditis inferni loca
Nigri profundo Tartari emissus specu, Incertus utras oderit sedes magis.

Æm. Quam longum est iter ad id quod vis. Mihi herclè viatico usus est.

Bom. Quid dicis? audax Dæmon (O audax nimis) Nostros cruentus occupat serpens Lares, Hic regnat, immo hic, regnet at nolo diu.

Æm. Scilicet; & hoc vis me ut sciam, qui primus id locutus tibi sum.

Bom. Locutus? at quam parum id? hic tonitru pares,
Hic fulminantes stringere jambos decet.
Quis O Cothurnis mille sat clarum boet?

Æm. Mehercule cothurnorum mille jam instar habuisti pulchrè.

Bom. Est intus (virumne dicam, an potius Deum)
Quique evocavit nubibus siccis aquas,
Egitque ad imum maria. Oceanus graves
Interius undas æstibus victis dedit
Pariterque mundus lege confusâ ætheris
Et solem & Astra vidit.

Æm. Orationem compendiface; scio quid sequitur,

Et vetitum mare tetegistis ursæ, Temporum flexæ vices, &c.
Nempe hic post tot ambages tandem exorcista est.

Bom. Hic monstra tanta voce terrebit suâ.

Æm. Prohibessint Superi, cave ne committas tandem,
Ut malè dictitetur tibi in sermone publico,
Si cum istarum operarum homine negotium contrahas.

Bom. Mutire de me Fama non audet; tace.

Æm. At metuo famæ tuæ, uti me par est facere: Ubi is est?

Bom. Mox moxq; nobis aderit; hoc lentum est; Adest:
Parum est & hoc, quin, Adfuit—Claves mihi.

Æm. Quamobrem?

Bom. Illius ictu noster hic cardo strepet;
Ædesq; viset—Verba compescas miser,
Peribis, at quid dixerim? infælix Peris.

Æm. O quantum est deorum, quid me jam fiet deniq;!
Itáne tantum facinus tam insignitè in te admittere?
Ten' claves ferre? Ætherias prius
Perfundet Arctos Pontus, & Siculi rapax
Consistet æstus unda, & Jonio seges
Matura pelago surget, uti modò pulcherrimè
Dixisti! I præ, sequor, subsequor te. [*Exit.*]

Bom. Cum recta dicis, laudo, consilium placet.

Æm. Quoties hæc res in nervum penè erupit! bona machina
Quam nequiter expetivit!

Scena Tertia.

Dinon.

O *Dinon* audistin' nos nullos esse?

Din. Auscultavi ab ostio omnia; Dii te infelicitent cum cantionibus.
Hoc est scilicet ante Victoriam Encomium canere.
Perdidisti nos planissimè. O sacram rem! scientia talis
Dicenda est sola Liberalis. Quando aderit ille
Cujus vox, tanquam Galli multo mane, perterret adeo Cacodæmonas?

Æm. Modo.

Din. Modo?

Æm. Modo: jam, & veniet hercle non ingratiis meis.

Din. Sed enim quid de captivis.

Æm. Manca modò: istuc ibam.
Nam nova atque elegans fallacia numerò mihi in mentem fuit.
Abi sane, educ legiones tuas, traduce properè ad proximum.

Din. Nempe in quem finem?

Æm. Illic (nostin'?) scholam aliquam aperiant.
Aliquid aliquos doceant; ejus rei fructus longè uberrimus'st.
Nam & ab eorum oculis concedent, & quæstum tam ingentem facient,
Ut brevi se captos redimant præsenti pecuniâ.
Modo aliquid mirum profiteantur, & usitatum minus.

Din. Quid si litteras?

Æm. Pol istud nunc demum inusitatum satis.
Sed quis eas gratis discet, tantum, ut det mercedem, abost?

Din.

Din. Cheiromantiam, Phyſiognomoniam, aut aliquid ejuſmodi?
Æm. Omnes jam illas technas deſpicatas habent ac nihili
Niſi forte puer, vapulabit necne, exquiſitum eat,
Aut Ancilla, quot maritis ac quibus nupta ſit futura.
Din. Quid tandem?
Æm. Dicam. Omnes nunc homines videri volunt
Faceti atq; elegantuli; ad eam rem quovis pacto affectant viam;
Novi qui amicos, qui vitam amittere, quam jocum malunt,
Ita riſum, captant, & habent quod volunt, nam mehercle ſunt ridiculi;
Eadem hac ſedulo laborat *Geloſimus*, ut qui maxime.
Din. Vis itaq; illos profiteri Jocandi Artem?
Æm. Tenes.
Din. At enim commovere riſum nequeunt, niſi deridendos ſe propinent.
Æm. Recte: hoc eſt jocari nunc dierum, preterea quis eſt qui nequit
In cognatione verborum, & ſympathia quadam ludere?
Quot vocabula ad ſitorem pertinent, quaſi deſtinata hujuſmodi ſalibus?
Ea habeat in mundo omnia. Quot autem ad Philoſophum?
Ars, Prædicabile, Arbor Porphyriana, Prædicamentalis ſcala,
Converſio, Fallacia, Major, Minor, Barbara, Cæſare,
Celarent, Ferio, Feſtino, ſic tollo, Dictum ſimpliciter,
Secundum quid, Diſputo ad Hominem, Reduplicativè, &c.
Nam ad Concluſionem venio, Terminorum hic uſus optimus eſt.
Nam cum offendas eos in Authoribus, jurabis non eſſe ſcriptos ferió.
Commoda ſunt & Authorum quorundam nomina Ramus, Scotus, Faber,
Toſtatus, Suareſius, Naſo, Tranquillus, Suetonius, Tacitus, &c.
Bom. Æmylio. [*Iratus.*]
Æm. Me vocat, illicó. Quid dixi? oh! eſt aliud genus ſalis
Deridere omnes mortales: parata ſint (nam vacua pudet eſſe pugillaria)
Scommata in omne genus hominum; ſed hi joci conſiſtunt plurimum
In ridendo clare, in contrahendo naſum, & in duendo jocularem facem.
Barba quoq; mirum in modum utilis eſt, ſi attrectant bene,
Aliquando etiam jurent ornamenti gratia, ſed Dii boni!
(Pene excidit mihi) mercede conducant aliquos
Qui domi factitent, aliquos qui eant petitum fotas,
Ex Conviviis, diſputationibus, Comœdiis, Concionibus.
Aliquos etiam qui excribant, nam venales habere debent
Seniles, juveniles, viriles, muliebres, Generoſos jocos.
Hæc & ſimilia doce illos, abi ſis; fac officium; ſed audin?
Adeſto illis ſemper, ne liberati in pedes ſe conjiciant. Quo ego jam faciam.
Din. Effectum dabo; Jocandi artem? ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*]
O miram rem! ſcientia talis dicenda eſt ſola liberalis. [*Exit.*]

Scena Quarta.

Calliphanes, p. Cal, f.

Cal. p. Itane obſtinatè operam das facere me advorſum omnia?
Ego iſtuc ætatis obſequens obedienſq; eram imperio Patris.
In mare ibam, rem familiarem augebam lucro.
Ten' virginem liberali facie nolle in uxorem ducere,
Cui, tantum dotis dictum eſt?
Cal. f. At hodiè, Pater?
Cal. p. Eia! quam elegans! cras etiam dices, At hodiè Pater?
Cal. f. At vetant Mathematici infauſtâ hâc lute adornari nuptias.
Cal. p. Periit, religioſus eſt; jamne patriſſas *Calliphanes*?
Pudet tui, pigetque.
Cal. f. At ægrotus ſum, non valeo, pater.
Cal. f. Imò non egrotas jam, ſed malè habes *Calliphanes*.
Si animus ibi eſſet —— & quid ni ſit?
Cal. f. Præterea ——
Cal. p. Age, quid præterea?
Cal. f. Nihil eſt parati; ſolitudo in ædibus; hæccine conveniunt nuptiis?
Cal. p. Nempè id de induſtriâ: volumus iſthoc ſine tumultu peragi.
Ut ne tanti ſint ſumptus, tamque in nullam rem utibiles.
Quid ſibi volunt Hymenæum & cantiunculæ? quaſi tu nequeas
Ire cubitum, & dare operam liberis ſine auxilio fidicinis.
Proin tu & illa hanc rem quaſi in juſſu noſtro, ratam agite.
Niſi fortè Æmylione, & Ægle arbitris.
Cal. f. Ægle? maxime. *Cal. p.*

Cal. p. Abi modò, atque morem mihi gere.
Cal. f. Quid si nonvult, pater?
Cal. p. Nequicquam nonvult; ità illam intùs admonuit pater.
Aggredere illam amatorio more; Ah! Ego isthuc ætatis ——
Sequere me sis intrò; Audin'? nisi quòd imperavi facias
Patrem me esse senties, atque iratum ex leni; dixi *Calliphanes*.
Dii boni, quanta est prudentia, moderari posse filio in hunc modum!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scena Quinta.

Æmylio, Psecas.

Ps. Quid ais *Æmylio*? amabò audistin' adhuc
De novâ schola? Dii vestram fidem! rem lepidam?
Vehementer cupio illam videre, & periclum facere
Quid in jocis possint, sentient quæ mulier siem.
Non metuo sanè, ut posteriores feram.
Audistin' quam fortiter disputabam modo cum Dæmone!
Ne verbum quidem habuit, quo responderet mihi.
Æm. Plus vocem credo tuam, quam Templi Campanæ odit
Aut concionatoris rustici, qui illum Leonem vocat.
Nunquam tuam audebit auferre secum animam
(Licet suam esse noverit) quia potentia
Tantùm loquendi illic manere dicitur.
Ps. Meritissimo tuo te eximium habeo, ità lepidè loqueris.
Derideri me facile patiar, si isthoc fiat modo?
Donabo te ob hos lepores, ut mihi osculum feras.
Æm. Si me necesse est herclè, hoc pacto remunerarier,
Abhorrentem feceris brevi a facetiis omnibus!
Sed auferamus ridicularia. Vin' tu fortunata fieri?
Ps. Equidem cupio, etsi infœlix non sum, Diis gratias.
Æm. Fac induas regillam induculam, fac gemmis splendeas,
Et filiam ted esse simules *Bombardomachidis*.
Ps. Cupio id mecastor; sed erro quam insistas viam.
Æm. Gelasimus hic in proximo vendit jocos
Hæres ditissimus, atque uti esse tales solent,
Merus stipes, hunce hominem admutilari pervelim.
Itaque hodiè inter te atq; illum nuptias cupio facere.
Ps. Nuptias?, ha, ha, hæ! mecastor facinus lepidum!
Æm. Sic tu tibi divitias facies, atque illum pro arbitrio reges,
Multoque tum liberius amare licebit quempiam
Quam nunc licet: ut voles eris; Ille, Vir bonus,
Aut ignorabit, prorsùs, aut ad calicem dormiet vigilans.
Ps. Scio; nam cum facta ero Heroina nobilis
Æquum est oblectare metnet illo more Aulico.
Æmylio, tum me vises aliquandò, tui immemor
Non committam ego ut siem.
Æm. Sed properato opu'st.
Para te ocyùs; ego te producam illuc.
Psecas, insiste hoc negotium sapienter & cate.
Nam nisi sedulò fingas, quasi animum illi adjeceris,
Nihil agis.
Ps. Pish! potin' ut molestus ne sies?
An docenda sum hoc ætatis inescare homines?
Ego vel te, *Æmylio*, captare poteram: abi.
Ne sis in expectatione mihi, cum parata sim.
Quiescas cætera.
Æm. Immò non metuo, ut sis satis mala,
Te magistram quæram mihi, unquam si defecero.
Ps. Docebo equidem libenter; quod possum: Abi modò [*Exit Æmylio.*]
Nubam sanè non gravate, sed nunquam filio
Me gravidam faciet, ad hanc rem alius
Illius fungetur vice; ne natus ex me siet,
Mihi qui sit dedecori, atque ingenio meo.

[*Exit.*]

Scena Sexta.

Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion.
(*Schola aperitur.*)

Gno. M. T. Cicero, Oratorum omnium Coryphæus, (Quo verbo ipse usus't) De Orat. secundo libro,
Quem oculis mei plus amo; Artem negavit esse Salis.

Erravit;

Erravit; Ciceronem ſemper ego exiſtimavi hominem.
Gel. Piſh! Cicero ſalem non habuit; quiſquamne de tot vocabulis
Figurarum & Troporum nullum unquam faceret jocum?
Poteram herclè ego ab Aurorâ ad hoc quod eſt diei ——
Ah Metaphora, bonum es verbum: & lepores herclè hujuſmodi
Ex Academici lectoris oratione collectos habemus plurimos.
O Dii boni! jocum pulcherrimum excripſimus in Tullium
Qui nudius quartus in Scholis publicis dictus eſt proximæ Academiæ.
Legam vobis —— [*aſcendit in cathed.*]
Gno. Sed ferox nimiùm ne ſis in Ciceronem noſtrum,
Nam erat Eloquentiæ Pater.
Gel. Quid hoc? oh —— Jocus magnus in Prætoris oppidani cornua. —— novi —— [*quærit paginam*]
Jocus in militem malè veſtitum —— An oſtenderunt terga? —— oh ——
Hic exemptus'ſt ex meis pugillaribus —— & certè magnus eſt —— hum!
Quid hoc? Ex declamationibus publicis nono die Novemb. unus jocus,
Sex demi-joci, & tres egregiæ ſententiæ.
Oh! memini —— Joci ſacri
Et pia Hilaria—nunquam hæc vendemus —
Oh —— jam inveni —— Jocus magnus in Ciceronem.
Gn. Lege; arrectiſque auribus aſto.
Gel. (*legit*) Ciceronis nomen vanum,
Abeat nunc in Tullianum, & poteſt converti
Ad laudem Ciceronis in hunc modum ——
Cicero Oratorum Coryphæus eſt.
Mor. Tutor hoc tuum eſt verbum.
Gel. Cæteri abeant in Tullianum.
Gn. Optimè! nam eſt locus in carcere, quod Tullianum appellatur.
Mor. Ha, ha, hæ!
Gel. Quid rides?
Mor. Ha, ha, hæ: Abeat in Tullianum? ha, ha.
Gel. Hoc dictum in utramq; partem accipi poteſt, eſt jocus ambidexter. Ibi ego
Obiter facetus ſum; audin' Tutor? *Morion* ſcribe iſthoc.
Mor. Maxime.
Gn. Hem! ſuntne in mundo omnia?
Gel. Sunt in orbe terrarum: Ibi iterum: Ludo Tutor, in dictum tuum.
Mor. Joc: jo. — jocus — Eſtne *Gelaſime* cum *g*, *o*, vel cum *i*, *o*?
Gel. Cum *i*, *o*: Scripſiſtin'?
Mor. Ita credo.
Gel. Repete: *Mor.* Dexter eſt
Ambo —— joci. *Gel.* O ſcelus! eſt jocus ambidexter, cedo calamum.
Mor. Maximè: in idem redit. Scripſi valdè benè Tutor.
Gn. Immo: inſanum bene, ut Comicè loquar! Ibi ego *Gelaſime* ——
Gel. At malè vereor ne hoc non de gravitate meâ detrahat.
Non, non, ipſi Doctores jocantur in his regionibus.
In condemnatos ſalſi ſunt ipſi Judices,
Dormiant, capite annuunt & ille Judicialis jocus eſt.
Generoſi jocis ſolvunt Creditoribus.
Hic homines omnia joco. Promittunt joco.
Joco jurant, joco fallunt: rem agunt divinam joco.
Pænè dixi, vivunt joco: tantum jocantur ſerio.
Gn. Atque ego ità faciam: ſi canimus ſylvas, ſylvæ ſint Conſule dignæ.
Gel. Morion, vide ecqui licitatores propè ſint: an proſpectus eſt ſterilis?
Mor. Joci, novi joci, optimi novi joci, quis emit novos jocos?
Gno. Nullos ne nundinatus es modò? hic dies ſceleſtus eſt
(Ut utar Comici phraſe) divendendis jocis.
Gel. Mox dabit nobis grandes bolos: ita ſupercilium ſalit.
Non ſum ob nihilum tam ingenioſus hodiè,
Nunquid ceſſavi hoc manè lucri facere?
Vendidi modò mulieri, neſcio cui, duos jocos.
In Papam *Johannam*, quos miſſuram ajebat ſeſe
Ad electum fratrem ſuum fidelem paſtorem in Angliâ,
Unum etiam aut alterum de Clavibus & Coronâ triplici.
Gno. Quanti emit?
Gel. Unis drachmis in jocos ſingulos.
Sed corollarii loco voluit ſibi unum dari.
Demi —— jocum in *Bellarminum*: itaque dedi, Mentiris *Bellarmine*.
Gno. Benè habet: Capram cæleſtem orientem conſpeximus.
Id eſt, Beati ſumus. Teſte Eraſmo Roterdamo in Adagiis. Ecquid aliud?
Gel. Præſtinavit etiam Juſticiarius quidam quatuor jocos,
In honorem Legis; & ſex ingenioſas ſententias
Quas in cænâ dicturu'ſt, cùm vicinos quòtannis accipit
Clientum alitibus. Venit poſtillâ Jeſuita aliquis
(Quantum conjecturam capio, nam ornatus erat baſilicum in modum)
Et pecuniam in anteceſſum dedit, ut ſibi facerem

Salſum & ingenioſum Dialogum inter Lutherum & Diabolum.
Omitto reliquos ——
Mor. Pax? ſt! adeſt emptor: quid vis tibi Domine
Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos!

Scena Septima.

Juvenis Academicus.

Acad. Vellem mihi dari Archididaſcalum hujus ſcholæ.
Mor. Dari? non, non; habebis, ſi vis emere tibi.
Ac. Quis eſt Archididaſcalus?
Mor. Ego ſum *Morion*.
Ac. Sed illum conventum cupio.
Mor. Non me cupis?
Ego poſſum jocari aliquando.
Gel. Morion, exſcribe ſis
Hanc paginam.
Mo. Totam? vis, credo, vitam meam interimere.
Gno. Juvenis, eccum me præſto tibi. Coram, quem quæritis, adſum
Trojus Æneas.
Ac. Si Æneas tibi nomen ſit, alium volo.
Gno. Non: ſed loquor cum Poetâ: is ſum, quid veniſti loquere.
Ac. Muneris noſtri eſt moderari inter diſputantes in ſcholis publicis.
Gno. O? Agonotheta es, ὁ τῆς ἀγῶνος & τίθημι: nam ſic docti vocant.
Ac. Facetus videre velim; tantam libenter dabo
Mercedem, quantam alii ſolent, eodem qui officio functi ſunt.
Gel. Rectè: nam ſi argumenta non potes, ſolvenda eſt pecunia.
Audin' quæ dixi? *Morion* ſcribe hoc ſis ocyus.
Mor. Dii te perdant,
Credo te jocari ſolitum fuiſſe in utero Matris,
Atque ita ſemper facis, mihi ut faceſſas in ſcribendo negotium.
Gel. Memento tamen, Juvenis, in quo ſis loco.
Ingenioſus eſſe non debes nimis.
Nullumne adhuc habes in parato joculum?
Ac. Nullum equidem præter, ſatisfeciſti officio tuo.
Mor. A—r——ar—a—rgu——O jam habeo ——
Ac. An bonam habetis copiam philoſophicorum ſalium?
Gel. Videbis: *Morion* cedo libellum de jocis Philoſophicis.
Hem! legam tibi aliquos.

Scena Octava.

Mulier.

Mu. Quis intus eſt?
Mor. Quis hæc mulier eſt? quid vis?
Mu. Tune es Magiſter Scholæ?
Mor. Ego ſum. Ego: quid tua? Magiſter? maximè.
Mul. Recede quæſo; eſt tibi quod in aurem dicam. Nupta ſum, ſi placet,
Imperito morum, & impuri oris Viro,
Qui me meretricem vocat; Mentiris dicit, & Canis es.
Itaque ego emere illi facetias volo.
Mor. Nupta es imperito morum & impuri oris Viros, [*clare voce*]
Qui te meretricem vocat: hæc in aurem dicis mihi?
Non, non: quid ſi dolus hic latet?
Gno. Mulier, adi ſis propiùs.
Ac. Ha, ha, hæ! non abſtineo quin plaudam —— accipe ſis pecuniam. [*plaudit manib.*]
Ob iſthoc credo dictum me ſuſtollent humeris.
Gn. Cujus generis facetias vis?
Mul. Omnium, ſi placet, generum.
Gn. Morion, cedò Pia hilaria, nunquam hæc vendemus alitèr.
Mul. Non multa, ſi placet, pia.
Gno. Non, non, pauca pro Die Dominico.
Vin' etiam jocos generoſos?
Mu. Quoſcunque tibi viſum'ſt.
Gn. At aliqui laſcivi ſunt.
Mul. Non refert, ſi ſint tantum aliqui.
Indica, fac pretium.
Gn. Non cari ſunt ſex minis, Tu verò quoniam pulchra es, & Pulchrior eſt virtus veniens è corpore pulchro,
Sex ſolidis feres.
Mu. Accipe; Dii vos ſoſpitent.
Mor. Nunquam ſic auferes; aliquid mihi dabis. [*Oſculatur*] *Exit.*
Ac. Profectò, ſi unquam te in Academiâ uſpiam viderim,
Accipiam te opiparè coctis prunis, & cerviſiâ primariâ.
Sed neceſſe eſt, ut confutationem Orationis componas mihi.
Gel. Effectum tibi dabo nunc jam; mihi facilè effluit.
Morion, adeſdum, ſcribe, quæ loquor; paratus es?
Ac. Sed ità componas oro, ut eadem confutatione hâc, Reſpondeam aliis Orationibus.

Gel.

Gel. Omnibus, ſi vis.
Antequam ad Diſputationem deveniamus, ad aliqua tibi reſpondendum eſt, habuiſti itaque in veſtibulo Orationis tuæ ——
Mor. Quid? veſt —— veſtiblum —— delectaris credo vocabulis
Quæ ſunt ſcriptu difficilia.
Gel. Aliquid de meis laudibus, ſed profectò ego ingenuè fateor me
Non meruiſſe tantum de meis laudibus. Dixiſti porrò ——
Dixiſti porrò, aliquid de Mari Philoſophico ——
Ac. Quid ſi non dicit?
Gel. Piſh, ne time: nunquam quiſquam omittet Mare Philoſophicum ——
Sed video nullas hinc natas Veneres —— ha! quid ais Juvenis?
Ac. Hum! hum! hum! medius fidius pulchrè.
Gel. Dixiſti etiam quod —— & tum interponas illius verba.
Ac. Quæſo tu id facias; non poſſum quicquam interponere.
Gel. Benè habet: non eſt opus; perge ad hunc modum. Cætera ex memoriâ dilapſa ſunt, itaque ſic —— & tum Accingas te ad diſputandum, ſcripſiſtin' *Morion*?
Mor. Ferè; Dilapſa ſunt, itaque ſic —— & tum te accingas ad diſputandum.
[*legit.*]
Gel. Piſh; non oportuit ſcriptum —— & tum te accingas.
Mor. Non? ſignificatum hoc oportuit mihi —— ſed delebo tamen.
Ac. Nihil ſuprà: O ſi repetere poſſim cum ingenioſo tono.
Gel. Id facillimum eſt; audies Morionem, *Morion*, procede in medium.
Et lege Confutationem, uti ego te docui.
Mor. Tun' me docuiſti? non; ego naturâ ſic loquor.
Antequam ad Diſputationem deveniamus ad aliqua tibi
Reſpondendum eſt, habuiſti itaque in veſt —— veſtibulo Orationis
Tuæ aliquid de meis laudibus, ſed profectò ego ingenuè fateor,
Me non meruiſſe tantum de meis laudibus, dixiſti porrò aliquid
De mari Philoſophico, piſh ne time, nunquam quiſquam.
Gel. Quid? ſcripſiſtin' id? dele, inquam, oculis.
Mor. Quid? non eſt jocus? delebon' ego jocum optimum? benè, ſi vis ——
[*delet*]
Sed video nullas hinc natas Venena ——
Gel. Quid? venena?
Mor. Maximè; annon rectè id quidem?
Gel. Piſh! Veneres.
Mor. Veneres? benè; ita idem redit. Cætera ex memoriâ dilapſa ſunt,
Itaque ſic ——
Ac. Legit pol facetiſſimè! qui datur, tanti indica.
Gel. Non cara'ſt auro contrà; ſed ſolido tibi deſtino.
Mor. Non, non: ponam ego pretium illi, quià repetebam benè.
Viden' has veſtes, joculares nimiò nimis?
Dabis mihi ſubligacula.
Ac. Hem tibi ſolidum —— adeſt peregrinus ——
Valete; confutabo nunc omnes homines, quibuſcum loquor. [*Exit.*]

Scena Nona.

Bombardomachides.

Gn. Adeſt alius:
Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?
Bom. Heus! ecquid iſtâ venditis jocos ſcholâ?
Effare & iſtud pande, quodcunque eſt mihi.
Gno. Dicis vera quidem, veri ſed graviora fide.
Ut Ovidius in Triſtibus, quem librum compoſuit
Poſtquam in exilium miſſus eſt ab *Auguſto*.
Sed ſine me dicere tibi cum Poeta; Dic nomen.
Bom. Meumne neſcis nomen? O ingens ſcelus!
Dum terra cælum media libratum foret,
Nitiduſque certas mundus evolvet vices,
Numeruſque arenis deerit, haud nomen meum
Latebit ullos.
Gno. Hic homo, (quantùm video) nondum Virgilium legit,
Nam eandem rem cum Poeta quantò dixiſſet melius,
In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
Luſtrabunt, convexa polus dum ſydera paſcet
Semper honos, nomenq; tuum, laudeſq; manebunt.
Bom. Vix audeo hercle; Hem! fortem me præſtabo.
Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos, emiſne novos jocos?
Bom. Ain' carnifex?
Mor. Nihil, profectò nihil.

Metuni

Mecum ipſe loqui ſoleo ; hic homo non jocatur.

Bom. In profligatas hoſtium turmas jocos
Empturus argentum fero, argentum bonum;
Minaſque quiſquis numerat, inveniet duas.
[*oſtendit pecun.*]

Mor. Ha ! ha ! habeo ! hem tibi jocum pulcherrimum.
Ad hunc modum hoſtibus reſponde. Abite in Tullianum,
Et ad laudem eorum converti poteſt, ſi dicas modò
Ne abeatis in Tullianum, ha, ha, he !

Gel. Ecquid peſtis te tenet ? in Ciceronem id oportet dictum.

Mor. Scio hoc, ſed aliis applicari facilè poteſt ; annon
Locus eſt in carcere quod Tullianum appellatur ?
Poſſum ego jocari ſatis in loco, diis gratias.

Gel. Hem tibi ſales militares !

Gno. Alexander, ſeu Pellæus juvenis
Nunquam eſt locutus meliores, exempli gratiâ,
Rex, inquis, Macedonicus mihi ipſe dedit—
Tum dicet aliquis, Quid dedit ? pecuniam ?
Reſpondes facetiſſimè, Tergum vel Pœnas dedit.

Bom. Sed fac Iambi cuncta ut incedant pede,
Efficias jam nunc, nam mox huc referam gradus.
[*Exit.*]

Gel. Ædipol næ commodè proceſſimus, lepidè hoc officium fungimur.

Mor. Pulchrè nos inter nos congruimus, ingenioſi omnes ſumus.

Gno. Sævis inter ſe convenit urſis, ut Vir omni litterarum genere cultiſſimus.

Gel. Hei ! obruimur multitudine. Abite, bellua eſtis multorum capitum,
Ha, ha, ha ! multorum capitum ! ha, ha ! redite poſt prandium,
Vos qui eſtis bellua multorum capitum. Tutor, eamus quæſo ad prandium.

Gno. Rectè, nam, ut inquit Poëta,
Ludit permiſtis ſobria Muſa jocis.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Scena Prima.

Cal. Filius, Eucomiſſa.

Cal. F. O Me hominem invenuſtum !

Eu. O infortunatam me puellulam !

Cal. F. Amare res liberrima eſt, Amare tamen cogor.

Eu. Odiſſe res eſt liberrima, Odiſſe tamen vetor.

Cal. Cur ſuperi, quam amemus eligunt, quâcum vivamus Patres ?

Eu. Cur Patres in corpora poteſtatem habent, in animos ſuperi ?

Cal. Adeſt *Eucomiſſa*, aliquid ei dicerem, ſed quid dicam neſcio.
Eucomiſſa——

Eu. Quid ?

Cal. Ne valeam, ſi verbum de nuptiis
O *Eucomiſſa*——

Eu. Quid ? fac me ut ſciam, ſiquid vis.

Cal. Egon' ? nihil.

Eu. Cur vocaſti autem ?

Cal. Immo tantum eſt, Salva ſis.
Et——aliud certè volo ſi ad audiendum adeſt benignitas.

Eu. Adeſt, ſed in pauca conferas.

Cal. Siquid unquam ego——

Eu. Exordia *Calliphanes ?* quaſi docilis reddenda ſim & benevola ?
Ad rem veni.

Cal. Verbo expediam, Vale. [*Exit.*]

Eu. Enimverò ad hoc audiendum adeſt benignitas. Vale.
Næ ego infælix puella, tam ſuavem quæ amaſium nacta ſum !
Intemperiæ hominem tenent, at Patrem multò magis,
Quid huic me hodiè nuptum cerrito daret.
O *Æmylio*, [*Callipha. redit.*]
Tecum vivendum eſt ſolo, ſi vivendum eſt mihi.
Te Pater, tu me cepiſti, injuriam fortunæ ultus es,

Cal. Eucomiſſa, ſalve, aliquid te rogatum oportuit qua me propter huc exanimatum reduxi tibi.

Eu. Satin' moleſtus tandem ? quæſo te ut ſanus ſies.

Cal. Præter jus æquumque oras, nam amare, & ſimul ſapere, Ne

Ne deos quidem penes eſt, ſed Eucomiſſa, hodie?

Eu. Ajunt.

Cal. Quid Pater?

Eu. Jubet, inſtat, urget.

Cal. Si hodie nuptura es mihi, cras me efferes.

Eu. Falſus es; nam ſi nubam hodiè, hodie moriar.

Cal. Epitaphium mihi fiet in Epithalamii loco.

Eu. Genialis mihi lectus ſepulchri fungetur vice.

Cal. Ob lepidum iſthoc dictum nunc demum places mihi.

Nunc illud eſt, cum te libenter penè in uxorem acciperem.

Quam vox ſonabit blandum cum promittat tua,

Quæ tum, cum negat, ſuavis eſt!

Eu. Mecaſtor ego

Vix jam à memet impetro, ut ne te amem,

Cum te amari nolis ità amanter facis.

Cal. O amore omni dulcior contentio!

Eu. O omni pace jurgium optabilius!

Cal. Sic ſuâ Turtures molliores Venere,

Et murmurant, & gemunt, & queruntur invicem,

Sed queſtus inter, gemitum, & murmur, amant.

Eu. Sic gratum noſtris furtum cum ſiat auribus,

Pax bellica inter chordas pugnantes agitur,

Concordant ſimul, ſimul & litigant ſoni.

Cal. Per Venerem Eucomiſſa, liberalis es; ſi daretur optio,

Uxorem à Diis ipſis non peterem aliam.

At cætera, ſponte facimus, amamus fato.

Eu. Gerundus igitur Fato, non Patri mos eſt.

Cal. Ne valeam, cum contemplar faciem, ſi quicquam ſupra eſt,

Tam lubrica frons eſt, oculorum ut effundat aciem.

Cincinni vinciendis animis nati tibi.

Modeſtus genarum color, & qualem aliæ

A verecundiâ mutuantur, genaſque æmulantur labia,

Abeamus, nam ſi te conſpexero diutius,

Periero, Venena mellea in medullas ſerpunt.

Vin' te Eucomiſſa mihi in Uxorem dari?

Cupio, per Deos cupio, Eucomiſſa, loquere.

Sed ne concedas, cupio, ne concedas tamen.

Niſi dura, & difficilis maneas, me interficis.

Nam conceptis ego verbis jusjurandum dedi,

Uxorem, niſi *Æglen* —

Eu. *Æglen Calliphanes?*

Cal. Non, non, non, ah quid feci! aliam volui dicere.

Eu. Afficiam te hodiè *Calliphanes*, nuncio lætabili, Si *Æglen* deperis, mutuum tecum facit.

Cal. Quid ais? ah noli in ſpem fluxam me conjicere. Men' *Æglen?*

Eu. Oculis plus, inquam, ſuis.

Cal. Deus ſum, ſi iſthoc verum eſt, O *Eucomiſſa*,

Cedo ſis manum mihi, ut ſupplex eam exoſculer,

Ne vivam, niſi ſemper te feci meritò maximam.

Eu. Accerſas *Æglen*, rem tibi Authorem dabo.

Conſilium unà capiemus, intereà temporis, Vale.

Cal. Nunc illud eſt, cum me——

Eu. Piſh, ſuperſede iſtis verbis, abi.

Cal. Abeo—ſed *Eucomiſſa*—benè: abeo.

[*Exit.*]

Scena Secunda.

Æmylio, *Eucomiſſa*.

Æm. Ædipol næ hæc machina ſucceſſit lepidè ſub manus.

Ita parata fecerunt omnia ad jocandi artem utilia.

Accommodavit illis *Dinon* aliquid pecuniæ præ manu

Unde utantur, & nunc, credo, aperuerunt Scholam.

Eu. Ha! adeſt, amorem meum non eſt uti celem amplius. *Æmylio*, adeſdum, paucis te volo.

Æm. *Eucomiſſa*, ſalve.

Eu. *Æmylio*, hodiè nuptura ſum.

Æm. Dii vortant benè.

Eu. Neque à Patre impetro, aliquot utl nuptiis prodat dies.

Eſtne hoc miſerum?

Æm. Enimverò nihil prolixius.

Nam eo citius virginem exues.

Eu. Sed fac *Æmylio*,

Tibi me nupturam, rem tantam negligenter adeò faceres?

De improviſo duceres?

Æm. Utinam faceres periculum.

Equidem nullis rebus prævorterem.

Eu. Mecaſtor, pone ità eſſe,

Ego amo te, ſed adverſum nos offirmat Pater,

Quid enim ageres?

Æm. Quid? ſi eſſet centies pater,

Glaucomam ob oculos objicerem, uti ne quod videt, videat.

Itaque primum rogo te, vin' hodiè mihi nubere?

Eu. Volo.
Æm. Lepidè partes tuas agis: ſed da mihi firmatam fidem.
Eu. Do teſtem Venerem.
Æm. Et Martem ego tibi
Me hodie te ducturum, dicta confirmemus ſuavio,
O feſtivum facinus! herclè verò jam nunc mihi ſeriò uxor es.
Da ſuavium alterum.
Eu. Proh deorum fidem! os hominis!
Æm. Oſculandi pauſam faciam, ſi os non placet,
Sed aliquid noctu fiet, qua me propter ames meritò.
Eu. Quin aufer te, inquam, ocyùs, nempe quod dixi joco.
Ten' aliam in partem accipere decet, impudens?
Mecaſtor faxo ut ne impunè in me inluſeris.
Unde iſthæc confidentia' ſt? quæ opes tibi? quæ factio?
Servitutem ſervire te memineris captum manu.
Æm. At enim liber natus ſum, ac forti familiâ.
Eu. Linguam comprime,
Aut dicam Patri ut me in tricas conjicis.
Æm. Iſte herclè exitus rem lepidam pervortit malè.
Vale igitur, ſi vis, ad novam ſcholam me conferam,
Atque aliquos emam jocos in iracundam Virginem.
Eu. Quam ineptè ſtulta ſum! timeo, ut ſevera fuerim.
Quid ſi revocem? *Æmylio* redi, quid præter morem ità
Præterque ingenium tuum ea mali conſulis
Quæ jucundè dicta ſunt? credin' me locutam ſeriò?
Æm. Non, non, ſerio? neque poſſe fæminam arbitror.
Eu. Cape ſis hunc annulum tibi, indignum quo doneris dono.
Si memoriâ nos excidimus hìc facito ut ſubveniat tibi.
Æm. Annulum? maximè, ſed jámne locuta es ſeriò?
Eu. O *Æmylio*, ſi noſceres—& quidni noſcas tamen?
Æm. Quidni? quià non ſum Oedipus: præter annulum nil intelligo.
Eu. Adeóne tardus es? facis haud conſuetudine.
Quin, vultum legas, legas & ſuſpiria,
Hunc ipſum legas annulum; ſat loquor tacita.
Æm. Legam herclè lubentiſſimus—— oh—Cum annulo—
Quid eſt? *Eucomiſſa*, hoc verbum non vult legi.
Oh—efficiam ut velit—Cum annulo animus.
Eu. Ineptus es; res alias ſi ſic agis, Vale.
Quid dixi? immò Vale, ſed ne abeas tamen.
Æm. Hum! ſic eſt profectò: nam ſi memini benè
Concinnâ facie ſum; ſtaturâ commodâ, & ætate integrâ.
Experiar quid ſit: *Eucomiſſa*, advorte animum.
O *Eucomiſſa*, diu te amavi perdite.
Eu. Ha!
Æm. Uſque adhuc auſus nihil, niſi oculos paſcere.
Amoris tædio enecor, nunc itaque tuum
Perſpicere animum, ut ſeſe habeat velim,
In ſpe atque in timore attentus ſum. *Eucomiſſa*, loquere.
Eu. Pudet confiteri; ô, quid faciam miſera?
Mene? ſimultatem non revereris Patris?
Sed mitto Patrem——
Æm. Miſſam hanc facito modeſtiam.
Vin' me Maritum tibi? verbo expedias.
Eu. Maritum? ha! quid ſi id cupiam maximè?
Cupiam? non, nolo *Æmylio*: habes breviſſimè.
Quid reſpondes?
Æm. Me eſſe infælicem; Vale.
Eu. Non, non, manta ſis modò; Volo, inquam, Volo.
O *Æmylio*, tua ſum, tuæ me commendo fidei.
Æm. Et ego *Eucomiſſa* tuus; præ lætitiâ, ita me dii ament;
Apud me non ſum; ſed mittamus iſthæc, adſunt arbitri.

Scena Tertia.

Calliphanes, Ægle, Eucomiſſa, Æmylio.

Cal. Beaſti me; hoc dicto reddidiſti animum.
Nec hominum, nec deorum iram teruncii æſtimo.
Eucomiſſa,—*Æmylio*,—Divorum vitam adepti ſumus.
Æm. Quid ſoror? tune *Callephanem* amas?
Æg. Meipſam minus.
Eu. Fruſtrà adhuc ſumus; quid Patri reſpondebimus?
Cal. Ha! Patri? quantâ de lætitiâ quam ſubitò decidi? Nullamne facere poſſumus in nuptiis fallaciam *Æmylio*?
Æm. Non minor mea hìc res agitur, quam tua, Itaque admonere deſine.
Eu. At ſiquid potes *Æmylio*.

Æm.

Æm. An hodiè te uxorem commissurus
est *Calliphani?*
Eu. Ità.
Æm. Dic te velle.
Eu. Ah *Æmylio*, tam subito animum
A nobis segregas?
Æm. Dii avortant omen.
Nemo te unquam nisi mors eripiet mihi.
Nunc quam rem agam accipe: hic nuptiis
dictus est dies.
Veras esse credat Pater, at ne sint tamen.
Nam *Ægle* tuam vicem cum *Calliphane* noctu
cubet.
Diurna ejus uxor sis ipsa in aliquod tempus.
Nam fortè in diebus paucis aliud se nobis
offeret.
Amolimini hinc vos properè, si consilium
placet.
Eu. Nullum vidi melius.
Cal. Abeamus *Ægle.*
[*Exeunt.*]

Scena Quarta.

Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion, Academicus secundus.

Gn. Ad cathedram, ad cathedram ocyús,
nam adest peregrinus,
Titubatque pede pes, densúsque Viro Vir.
Aca. Tune es Magister Scholæ?
Mor. Hei! Magister! nemo homo
Me quærit uspiam; his vestibus nimium
lateo.
Aca. Professor jocorum *Academicus* proximâ Hebdomade jocaturu'st publicè.
Itaque huc me misit salutem ut vobis dicerem,
Opemque in hac re expetiisit, & consilium vestrum.
Ideóque hoc munus æqui bonique ut consulatis obsecrat.
Gel. Pecuniam ab illo? Dii melius: meus frater est.
Ac. Eo accipias magis, nam fratres metuit suos.
Gno. Quanquam te Jocator Frater annum jam sales in hoc tempus colligentem, idque Academiâ, abundare oportet præceptis institutisque hujus artis propter summum & Doctoris tui ingenium & Collegii, tamen ad hanc rem, nos (ut videmur) magnum tibi emolumentum afferemus, atque hoc veluti in transitu; sæpiusculè excurro Oratorié.
Gel. Præ re isthàc rem prævortam nulla,
Sed ecquos ipse fecit sales?
Aca. Collegit aliquos;
Sed fecit ipse adhuc, quod sciam ego, paucissimos.
Fortè an duos tresve demi——jocos.
Gel. Morion porrige schedulam
Illàm mihi jocorum Tripodalium; nam in
Angliâ patria nostrâ,
Jocorum Professori Tripodis nomen ponimus. Hem tibi!
Aca. An isti concinnè, in Quæstionem
ejus cadent?
Gel. Æquè herclè concinnè in Quæstionem ejus, atq; in ullam aliam.
Hoc habeat propè in exordii loco, dein
Quæstio autèm
Sequatur è longinquo, evocabit suos ipse
Terminos,
Atque si recusent ingredi, invitos trahat secum atque ingratiis,
Uti non rarò factum vidimus. Hæc itaque
est salutatio
Auditorum omnium, ubi obiter deridendos præbet
Medicinæ, Legisque Professores, & Doctores omnes præcipuè,
Absque hoc nunquam quisquam plausum sibi repperit.
Sed (pænè oblitus fui dicere) nullane hìc
Comœdia.
Agitur circiter hoc temporis.
Acad. Immò verò hodiè.
Gel. Ha, ha, hæ! vah Poetam infortunatum nimis,
Nam quisquis is est, facetiis meis proximâ
Hebdomade jugulabitur.
Accipe sis hanc schedulam; scriptum hic
inveniet,
Quod sufficiet largiter ad deridendum omnes posthac Comœdias.
Aca. Dii tibi dent quæ velis, benè valeas.
Gel. St! audin' etiam?
Tribus verbis te volo; istam Fabulam Ludos faciet.
Fabula (intellextin'?) Ludus dicitur, jam te
dimitto, Vale. [*Exit Aca.*]

Scena Quinta.

Æmylio (*alio ornatu*) *Psecas, Gnom. Gel. Mor.*

Gel. Satin' ego oculis utilitatem obtineo,
annon?
Ædipol virgo fortis est, efficiam ut me depereat de ingenio.
Mor. Principio atque hanc video, manere non possum diutius,
Ita lauta est; nimiò nimi' modestus sum his
vestibus.
Æm. Jam para te *Psecas*; si pectus sapit, duras illis dabis. *Ps.*

Pſ. Piſh, aliud cura, magnificè tractabo iſthunc Aſinum;
O Venus! hæccine eſt illa ſchola? lepidus mecaſtor locus eſt.
Semper ego facetias amavi multum, & nutrix mihi
Dicere ſolita eſt: Abi, abi, ut vitalis ſis metuo,
Ita præter ætatem tuam ingenioſa es nimium.
Et ego pol ridebam: rides? inquit illa, Dii boni!
Ut hujus nunquam non meminero!
Æm. Piſh, perge ad rem.
Pſ. Quam ſæpe res nihili otioſè hæreat in memoriâ?
O *Diana*! quam mihi tunc dierum pro cibo fuit jocarier?
Sæpè ad focum domi obſedimus; ego narrare fabulas,
Feſtivè multa dicere, omnes in cachinnos ſolvere,
Nulla (licet ipſa dicam) primarum artium magi' princeps extitit.
Sed ubi eſt Magiſter? videre vellem nimiò,
Nam communicabimus inter noſmet facetias invicem,
Opem meam (ſatis ſcio) non habebit deſpicatui.
Ubi eſt?
Gn. Coram, quem quæritis, adſum
Trojus *Æneas*, neceſſe habeo novam de hâc re ſententiam quærere.
Pſ. O Muſas! ſtuduiſti arti Muſicæ: illud ex Virgilio
Accepiſti mutuum, immò ego poëtas legi,
Sic ſum, non tantum verbis dici poteſt
Quantum re ipſa verſus amo, & feci ſanè
Mediocres.
Gn. Mediocribus eſſe poëtis
Non homines, non Dii, non conceſſere Columnæ.
Gel. Oh! oh! oh! incantavit me aliquis: quod ego
Nunquam futurum credidi, nequeo unum concinnare adeo joculum,
Hum! ſiccin'? Oh! tandem ad meipſum redeo.
O cujus genis roſæ invident, & pudore rubeſcunt ſolo,
Et tum ——
Mor. Ha, ha, ha! pulcherrimè! ſi ornatus eſſem ex meis virtutibus
Sic adirem virginem; nam deperiret iſtam faciem.
Æm. Tun' ſolus hic regnum poſſides? ubi, ſi placet, cæteri?
Gn. St! *Gelaſime.*
Gel. Maximè —— Pallet, Luna, & ſe victam confitetur ——
Statim vobis adero —— nec ſidera —— hum! iſthoc non placet.
Ceciderunt plane ſidera, Ceciderunt; ha, ha, ut neſcienti mihi
Effluxit iſtic jocus?
Gn. Hem, *Morion*, ubi es?
Mo. St! ego non adſum.
Æm. Ha, ha, ha, an ſe præſens præſentem negat?
Niſi jurato tibi, *Morion*, non credemus.
Mor. Per Deos non adſum,
Ut catè deluſi homines! illi hic me eſſe neſciunt, ha, ha, ha!
Gn. An *Morion* atrâ bili percitu'ſt? id eſt, an delirat?
Ceſſon' illum educere ex inſidiis, ut lepidè loquar?
Morion, adeſto. [*Educit*]
Æm. Ha, ha! ut ſtat! reclamante Philoſophiâ
Negarem hunc eſſe rationalem, niſi quià riſibilem video.
Gn. Humanum eſt errare: erras profectò hoſpes,
Nam omnis homo eſt rationalis, ut acutiſſime obſervat Simplicius.
Pſ. Nolite, obſecro, deridere, per pol quam modeſtus eſt!
Mor. Me laudat.
Gel. Euge! jam habeo.
Mor. Herclè audactèr alloquar.
Salve tu, O cujus genis roſæ invident, & pudore rubeſcunt ſolo.
Gel. O maſtigiam! quæ mea eſt Oratio, occupat præloqui.
Ut perdidit mihi ſex jocos, & tres amatorias ſententias!
Gno. [illegible]e *Morion.*
Mor. [illegible]ge tu, ſi vis, ego dixi ſatis.
Gno. Adeſdum *Gelaſime.* Hic eſt jocator ille, Cui meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.
Pſ. Mecaſtor liberalis eſt: ſalve multùm, te unum ex omnibus
Feſtivum fama magnificavit, itaque ad te huc venimus viſere.
Nam me etiam lepidam vocant, etſi hanc mihi Laudem non arrogem.
Gel. Syderi equidem cujus ſub auſpicio natu' ſum, minorem gratiam habeo,
Quam oculorum tuorum ſyderibus, quæ me perſpexerunt modò.
Ha, ha! optimè loquor ſemper de improviſo,
Quod ſignum eſt boni ingenii, proculdubiò hæc mea'ſt,
Obſecro, quænam eſt hæc virgo?
Æm. Factione ſummâ, & divitiis pollens.

Bombar-

Bombardomachidis filia'ſt ſtrenuiſſimi ducis.

Gel. Nimiò nimi' novi ego iſtum *Bombardòmachidem.*

(Hic illum derideo) ſed tamen tantò meliu'ſt.

Æm. Ecquis homo tantum ſtultitiæ in ſe poſſedit uſpiam,

Quid ſi oblectem me cum iſtis? placet, heus! auditin'?

Quòniam voſmet magnificatis ità de iſtis artibus,

Dabo equidem ſponſionem, me vos unum ſingulos

Redacturum modò jocis meis ad ſilentium.

Agite ſultis, experiamur in hanc partem quis plus poſſiet.

Pſ. Vide quid agas priùs. Ego ab hujus parte ſtabo.

Gel. A meâ: neſcio unde hoc ſit, multò ſum beatior

Quam vulgus hominum, quæcunque vocem audiunt,

Continuò me amant perditè. O ſuperi! gratias ago,

Multum de me meruiſtis; Heus, audacule,

Quoniam ità vis vità interfici, aſcende hanc ſellulam:

Opponam ego primùs; ſed miſeret me tui.

Mor. Benè herclè facis; ego obſecundabo tibi in loco,

Abi, audacule, abi in Tullianum.

Æm. Eſto tu Moderator.

Gno. Agonotheta ero, ἀπὸ τῦ ἀγῶν & τίθημι; nam ſic docti vocant. Tu oppones *Morion*

Secundo in loco.

Mor. Rectè, recedam paululum

Et confutationem Orationis ejus meditabor mecum.

Gn. Antequam illam noſti?

Mor. Noſti? nemo non poteſt

Confutare tum cùm noverit, ero ſingularis ego.

Pſ. Diſcrucior animi, quod mos non patitur,

Diſputare fœminas publicè: vellem hos Opponentes mihi.

Gn. Aſcendat Jocator.

Proditum eſt memoriæ antiquos Philoſophos poſt multos labores ſeſe recreare ſolitos fuiſſe. Agite igitur, hilarem hunc ſumamus diem, nam arcus nimium intentus citò frangitur; habent ſua Ludicra Muſæ; & Apollo Muſarum Parens, aliquandò latet, aliquando patet. Tu vero Spartam quam nactus es, hanc orna, ut non minus, aut etiam plus modeſtia tua, quam ingenium appareat. Cave à Majoribus, nam ingenium non ferent, & obſerva ſemper cum Poetâ, Parcere perſonis, dicere de vitiis.

Æm. Orationem tuam ——

Gn. Nolo pati iſtam impudentiam, conferas te ad provinciam tuam.

Æm. Sapienter quidem facis, quod Orationem tuam non vis repeti.

Gn. Authoritate mihi ab Apolline commiſſâ, jubeo te acquieſcere.

Pſ. Ha, ha, hæ! utinam iſta mihi authoritas committeretur ab Apolline.

Æm. Non datur ars jocandi —— Incipiam à Poſtremo

Termino Jocandi, qui eſt Terminus Hillarii. Artem omitto, quia mos eſt ita facere.

Datur eſt verbum; nam nunc dierum Res talis non eſt, quædam dicuntur dari propriè & ſimpliciter, ſed hic ſenſus verbi jam antiquatus eſt: alii verò improprie & ſecundum quid, ut Gradus in Academiâ, & in Collegiis ——

Gn. Omitte illud verbum; ſcimus quid velis.

Æm. Sed, ne erretis in hâc re, dicam vobis, quid dandum ſit, quid non, primum omnium dabitis mihi —— ſi placeo —— Manus veſtras —— ſin minus —— Veniam. Dabitis Aulico nova juramenta, nam fregit omnia vetera. Ad cælum enim ire ne cogitat quidem, quià audit paucos illic eſſe tonſores & ſutores veſtiarios, itaque nunquam oravit in totâ vitâ, tantum aliquandò dixit Deo, ſe ejus ſervum eſſe ter humillimum. Et tamen odit Diabolum, quia Cornutus eſt, eóque ſimilior illius Creditorum Civium. Secundò Dabitis Puritanis verba; jam enim illis ſilentium indicitur, ſiquandò autem privatim prædicent, dabitis aures veſtras; nam ſuas amiſerunt. Dabitis Academiis ——

Gn. Nolo iſtud dici; ne quos ridere hic oportuit,

Erubeſcant aliqui: ſatisfeciſti officio tuo.

Reſpondere tibi vellem, ſed neminem in loco meo

Extrà unum novi, qui reſpondit nugis hujuſce modi.

Aſcendat Opponens primus; Diſputationem in alium

Differamus diem, nunc jam reſpondeas tantum breviter.

Age; Spartam, quam nactus es, hanc orna.

Gel. Faciam, ſed numera jocos meos, dum reſpondeam.

Gn. Pauperis eſt numerare pecus. Numera hoc *Gelaſime*,
Obſecro, Auditores, ut in advorſam partem ne rapiatis,
Quod in hoc dignitatis gradu præter morem aliquandò jocor.
Æm. Si in eam partem peccas, facilè te profectò condonabimus.
Sed mihi crede, Doctiſſime Moderator, adhùc ab hac culpâ liber es.
Gn. Doctiſſimum me vocat; non interficiam illum hodiè.
Gel. Quoniam dandi regulas nobis dediſti. Ibi unus *Gnomice*,
Eſt magnus jocus.
Æm. Tam magnus herclè ut videri nequeat.
Gel. Piſh! annon ludo in reduplicatione τῷ Dare?
Gn. Eſt certè dimidia pars joci.
Æm. Oh! ille, fortaſſe credidit,
Dimidium plus toto eſſe.
Gel. Dii, Deæque, Superi, Inferi,
Peſſimis me exemplis perdunt, niſi dicturus id eram.
Numera *Gnomice* pro meo, Eripuit eum ex animo meo.
Æm. Reclam herclè inſtas viam, ingenioſus ut ſis,
Si furaris, ego quæ dico.
Pſ. Summâ eſt ingenii,
Sic facere, nam tuo jam te jugulat gladio.
Ibi ego etiam: pudet ſanè ne ſtutam ſtare
Inter tot jocantes.
Gel. Sed repetamur à diverticulo:
Dicam ergò tibi, quid dedit mihi rex *Macedonicus* ——
Æm. Quin pergis?
Gel. Quòd jam te oportet dicere,
Quid dedit tibi? pecuniam?
Æm. Quid ſi nolim dicere?
Tun' me coges?
Gel. Non, ſed niſi detur Anſa, quis poteſt jocarier?
Æm. Benè, ſi me oras, dicam, ne omnino coram hâc fœminâ nobili
Ignominioſè taceas.
Gel. Et ego ſic reſpondeo:
Pecuniam? non, non, non. Tergum vel pœnas dedit.
Ibi duo joci *Gnomice*. Sed obiter hoc —— Dixiſti Artem jocandi non dari. Falſum! nam ars jocandi eſt
Res ingenioſa, ſed res ingenioſa datur; nam
Crede mihi res eſt ingenioſa dare.
Æm. Caru'ſt hic jocus, nam tribus abhinc peritur milliaribus.
Concionatorem nunquam audivi, textum cum perdiderit,
(Ut ſæpè ſit) per tot circulos illù quærere.
Walli in hunc planè modum ad ſuam ſcandunt originem.
Ap Ars jocandi, Ap datur, Ap Res, Ap ingenium, Ap
Crede mihi res eſt ingenioſa dare.
Gel. Onerabas deinde maledictis Aulicos; ſed nimium ruſticè,
Iterùm *Gnomice*; ob ruſticitatem illum derideo,
Eſt & elegans quædam antitheſis inter Aulicos & ruſticè.
Quæ addidiſti de Puritanis, intacta prætereo,
Quoniam imitatus es illa quæ hodiè mane dixerim,
Cum illos in Novam Angliam ire juſſi, cætera
Ex memoriâ aufugerunt.
Pſ. Nequeo quin plaudam manibus.
Atque ita omnes vellem, cum audiant quod placet, facere.
Gn. Satisfeciſti officio tuo: aſcendat *Morion*.
Mor. Ità facio; quæſo ut jocos meos numeres *Gnomice*.
Æm. Hei! cum iſtis veſtibus diſputaturus venis?
Carent Modo, & Figurâ. Nulla eſt Conſequentia
Inter earum partes.
Mor. An veſtes meæ tibi nocent?
Æm. Ità ſanè me terrebant modò, cum hic aſcenderas.
Mor. Ha, ha, hæ! ut me vidit, hominem terrui; novit qui ſim.
Quid cum me audierit? Attendite, nunc incipio.
In principio orationis tuæ habuiſti aliquid de meis laudibus, ſed
Ego ingenuè fateor, me non meruiſſe tantum de meis laudibus.
Æm. Egon' de tuis laudibus?
Meritò pol me confutare poſſis, ſi habuiſſem tale quid.
Mor. Piſh! ego hoc ſuppono —— itaque nunc pergo, numera *Gnomice*.
Dixiſti porrò aliquid de mari Philoſophico.
Æm. Quid? de mari Philoſophico?
At illud ego adhuc ne primoribus quidem labiis attigi.
Sed ſi animum induxiſti deridere Mare Philoſophicum.
Indulgebo tibi hanc veniam.
Mor. Non? cum hæc tua culpa'ſt *Gelaſime*.
Annon dicebas, quod nunquam quiſquam omittet Mare Philoſophicum?
Æm. Ha, ha, hæ!
Mor. Ecquid me rident?

Gn.

Gn. Perge *Morion.*
Mor. Pergat qui vult, si ridetis: ego satisfeci officio meo.
Cætera ex memoriâ dilapsa sunt: Et sic desino. [*descendit.*]
Gn. Vos itaque cum meritis omnes dimitto laudibus,
Et Vitulâ tu dignus & hic. Arcades ambo
Et cantare pares, & respondere parati.
Ps. Deus bone! quam pulchrè vos omnes processistis hodiè,
Ego vobiscum ipsa disputabo vice proximâ.
Doctissime Moderator vale, dii tibi dent quæ expetis.
Gno. Et longum formosa vale, vale inquit Iola.
Ps. Tu *Gelasime*, sequere me sis domum, nam de arte isthac est tibi
Quod sola soli dicam.
Gel. Beatus sum! libenter sequor.
Quantum diis magnis debeo, quod me tam lepidum fecerint!
Ps. Æmylio, i præ, pisn, omitte istas cæremonias.
Mor. Ego illos comitabor, satis sum jocatus hodié.
Gn. At ego intûs me recipiam, benè hodie fecimus. [*Exeunt.*]
Ite domum saturæ, venit Hesperus, ite Capellæ. [*Exit.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Scena Prima.

Æmylio, Dinon.

Æm. PRo certon' habes advenisse *Polyporum?*
Din. Siquidem quod vidi certum 'st.
Nisi fallant oculi.
Æm. Mirum est ni fallant aliquandò, si sint tui,
Nam tu totus, quantus quantus, nihil nisi astutia es.
Sed, ut placet, ubi vidisti? ecquid idoneus visus 't,
Ex quo argentum cudimus? ha! numquid est tractabilis?
Utinam accepisset literas.
Din. Accepit jam in portu.
Et largus lacrymarum huc properat.
Æm. Quî istud nosti?
Din. Ut vidi, suspenso gradu ibam, adstabam, comprimebam animam,
Atque ubi cepi animum attendere, sermonem hoc captavi modo.
Proin tu *Bombardomachidem* induas, ut accipiamus hominem,
Hic esto; cum rogitabit, ubi habet *Bombardomachides?*
Huc per posticum introducam illum tibi.
Æm. At militi claves reddidi.
Din. Pisn! sexcentæ sunt causæ quamobrem illas possis repetere.
Abi modò: sed enim captivis quid faciemus? absunt perincommodè.
Æm. Oh! dicam *Polyporo* tempus nunc non esse, ut illos videat,
Et jubebo cras redeat: Satin' polita sunt hæc consilia?
O fors fortuna quam secundis rebus hanc mihi oneraisti diem!
Abeamus mi charissime *Dinon.*
Din. O, mi suavissime *Æmylio* abeamus. [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Secunda.

Gelasimus, Pistai, Morion.

Ps. Viden' ergo quam posthabui omnes res ingenio tuo?
Nam me in uxorem multi expetiverunt Principes,
Quos demisi, quia indocti erant, doloris compotes.
Gel. Dii me faciant quod volunt, nisi minu' gaudeam
De pollentiâ tuâ (nam & ipse in meâ patriâ
Sat dives & factiosus sum) quam quod hæ nuptiæ
Magno futuræ sint totius orbis commodo.
Namque ex te nostro quisquis suscipitur semine
Suis se dictis immortali afficiet gloria,
Fietque Imperator jocorum optimus maximus.

Ps.

Pſ. Cupio equidem Poëtam parere.
Gel. Meâ fide paries.
Nam vagiebam ego metricé, & in lactis loco
Heliconis aquam ſuxi, tum autem in Parnaſſo bicipiti
Sæpiculè ſomniavi, ſed, ut verum fatear
Nulla mihi carmina tam facili Minervâ fluunt,
Quam Epigrammata, aut ſatyri, nam feſtiviſſimè
(Ut noſti) deridere homines ſoleo.
Pſ. O Muſas omnes!
Quam undiquáque ſententiis tuis intermiſces facetias!
Gel. Ha, ha, hæ, animadvertiſtin'? at peperci ego dicere,
De illis, ut experirer, utrum tute per te eas intelligeres.
Pſ. Ah! nunquam Patris in me inimicitias caperem
Tui causâ, niſi intelligerem probè ingenium tuum.
Mor. Colloquuntur familiaritèr, metuo ne præripiat mihi
Illius animum, namque amo illam plus vino & ſaccaro.
Et niſi me amet mutuò, abeat ſanè in locum
In carcere quod Tullianum appellatur.
Gel. Abeamus, mea Sappho,
Ut à ſacerdote aliquo celebretur nobis matrimonum,
Morion, abi tu domum.
Mor. Ne me contemptim conteras;
Tam ego diſputabam hodiè, quam tu, publicitús.
Et confutavi hominem.
Pſ. Exemplis peſſimis
Ludificator iſtum fruticem niſi hinc properè avolet.
Oh ſuperas! occidi, mortua ſum! Pater hùc venit, nos quæritans,
Et ſtricto gladio necem hìc minatur omnibus.
Mor. Oh, oh, non poſſum aſpicere *Bombardomachidem*,
Nimiò nimis ferox eſt, jocari mecum noluit modò.
Gel. Tam mortui herclè ſumus, quam mare eſt mortuum.
Ibi iterùm, vellm, nolim, non reprimo me, quin jocer.
Nullumne hic latibulum eſt?
Mor. Oh! quæſo oſtendas aliquod,
In ipſo foramine Acus nunc jam jacere poteram,
Ecquem hic habes caſeum? nam muris inſtar optimè
In illo delitéſcerem.
Gel. Non, non, falſus es *Morior*,
Nam tunc exederes latebras tuas. Ut illum derideo
Hoc tanto in periculo!
Pſ. Hei mihi! eſt intus dolium ——
Ut contollit gradum! ut oculi virent iracundiâ! ——
Illic ſi vis temet occultare.
Mor. Dolium? cedò ſis, bona fœmina:
Nunquam me pudebit à Diogene exemplum ſumere.
Utinam eſſet plenum, evacuarem mihi quam citiſſimé.
Pſ. Sequere me, tibi mox proſpiciam *Gelaſime*. [*Exeunt Pſecas, Morion.*]
Mor. Ità, cum ego in tuto ſim; dolium? magnifica pol domus eſt.
Gel. Oh! oh! audire viſu' ſum ſtrepitum militis,
Tergum vel pœnas illi dabo; ut mihi Rex Macedonicus.
Oh! jam venit, ſcio; jacebo hìc, quaſi eſſem mortuus;
Nolo ſaltem cernere fatum meum.
[*recumbit*] [*Pſecas Intrat*]
Pſ. Ha, ha, he!
Gel. Oh! adeſt!
Pſ. *Gelaſime*, ſurge, ne metuas malum.
Gel. Profectò, *Bombardomachides*, non duxi tuam filiam.
Neque unquam volui.
Pſ. Quid?
Gel. Non: quæſo ne me jugules,
Memineris, obſecro, jocorum Militarium, quos feci tibi,
Quin effeci inſuper, Iambi ut incedant pede.
Pſ. O Venus! ludos lepidos. Adſpice ad me *Gelaſime*, Pater non adeſt.
Gel. O mea Sappho! ubi eſt pater tuus? obſecro an venit?
Pſ. Neque venturus eſt, ex compoſito hoc feci adeo,
Ut nobis ſine Morione arbitro fierent nuptiæ.
Gel. Ha! ſcio hoc equidem, & ego etiam per induſtriam [*ſurgit*]
Diſſimulavi quaſi eſſem timidus —— ſed, numnam in vado ſumus? ——
Annon diſſimulabam lepidè? —— certè aliquid audio ——
Non venit ſpero.
Pſ. Ne time; ſed feſtinato opu'ſt,
Ne tandem fortaſſe ſerò nos pater opprimat.
Gel. Vera dicis; properemus mea Muſa, mea Urania.
Ut te amo mea Polyhimne, mea Melpomene! [*Exeunt.*]

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Æmylio (ornatu militis) Dinon, Polyporus.

Æm. Intromittatur ſino; fac pateat janua.

Poly. Tun' ille es Miles, arte tam inſignis duellicâ?

Æm. Periphraſin veram nominis dicis mei.

Pol. Si is es, filium manu cepiſti meum.

Æm. Si filium cepi tuum, captivo Pater es meo.

Pol. Huc itáque eâ gratiâ huc veni tibi,
Illorum uti pro capitibus pecuniam duim,
Oro igitur me abſolvas, quam primùm poteris,
Nec mora in te ſit ſita, quin pretium auferas,
Cupio videre ipſos; & complecti miſeros,
Tam Pater capto ſum, quam dudum fui libero.

Æm. Nunc aliqui me expectant reges; cras redeas licet.

Pol. Cras illud, Patri filium quærenti annus eſt.

Bom. Oculiſne claves obviam fiunt tuis? [*Intus.*]

Cal. P. Niſi jam reperiant, effringantur foribus cardines, [*Intus.*]
Ne mora Exorciſtæ objecta ſit, cum hùc advenerit.

Bom. Edico jam nunc foribus bellum meis,
Poſthæc ut iſtum timeant, efficiam, pedem.
[*Bombardom. frangit fores.*]

Æm. Occiciſſim ſumus *Dinon*; Heus! quis eſt ad fores?

Scena Quarta.

Bombardomachides, Calliphanes, P. Æmylio, Dinon, Polyporus, ſervi Bombard.

Bom. Oh! ſpectra cerno? ludit an oculos meos
Imago fallax? non poſſum pergere Iambicé,
Ita validè timeo.

Cal. P. Ha! quid eſt? quid tremis adeò?

Bom. Me frigus, haud formido, ut tremam facit.

Æm. Dinon, in te ſpes omnis vertitur, ſis Dæmon iterum,
Repræſentari ſalus noſtra non aliter poteſt.

Din. Ne deſponde animum, pulchrè homines vorſabimus.

Cal. P. Nihil adhuc video—hum—Leopardus, rediit, ipſus eſt Leopardus quem conſpexi priùs.

Din. Oh, ho, o, ho, urite, fundite, tundite, cædite, vertite, domum, ho, hò, fundite, tundite domum.

Pol. Quæniam hæc deliramenta? ſuntne atrâ bile perciti?

Din. Πολλὰ δ' ἄνατα πάτασσε, πάτασσε, τάφρωθάτι, δόχμιά τ' ἤλθον.

Æm. Φεῦ δὲ δέχου τιτύμων ἐδαΐζετο φῖλα γιγάντων.

Pol. Quicquid ſit, aut hi homines inſaniunt validè,
Aut aliquid monſtri ſubeſt, quâ fugere inſiſtam viâ?

Bom. Oh! quæſo bone Dæmon ne accedas adeò, oh!

Polyp. Men' times vero? tam homo ſum quam tu.

Bombardomachidem hìc quæro.

Bom. Men' quæris? obſecro,
Recedas, tecum nihil negotî eſt mihi. Oh! quæſo.

Din. Πολλὰ δ' ἄνατα πάτασσε.
Æm. πάφρωθάτι, δόχμιά τ' ἤλθον.

Cal. P. Oh! metuo malè ne me perſequantur Dæmones,
Quià ad nuptias in juſtitiâ meâ coegi filium.

Bom. Mallem in mediâ acie, quam hic me ſtare loci.
Utinam — (quid faciam?) utinam eſſem jam nunc mortuus,
Sed mori non poſſum.

Pol. Proculdubiò iſtud ſomnium eſt.
Ità res hæc me dubium dat, ut quis ſim, aut ubi, neſciam.

Bom. Claudam herclè oculos, videre non ſuſtineo.

Din. Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam, fundam, tundam omnes illicò.

Bom. Immò non timeo, video profectò nihil.

Cal. P. Nihil? cæcus eſt *Bombardomachides?* accipe ſis ſpecularia.
[*Bombard. manus extendens fortè tiaram Æmylionis dejicit.*]

Æm. Πολυγλήσσοιο δαΐδαντος.

Bom. Oh!

Æm. O *Dinon* acta res eſt: emergi hinc non poteſt!

Bom. Servuſne noſter? facinus indignum & grave!
Jupiter, omni parte violentum intona.
Jaculare flammas, lumen ereptum polo
Fulminibus exple—jam poſſum iterum Iambicé.

Cal. P. Proh Deos! ſiccin' te ſervus pro delectamento uſu'ſt?
Arripiant aliqui ſublimem, & extinguant illi animam.

Tun' (*ſcelus*) pro arbitrio nos terres ſenes?
Bom. Terrere me non potuit, timui nihil.
Cal. P. Non ſum compos animi, ita incendor iracundiâ.
Itane iſtud patere *Bombardomachides*? occide eos.
Bom. Define penæ loqueris, ego pœnam volo.
Ardeo furore: tam diu cur innocens
Hos verſor inter? tota jam ante oculos meos
Imago cædis errat.
Din. O! dii te perdant *Æmylio*.
Æm. Quin, quod ferundum eſt feramus æquo animo,
Video non licere quicquam jam pertendere.
Pol. Fruſtrationes ego iſtas mirari ſatis nequeo.
Heus; eſtne miles Hìc, *Bombardomachides*?
Bom. Men' ergò neſcis? Ipſe *Bombardomachides* ſum (in verſu ſequenti)
Pol. Paratus es meum mihi jam filium reddere?
Bom. Quem habeo filium reddam, ſed nullum habeo.
Pol. Quæ te mala crux agitat autem? hem Litteras tuas
Quas in portu accepi modò.
Bom. Ha! Dux *Bombardomachides*? *Æmylio* ſcripſit iſtud: O ingens ſcelus!
Incertus, atrox, mente non ſanâ feror
Partes in omnes; unde me alcifci queam?
[*Verberat Dinonem & ejus barbam diripit.*]
Din. Oh! obſecro te! dub
Pol. O Dii boni! quid ego video? Dinonem ſervum?
Hem! *Dinon!* quid hic agis? ubi filius meus'ſt?
Din. *Æmylio*, quid faciam in his anguſtiis? confitebor omnia.
Æm. Suſpende te, ſi vis: Diis iratis natu' ſum.
Cal. P. Hi homines ingentem aliquam adornarunt fabricam.
Articulatim te concidit hic ſervus tuus
Quantum adhùc video: faxo confiteantur omnia,
Heus Lorarii! quis intus eſt? Lorarii inquam!
Pol. Immò depoſitâ veſte ſe verberibus impleant invicem
Donec omnia exquiſivimus, ut lubitum'ſt nobis.
Bom. Locutus es, non malè, fiet modò.
Adeſte ſervi, Dominus hoc veſter jubet.
[*Ingred. Lorarii*]
Æm. Strenuum me præbebo hominem; ſcapularum mihi Sat magna confidentia eſt. *Dinon*, bono animo es.
Din. Quin Stoicus, inquam ſum, dolorem nunquam ſentio.
Moriemur, ſat ſcio; ſi præter ſpem quid evenit
In lucro deputabo eſſe.
Bom. Audin' ſerve?
Flagella fac ſint nobis in promptu duo.
[*Exit ſervus, & redit cum flagellis.*]
Cal. P. Interea quod eſt temporis, tu deme illis diploides.
Ha! ſtatuæ verbereæ, nos vetulos habetis ludibrio?
[*ponunt diploid.*]
Æm. Aliud cura, Carnifex; non poſſum ego hoc exuere! [*ad lorarium.*]
Vapulare herclè nolo in generoſis meis veſtibus,
Scio ego, quid ſit vapulare.
Din. O miram rem! ſcientia talis, dicenda eſt ſola liberalis. Satin' *Æmylio* fortiter?
Bom. Ridetis? at mox flumen ex oculis cadet.
Cal. P. Hem! da flagella illis in manus; ocyùs.
Niſi pœnas de ſe ſtrenuè ſumant invicem,
Quaſi incudem cædas illos; ac pugnis oneres,
Din. Video neceſſe eſſe, ut exerceamus noſmet.
Age, incipiamus mea Commodiſſe.
Æm. Mea, opportunitas incipiamus.
Din. Tu nebulo major es, tibi herclè locum cum cedo.
Cal. P. Ludunt herclè; heus Lorarii, facitè ut pugni in malis hæreant.
Ad mortem vos ambos dàrem, ſi eſſetis mei.
Æm. Quin abi in malam rem; nil opera opus tuâ eſt,
[*ad lorarium.*]
Annon *Dinon* ſatis idoneus vitu'ſt, qui me verberet?
Din. Hem tibi, mi Alter idem!
Æm. Meus bonus Genius! [*Se vicibus flagellant.*]
Din. Meus Pilades!
Æm. Oreſtes meus!
Bom. Hæc verberandi mihi ſat methodus placet.
Tam ſimilis eſt bello.
Cal. P. Feciſtis probè.
Ceſſate paulùlum, exquire nunc jam, quid vis.
Pol. Quid filio factum eſt meo, cum Tutore ejus & *Geloſimo*?
Din. Emunximus illos mucidos, & argentum effecimus.
Æm. Et veſtes, viden' ornatum Morionis tui?

Me

Me multò decent magis.
Pol. O frontes hominum!
Din. Dicam omnia, animum advortite, nam fabula lepidissima'st,
Primum omnium, appoti probè ut obdormirent, fecimus.
Æm. Dein vestes Morionis pannis commutavi meis.
Din. Dein, quasi captivos, in vinclis hìc habuimus.
Æm. Dein Scripsimus Epistolam, te ut vorsaremus insuper.
Din. Dein spectris fictis *Bombardomachidem* perterrefecimus.
Bom. Egone vana ut spectra timerem scelus!
Adesse vel jam Dæmonum turbam velim.
Pol. O impudentiam! O mores! quid ego de vobis tantum merui?
Æm. Ha, ha! homo suavis! nos ut parceremus tibi?
Cum bardum genuisti, sapientium id feciſti gratiâ.
Stultus est Commune Bonum.
Cal. P. Obstupesco! ita hæc res mira'st.
Din. Immò nihil jam celabo, nolo, Æmylio,
Ex istis technis tibi melius sit, quam mihi.
Eucomissa——
Æm. Dinon! ô sceleſtum caput!
[*flagellat.*]
Bom. Muttiren' audes? pisce sis mutus magis.
Din. Æmylioni nupsit hodiè, & Dii vortant fæliciter.
Bom. Quid tangit aurem? ferte me insanæ procul,
Illò procellæ ferte, quo fertur dies
Hinc raptus, ô, quis filiam ostendet mihi,
Longinqua, clausa, abstrusa, diversa, invia
Emetiemur, nullus obstabit locus.
[*Exit. Bombard.*]
Æm. Nunc demum perii solidè, hoc durum in corde est mihi,
Quod mei gratiâ, *Eucomissæ* pejus erit,
Præterquam, quod carendum est illâ, nil adhùc doleo.
Cal. P. Si esset mea, omnem de illâ animum
Ejicerem Patris, & alienarem miseram à familiâ.
Si filius meus ad hunc modum—sed nonvult, aut si cuperet maximè,
Captare consilii nil posset, quin olfacerem prius.
Din. Immò Ille proculdubiò his noxiis vacuus'st.
Nihil in se culpæ unquam commisit, Tantum,
Præter imperium tuùm, & præterquam jussisti seduló,
Æglen hodiè duxit.
Cal. P. Æglen? non potest fieri.
Non, non, non audet: quicquid sit, videbo tamen.
Si verum est, statim cum uxore quatietur foràs.
[*Exit.*]
Æm. Quicunque sis, peregrine, nolo precator mihi
Orare ut sies, nam adversus isthæc obfirmavi mala,
Sed ut pacem *Eucomissæ* conciliares ab ejus Patre
Id oro, atque obsecro: age, etsi parum de te meruerim,
Popularis tuus sum.
Pol. Meus?
Æm. Siquidem es Anglus patriâ.
Pol. Qui istud factum est, hic ut servitutem servias?
Æm. Fortunæ ædipol vitio, nam prognatus patre
Mercatore sum ditissimo, sed sic fors tulit
Cum sorore simul parvulâ hic ut me caperet parvulum.
Pol. Hei mihi!
Æm. Quid lacrymas obsecro? istud me decet magis.
Pol. Quià miserias mihi meas hoc dicto in memoriam redigis.
Nam filiolam ego etiam cum fratre una perdidi.
Ubi capti estis?
Æm. In navi, cum in Hispaniam transmisit Pater
Mercaturæ operam dans, ac rei studens.
Pol. Quodnam erat navi signum?
Æm. Castor & Pollux.
Pol. Dii boni, quo magis quæro, eò plus plusque convenit.
Si est, ut hæc mihi res indicium facit,
Omnium, qui sunt in terrâ, sum beatissimus.
Quot annis abhinc?
Æm. Mense proximo erunt octodecem.
Pol. Dii memet ex re perditâ servatum volunt.
Si isthæc vera sunt, non dubito quin sis meus.
Cæterum adest Miles, ille me certiorem faciet.

Scena Quinta.

Bombardom. Cal. P. Cal. F. Eucomissa, Ægle.

Cal. P. Quin exi, flagitium hominis, cum uxore triveneficâ,
Faxo, si vita mihi superet, istius obstaturabere.
Æg. Obsecro prolixe senex, uti quod te habet malè,

In

In me totum evomas, cum illo modò in gratiam redeas.
Mea omnis culpa eſt; Ille abs te innoxius,
Per Deos mea eſt.
Cal. F. Non, non, cave illi credas Pater,
Tuam in me iram derivari multò æqui u'ſt.
Blanditiis iſtam meis conjeci invitam in nuptias.
Pol. Accommoda mihi miles paululum aures tuas,
Niſi ſit moleſtum.
Bom. Uruntur irâ fibræ, & exardet jecur,
Uruntur inquam; loquere at quidvis tamen.
Eu. O *Æmylio!* hunccé in modum celebrantur nuptiæ?
Vereor ne eodem fiam vidua quo die nupta ſum.
Æm. Habe modo bonum animum, mea Vita, tibi nil faciet mali.
Meamque ne doleas, vicem, nam Deos teſtor,
Si unà hâc nocte cubuiſſem in complexu tuo, m..
Cras illud eſſet, cum me vetuim interfici,
Ne ulla unquam ægritudo contaminaret illud gaudium.
Sed meliore in loco, diis gratias, ſpes ſita eſt mea.
Pol. Immò omnem mihi rem explicatam dediſti pulchre.
Inſperate File, ſalve,
Cum hic te conſpicor; quam ſuperat mihi
Atq; abundat lætitiâ pectus! ubi ſoror tua eſt?
Æm. Eccam ipſam, mi pater chariſſimè! amænitates quantas
Hic mihi dies obtulit! *Pol.* Jam, virgo mea es.
Ha, ha! filium & filiam? ha, ha! lacrymo gaudio.
Et tam liberaliter educatos! quis me fælicior?
Age Miles, face te lubentem filiæ nuptiis.
Bom. Nil jam negabo, cuncta concedo ſenex,
Quoniámque natam duxit, ut ducat volo.
Æm. Audin' *Eucomiſſa?* iterum mihi natus videor.
Eu. Et ego iterum nupta; ó mi *Æmylio.*
Cal. p. Quam ſuo mihi hic ſermone arrexit aures!
Fili, quoniam iſtam virginem tam miſerè deperis,
Difficultas à me non erit, quin pro uxore habeas.
Cal. f. Reverà mihi pater es, & diis ipſis proximus.
Din. Tot inter gaudia, ut video, vapulandum eſt mihi.
Æmylio, volo te de communi re appellare mea, & tuâ.
Meminiſtin' quo ornatu te primum invenerim,
Meâ profectò operâ hæc omnia evenerunt tibi.
Æm. Fæneratò hanc mihi operam locaſti, *Dinon,*
Nam mecum ſemper vives, ſuppeditabo ego tibi ſumptibus.
Din. O mea Commoditas! meus bonus Genius!
Æm. Meruiſti herculé;
Nam vel modo, mea opportunitas, quam mè verberaſti ſtrenue!
Din. Meruiſti herculé. Ego vel iterum, mi *Æmylio,*
Voluptatis tuæ causâ, defeſſus verberando fierem.
Æm. Sed obſecro, mi Pater, an *Morion,* meus frater eſt?
Pol. Nihil minus; nam cum voſmet infortunatus perdidi;
Ne prorsùs viderer ortus, recens natum ſervi mei puerum
Pro meo ſuſtuli; is hic eſt, quem vidiſtis, *Morion.*

Scena Sexta.

Gelaſime, Pſecas.

Sed quem ego video? *Gelaſimum,* amicum *Morionis* mei?
Gelaſime ſalve.
Gel. O *Polypore* ſalve: neſcis quam beatus ego ſum!
Ubi eſt *Bombardomachides?*
Pſ. Illic; non vides?
Gel. Hic non eſt ille *Bombardomachides,* ad quem me inſinuavi callidé.
Pſ. Piſh, credin' me ignorare patrem meum, quis ſiet;
Gel. Non, non; filius tuus *Gelaſimus,* hìc flexo poplite
Ut ſibi benedicas, obſecrat, atque ut nuptiis ſuis.
Bom. Ex ore quid venit tuo? Tun' filius meus?
Gel. Fortaſſis hoc me credis per jocum dicere,
Quià jocari ſemper ſoleo; ſed profectò loquor ſerió.
Detrahe velum, mea Muſa: hem! noſtin' filiam tuam?
Om. Ha, ha, hæ.
Pſ. Immò ne admiremini.
Ego nupſi iſti Aſino, ſed præceptis meis,
Efficiam brevi, ut moratus ſit ſat benè.

Eucomiſſa

Exanimis salve, jam sum ejusdem tecum ordinis,
Colloquemur inter nosmet amicè, & capiemus consilium,
Quid maritis faciundum sit, servire si nolint nobis.
Gel. Tun' negas filiam tuam hanc esse!
Om. Ha, ha, hæ.
Gel. Quid (malum) ridetis? nullum hic dixi jocum.
Æm. Gelasime, da hoc etiam pugillaribus tuis.
Os mihi callidè sublitum est quarto Non. Feb.
Gel. Nolo sic me rideant; immò, quæ sit, satis novi.
Egon' ut filiam tuam in uxorem acciperem?
Vah! ista ingeniosa est, hoc sufficit mihi.
Facetissimè à me amovi istud dedecus.
Mor. Oh! non possum recipere animam: quæso bona femina! [*intus*]
Æm. Ha! quid hoc?
Ps. Inter tot nuptias
Ne desit vinum, donabo vos pleno dolio.
[*Exit*]
Cal. p. Frustrationes ego tantas, & tam miras res,
Nullà me vidisse unquam in Comœdiâ memini.
Ha! quid sit tandem?

Scena Septima.

Psocas, Morion in dolio.

Ps. Hem vobis vinum meum!
Mor. Non, non, ego non sum vinum. [*in dol.*] *Exit.*
Ha! quosnam hic video? ego iterum intus me recipiam. (*ingred. interum*)
Gel. Exi, exi inquam, *Diogenes*, & *Morion*, ut ego te derideo!
Mor. Videon' ego patrem meum? ô, pater, tun' hic aderas?
Ego ingeniosus factus sum in his regionibus.
Jocari homines doceo. *Pol.* Posthac ne me patrem vocites.
Nam servus meus es, quem adhuc pro filio sustuli.
Mor. O! tu me non nosti fortassis in his vestibus.
Ego sum profectò *Morion*: roga *Gelasimum*.
Nos hic Captivi sumus. *Pol.* Non, non jam estis liberi.
Sed meus, per Deos, non es, ted ad patrem tuum,
Adducam iterum, cum in Angliam transmissimus.

Scena Octava.

Gnomicus.

Gel. O Tutor! mira hic profectò evenerunt hodiè,
Omnia intus scies, tu verò Tutor, & *Morion*,
Mundum omnem jocularem colligite, nam in Angliam mecum redibitis,
Atque illic Cantabrigiæ istam aperiemus Scholam.
Emptores jocorum ibi habitant quamplurimi.
Mor. Rectè; tum pater si nolis esse, ne sis amplius mihi.
Tutor, ego non sum filius *Polypori*, natu Maximus.
Gn. Enim verò, ut ait Comicus, Dii nos homines quasi pilas habent.
Cal. p. Interea ad me omnes introite ad prandium,
Frugaliter vos accipiam.
Gn. Consilium placet.
Siqui nunc harum rerum Spectatores adsient
Cum Poëta illis dicerem. Valete, & plaudite.
Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt,
Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidiâ.

EPILOGUS.

Habet; peracta est fabula; nil restat denique,
Nisi ut vos valere jubeam; quod ut fiat mihi
Valere & nos etiam jubeatis precor,
Naufragium sic non erit; nam vobis, si placuimus,
Ut acutissime observat Gnomicus, Vir admirabilis,
Jam nunc in vado sumus cum Proverbio.

FINIS.